Liberty

JANUARY 16, 194
10¢

Book: WHAT ABOUT GERMANY
Reading Time: One Evening

LIBERTY

Beginning:
NEW SERIAL NOVEL

LIBERTY

J. P. McEVOY:
20,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG

LIBERTY

Articles by:
Dr. George GALLUP
Morris MARKEY

LIBERTY

Stories by:
John GUNTHER
Charles BONNER

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AVIATION
MOVIES
TO THE LADIES

Whose Ocean?

On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there's scarcely a square foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers —*our* soldiers—American women and children—*our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop a* bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Let your employer set aside 10% of your pay every payday. Each time your savings amount to $18.75, you get a bond worth $25.00 in ten years.

That's the way we *Americans* will do it. We won't sit back indifferent.

We won't "wait and see" until there's nothing left to see.

"Do it now" is a good American slogan. So let's *do* it!

It's later than you think!

EVERYBODY EVERY PAYDAY AT LEAST 10%

DO YOU KNOW?

- When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33⅓ percent more in 10 years! You get back $4 for every $3 you invest!
- These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semiannually!
- Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes savings easy!
- Joining your bank's Victory Club (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for War Bonds for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.
- You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!
- You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents.

EVERYBODY EVERY PAY DAY **10% in War Bonds**

This space is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by LIBERTY MAGAZINE

40,000 DOCTORS NOW IN UNIFORM! More Being Taken Every Day!

Now—More Than Ever You Should Know What To Do...

But Isn't There ANY Doctor I Can Get Right Away?

WHEN A Scream of Pain TERRIFIES YOUR HOME

...These 2 Great HOME Medical Aids MAY HELP SAVE A LIFE!

Look At This Wealth of Helpful, Practical Information!

PARTIAL CONTENTS

FIRST AID: What to do in accidents, falls, bleeding, bruises, wounds, burns, electric shocks, gas poisoning, fainting, bites, headaches, etc.

HYGIENE OF WOMEN: Female disorders, hygiene of conception. "Rhythm," the safe period, etc.

SEX HYGIENE: Anatomy and physiology of reproductive systems. Teaching of sex to young children. Adolescence. The honeymoon. The young married couple. Sex in middle age and advanced life. Hygiene of reproductive system, diseases of genital tract.

CARE OF MOTHER BEFORE AND AFTER CHILDBIRTH: Signs and symptoms. Care of organs, hair, teeth. Diet, clothing, exercise, minor ailments during pregnancy. Estimating day of birth. When to call doctor. Post-natal care, weaning, etc.

CARE AND FEEDING OF THE CHILD: Crying, exercises, training, bathing, sunshine, feeding, clothing, toilet habits. Care of sick infant. Abnormalities and common illnesses, how to aid in caring for them.

PREVENTION, AND CARE DURING INFECTIOUS DISEASES: Prevention of infection. Personal hygiene. Infectious diseases of childhood: diphtheria, measles, chicken pox, scarlet fever, whooping cough, mumps, infantile paralysis—how to identify.

TRANSMISSIBLE DISEASES: Typhoid, erysipelas, lockjaw, rabies, dysentery, malaria, parrot disease, etc.

RESPIRATORY DISEASES: The common cold—how caused, prevention, aid in treatment. Pneumonia, tuberculosis: tests for, prevention.

DIGESTION AND DIGESTIVE DISEASES: Acute indigestion, dyspepsia, ulcer, jaundice, appendicitis, constipation, colitis, diarrhea, dysentery, etc. When and when not to take laxatives, cathartics, enemas.

THE BLOOD AND ITS DISEASES DEFICIENCY DISEASES: Scurvy, rickets, beriberi, pellagra, etc. Newest discoveries concerning Vitamins A, B1 and B complex, E, nicotinic acid, etc. Complete Vitamin table.

DIABETES: Should diabetics marry? Latest discoveries about insulin, diabetic diets, etc. Diabetes in children, in old age.

CANCER: Is it hereditary? Contagious? Varieties of cancer, symptoms: of breast, womb, stomach, intestine, kidney, prostate.

THE SKIN: Treatment of skin inflammations—chapping, chafing, sunburn, rash, impetigo, corns, warts, body odor, acne, cancer of skin. Superfluous hair; hair dyes; graying hair.

THE VENEREAL DISEASES: Facts about syphilis, gonorrhea. May syphilitics marry? Marriage after gonorrhea.

ADVICE ON THE DIET: "Foods, fads, and fancies." Calories, vitamins—various foods analyzed for nutritive content. Alcohol. Food poisoning.

POSTURE: Physical education for women. Exercises for faulty posture.

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OLD AGE: "Change of life" in men and women. Hygiene of old age, etc., etc.

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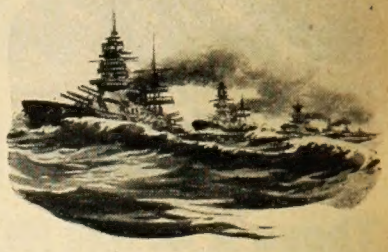
NEXT WEEK

WHAT'S LEFT OF THE JAP NAVY?

"Eight Jap ships sunk or damaged." "Three enemy aircraft carriers crippled." When we read these newspaper headlines—and others like them—then add



the number of ships involved and subtract them from the total strength of the Japanese Navy, we may well wonder how the sons of Nippon can put out to sea at all with what they have left. And yet they do. LEONARD ENGEL explains this seemingly strange phenomenon. Incurable optimists may shy away from what he says. He writes for those who want facts.

WILL GIRAUD'S "BARAKA" FREE FRANCE?

The Germans couldn't hold him in 1914; he escaped and fought again. They were no more successful in 1940. Once more their prisoner, General Giraud slipped through their hands. Once more he is fighting them—this time as commander in chief of the French troops serving with the British and American armies in North Africa. The Arabs say he has "the *baraka*"—the magic power that brings luck. But he has more than that, as ANDRÉ MAUROIS reveals in his intimate story of the amazing sixty-three-year-old soldier whose courage and spirit and audacity lift the hearts and hopes of all true Frenchmen.

"I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM"

You've seen movies in which a man or a woman forgets all past life—can't remember name, friends, anything. You've read novels about such people. But do you know that this strange thing called amnesia happens to more than 20,000 *real* persons every year? T. E. MURPHY, in AMNESIA—CIVILIAN SHELL SHOCK, tells the strange stories of some of these amnesiacs, and how they became that way. It's an article that's as fascinating as fiction.

ALSO: a thought-provoking article giving both sides of the question Should Vengeance Write the Peace?; further installments of the two serials, and sparkling fiction, fun, and features.

4 easy ways to invite COLDS and SORE THROAT

Get in the way of a sneeze!

A sneeze travels at the rate of 2 miles a minute and is loaded with bacteria. It may carry certain bacteria, often called "secondary invaders," definitely associated with colds and sore throat and sometimes activated by an infective virus. After such an exposure it's a good idea to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic as soon as you can. It may avert trouble for you because it fights "secondary invaders" on mouth and throat surfaces.

O-o-o-h that kiss!

Perhaps exceeding the sneeze and the cough as a means of exposing yourself to the risk of a cold is the kiss. There is direct contact indeed, and complicating bacteria are often quick to take advantage of it. If you are smart you will avoid *all* contacts, direct or indirect, with those suffering from colds. But if they are unavoidable . . . remember Listerine—it may help to ward off a cold or sore throat due to a cold.

Ignore drafts

If you are in tip-top health, maybe you can afford to ignore drafts, but millions of people can't. Drafts produce unequal chilling and can, therefore, weaken body resistance. Germs on throat surfaces, known as the "secondary invaders," may seize this opportunity to invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection, which you recognize as symptoms of a cold.

Laugh off wet feet

Better not try to laugh off wet or cold feet. They are definitely considered by many to be contributing factors in colds and simple sore throat for the same reason that drafts, fatigue, and temperature changes are. They can lower resistance. Make an effort to dry and warm your feet as soon as possible, and follow with a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM—Gargle Listerine

This delightful, safe precaution, taken early and often, may head off a cold or lessen its severity once it has developed.

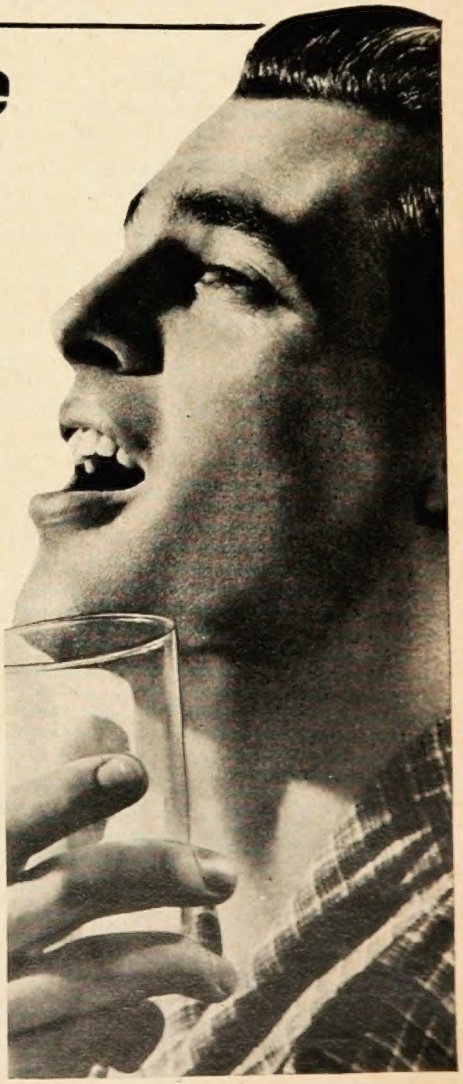
Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces, kills millions of the "secondary invaders" before they invade the tissue.

The "secondary invaders" are the very germs that many nose and throat specialists declare to be the cause of a cold's troublesome aspects.

This quick, germ-killing action, we believe, explains Listerine's impressive record over the years of combatting colds. Tests over a period of 11 years showed these results:

Fewer colds and fewer sore throats for those who gargled Listerine twice a day. And not only that—Listerine users usually had milder colds and got over them quicker than non-users.

So, remember, at the first symptom of a cold or simple sore throat, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often.



Trouble-makers

To the left are types of the "secondary invaders" mentioned previously. They may live by millions on mouth and throat surfaces, apparently doing no harm until body resistance is lowered. Then they may strike with quick ferocity, invading the tissue . . . setting up or aggravating infection . . . causing some of the most troublesome aspects of a cold—unless combatted.

Note how Listerine gargle reduced germs

BEFORE

AFTER

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

WHAT ARMY TEACHES

RAYMOND, WASH.—I've read a lot of letters in Vox Pop that I didn't like, but a letter from A. C. (December 5 Liberty) takes the cake.

I know quite a few soldiers that have learned a lot in engineering, radio work, etc., besides learning discipline, how to obey orders, and becoming "muscle men." I think many will agree with me that the army not only trains experienced men but also teaches those who wish to learn.—*(Miss) Jackie Cooper.*

GYP GETS SORE

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.—Say, what's the matter? Ain't you got no more sense than to make things hard for us dips right in the middle of our busy season? (December 12 Gyp of the Week). What do you want to wise up the mugs

for? "Button up your vest"—button up your lip! Remember, we was in business—an' doing well—long before that punk magazine of yours was started.

I'm plenty sore about being called a gyp, and I'm taking the matter up at the next meeting of the Professional Panhandlers' and Pickpockets' Local No. 64 (N. Y.). I put in plenty time before I learned my trade and I've got degrees (3d) from good police departments to prove it.

I happen to be chairman of the legal committee of our local, and I'm telling the mouthpiece to get out a restraining order. And then, if you don't lay off, I'll sue you for libel.—*Pete the Pick.*

HEALTH CHECK-UPS FOR ALL

ONALASKA, WASH.—Give every one a physcial examination for any social diseases or tuberculosis once every two years, same as they do livestock. It seems to me a shame to inspect the livestock and not put any value on human happiness.—*Elmer H. Powell.*

BEELINE FOR BELLES

CAMP——, WIS.—Tell Miss New England (December 12 Vox Pop) that out of a detachment of 160 men from practically every state of the Union, at least 78 per cent of them will make a beeline for gorgeous belles of the South after this war is won by the armed forces of the U. S. A. We say this much for the girls of the South, and that is, they write to one soldier, their soldier, not to thirty or forty soldiers.

Signed by the following members of the Medical Detachment: Joe M. Carreon, Eddie R. Clark, J. W. Farmer, Roy Lee Elkins, Sgt. Parker L. Sullivan, Cpl. Martin G. Givin, Pfc. John E. Dunn, Cpl. Lester F. Canafax, U. J. King, Milton Bender, Clifton G. Drake, Floyd D. Goalsby, R. H. McGhee, T. D. Philips, Sgt. W. C. DeSalme, Cpl. Arthur L. Lucas, Henry H. Jones, Sgt. George H. Whitman, Cpl. Charles R. Hoffenk, Jr., Pfc. Ray J. Callyar, Cpl. Joe Y. Simoneaux, Cpl. Joseph S. Hilburn, Cpl. Ottis F. Fitt, Cpl. Jerry J. Novosad, Sgt. David Nolte, Cpl. Harrison A. Pitchford, Cpl. Horace G. Taylor.

BIGGEST COPPER MINE

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—YOUR SALUTE TO NEW MEXICO QUOTES SANTA RITA COPPER MINE IN THAT STATE TO BE LARGEST IN THE WORLD. CHECKING WOULD DISCLOSE THAT UTAH COPPER COMPANY MINE AT BINGHAM, UTAH, HOLDS THIS DISTINCTION. UTAH COPPER ALONE PRODUCES APPROXIMATELY ONE THIRD OF AMERICA'S COPPER OUTPUT AND 11 PER CENT OF ENTIRE WORLD PRODUCTION.—FRANK E. O'BRIEN.

THEY SIZZLED 'EM!

KESSLER FIELD, MISS.—Say, Mr. Alexander (November 28 Vox Pop), I happened to be one of the few to get out of the Philippines, and you can take my word for it that of all the names the boys on Bataan called the striking defense workers, it wasn't "100-per-cent American."—*T/Sgt. W. H.*

ANYBODY KNOW?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I could add a grouch to Aunt Jane Park's beef in December 12 Vox Pop. Why do people

refer to *sideburns* instead of *burnsides*, called after General Burnside's whiskers?—*Another Kicker.*

"WE BUMPED INTO A DOORKNOB"—AXIS

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Why not have every one take off the metal doorknobs and put on glass ones? That should mean tons of metal.—*Another Patriot.*

VENICE, CALIF.—Uncle Sam wants metal—why doesn't he make a drive for chandeliers?

Com'on—let's clean house more thoroughly and crash a few of these "gay ninety" fixtures on the Axis head.—*Mrs. F. W. Neidinger.*

GIVE THEM WAKE ISLAND FILM

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—After witnessing the motion picture Wake Island, in which the United States Marines were glorified for their brave and heroic efforts in defense of the island, I think it only appropriate to suggest that something be done to show the country's appreciation.

Why not give the family of each Wake Island defender a complete reproduction of the original film? I am certain each family would treasure it, and it would serve as a remembrance of the services performed by the heroic body of marines who were stationed there.—*George M. Silvera.*

TALKING TURKEY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—On Liberty's November 28 cover picture: Every cookbook says the way to prepare a turkey for the oven is to tie the legs *close* to the body, so that they will not be dried up. I'm sure, if the turkey was in a hot oven for two hours or more, those legs wouldn't be such a delicate brown! The rest of the picture is delightful.—*Mrs. Wallace L. Roberts.*

MEAT AND MORALE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Mabel G. McGill of the Washington Humane Society stated that the government's meat-rationing program was "discriminatory against animal lovers." Who is fighting this war, the animal lovers or the soldiers of Bataan, Midway, and Guadalcanal? Is meat rationing planned to provide food for animals or food for a soldier?

I happen to be one of the thousands of soldiers overseas. We hear how high the people's morale must be kept. If this is what it takes to keep that morale up, throw it in the ash can and send us something to eat. We've got a job to do, not play and bark all day.—*Pfc. C. J., U. S. M. C.*

THE BALLAD OF GLACIER GULCH

MINER: *I ain't set eyes on a city since*
I cremated Sam McGee.
And, my knock-kneed Arabian Husky,
You're a mighty strange sight to see!

CAMEL: Salaams, O Singer of the Snows. But I really *must* get to Nome. I'm lecturing there on...

MINER: *I'm only a miner of Glacier Gulch,*
And not very bright, to boot.
But when you tell me you're *givin' a speech,*
I don't smile, pard—I shoot!

CAMEL: Effendi, you would not shoot if you knew who I am. I have the honor to be the *Paul Jones* camel—the living symbol of a whiskey's most prized quality—*dryness*. Surely you...

MINER: *Camel, you have but a moment*
To explain yourself to me.
Tell me why dryness *in whiskey is*
Such a wonderful qualitee.

CAMEL: What you desire, Hermit of the Glaciers, is easy to give. You see, whiskey connoisseurs know that *dryness* or lack of sweetness, brings out all the rich, magnificent flavor of Paul Jones.

MINER: *All very fine, my Arabian friend,*
But my pockets ain't lined with gold.
And I'm pretty certain I can't afford
The price at which Jones is sold.

CAMEL: You're wrong, Sahib. Paul Jones—for all its magnificent flavor—is *not* an expensive whiskey. It sells for a truly moderate price.

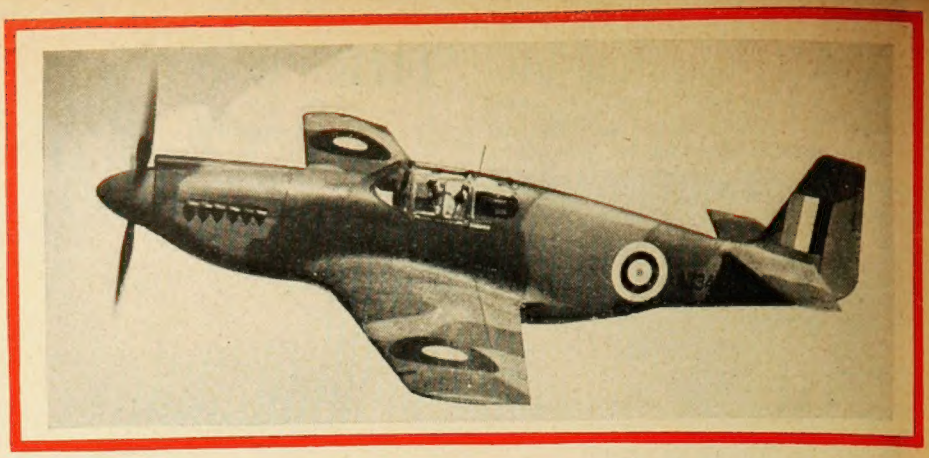
MINER: Camel, you've shown me the greatness of Paul Jones whiskey. Thank you, O Noble Salesman, and permit me to drive you into Nome...Doggone it, Camel, now you got me talking like *you!*

CAMEL: *I'll be happy to ride into Nome,*
My pal of the icy waste.
And since we're heading for dry *Paul Jones*
Come on, my friend, make haste! Mush!

THE VERY BEST BUY
IS THE WHISKEY THAT'S DRY

PAUL JONES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



Fast, tough Mustang P-51 has found its niche—is "best '43 fighter plane."

ON THE BEAM
BY THE PILOT

Fire

Hear the one about the pilot who was breezing along and suddenly smelled smoke? His first thought was for the cigarette he had just pitched over the side. No, that couldn't be it. Must be something else.

The smell got stronger. He had an impulse to take to his parachute. But he fought it down and flew on. The smoke got thicker. Better take to his chute and get out of this fire trap, he decided. Just then he spotted an emergency landing field. He landed, braked to a stop, and scrambled from the cockpit.

That's right; it *was* the cigarette. It had burned a hole the size of a barn door in his parachute.

"Dark Horse" Pays Off

It would not be admitted officially, but the Mustang P-51 built by North American Aviation, Inc., was a "dark horse" when it first came off the assembly lines. The first batch of Mustangs to arrive in England just didn't seem to fit.

All that is changed today. Major Tommy Hitchcock, World War flyer, predicts the Mustang will be "the best fighter plane for 1943" in an official War Department announcement. Officially sponsored praise doesn't appear frequently for a fighting airplane. In addition, no other American warplane has been so well received by the discerning British. British praise for one of our *fighters* is especially noteworthy.

The Mustang is a powerful job. Its wing span is only 37 feet 3 inches, its height only 8 feet 8 inches, and its length 31 feet 3 inches. It first used the liquid-cooled Allison engine, but it is now using the Merlin Rolls-Royce, of British design and built in the United States.

You won't read stories about the Mustang engaging Nazi fighters at high altitudes. Its maximum performance is in the lower altitudes, working in close co-operation with ground forces, and on this job it has now made its mark, thanks to its high speed low down and sensitive controls.

Watch the Mustang in '43.

Break for Private Pilots

For many years there was only one type of propeller—the simple type of blades fixed into a rotating hub. Engineers discovered that the pitch of the blades, which means the angle of the "bite" the blades make into the air, had much to do with the steepness of climb, speed in level flight, and efficient performance. With a fixed pitch propeller, the pitch itself had to be a compromise. Next came the variable pitch propeller with electrical, hydraulic, and other power equipment to be adjusted by the pilot.

Now Wickwire Spencer Steel Company has announced the Wickwire automatic propeller, which requires no action by the pilot at all. The pitch adjusts itself instantaneously. This means lower original cost of equipment, shrinking of take-off distances, faster climb, the highest airplane speed at any throttle setting, and one less gadget or control to bother about.

Rationing Air Power

Well informed aviation people are estimating Adolf's first-line fighters and bombers at no more than 5,000 ships. This includes 2,000 planes on the Russian front, 1,000 in the Mediterranean theater, and the remaining 2,000 divided among France, Germany, and Norway.

The reasons could be many: low factory production, aggravated by the ceaseless pounding of German industry by the R. A. F.; combat losses; possible fuel shortage (it could be the greatest single factor from now on), and finally, ordinary operational losses.

A word of explanation on that last point. When you take pilots with peach fuzz on their cheeks off paved runways and put them on the small rough fields just behind the battle line, as many planes are wrecked taking off and landing as are lost in combat.

Has the Luftwaffe shot its bolt?

Navy Transport

Without fanfare the navy has built up within less than one year the second largest air-line system in the world, exceeded only by the Army Air Transport Command. Like the army, it drew upon commercial air lines for its personnel—to make certain its routes would be operated with precision.

Over the ocean it is using Consolidated Coronados, Boeing 314-Bs, Vought-Sikorsky Excaliburs, and Martin Mariners. For overland routes it is adding such types as Douglas R4D-1s, Curtiss Commandos, and Consolidated Liberators.

At the head of this network is Captain J. P. Whitney, formerly director of flight in the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics. The man who would be called vice-president in charge of operations if it was a commercial air line is Commander C. H. "Dutch" Schildauer, who was one-time operations manager of both the Pacific and Atlantic divisions of Pan American Airways.

Odds and Ends

A maintenance expert returned from the Near East recently to his aircraft plant in the United States to find posters urging mechanics to be more careful because they averaged 3,185 broken drills a day. . . . He remembers how bullet-riddled airplanes in the Near East were repaired with baling wire and a *single* drill—and in 130-degree heat at that.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE HANDSOME COUPLE shown above are "Oliver Weld Bayer," married collaborators on Paper Chase, which starts in this issue. It's their first novel. "We had the normal parents' feeling about our first two children, now aged four and two," says Mrs. Bayer. "They were more wonderful than any other children in the world. But our feeling for our third, Oliver Weld, is one of both awe and delight. At nine months he has written and published a novel [Paper Chase], and we hope we can settle down and let him support us in our young age. He gets his first name from Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom his father, a practicing attorney, admired above all other men. His second came out of a directory."

J. P. McEVOY whose 20,000,000 Women Can't Be Wrong may be found on page 18, is a Liberty favorite. A seasoned newspaperman, he has written features and fathered a comic strip, Dixie Dugan, which is still running after twelve years in some 200 papers and ranks as one of the first ten in national popularity. Dixie was the last variation of his Show Girl, which was translated into fifteen languages and was made into a musical by Ziegfeld.

ANOTHER NEWSPAPERMAN, doubly seasoned with world travel and interviews with the leaders of many nations, is John Gunther, whose The Traitor opens this issue with an unforgettable story. Alone, worth the price of admission.

THE EDITORS

Fifth Avenue at Fiftieth Street

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than in the corresponding period of 1941.

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423,000	"	"	"	"	**Altman's**
233,400	"	"	"	"	**McCreery's 5th Av. entrance**
184,500	"	"	"	"	**Best & Co.**
134,700	"	"	"	"	**Franklin Simon & Co.**
284,294	"	"	"	"	**John Wanamaker**

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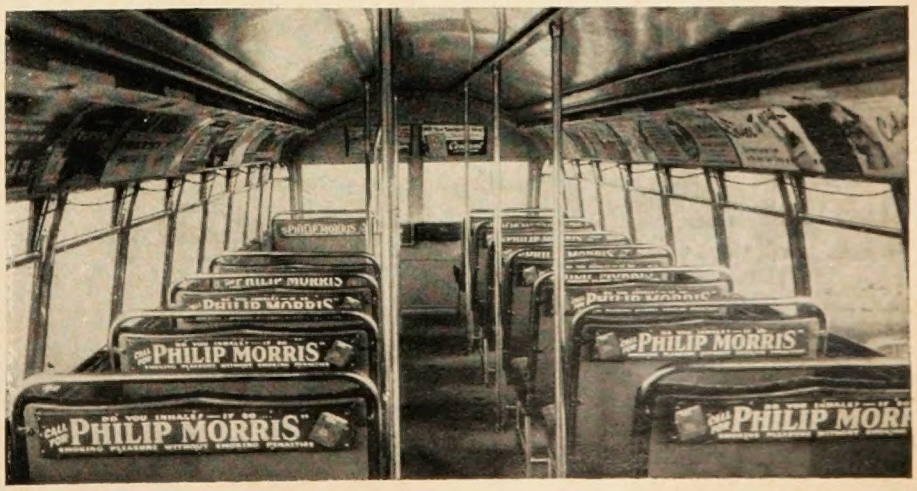


THE TRAITOR

The haunting story of a man without a country—with an ending you'll never expect

BY JOHN GUNTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

JIM DREW kept bruising the Luxembourg table with his heavy hairy fist as he addressed Ferenczi. He snapped, "The dirty cheap skates! I've got to have some money, Paul!"

I remember Drew so vividly and with such affection in those early days. He was the kingpin, the pivot, of our *Stammtisch,* our round table. When he first came to Vienna he was a bright blue-eyed kid with a nice fresh note to his voice and a very considerable Southern charm. Everybody liked him. He soon established a place for himself in the world of Vienna journalism, and seemed destined to go right to the top, in Vienna or outside.

Paul Ferenczi, the Manchester Guardian correspondent, asked him what the trouble was.

It appeared that Drew had been getting twenty-five dollars a month salary and in addition was paid on space for each telegram used. Well, we had just had a month blazing with Austrian and Balkan news, and Drew had sent so many usable telegrams that his agency, to save money, suddenly shifted him to a straight salary basis, about seventy-five dollars a month. This meant a serious loss. "Can you beat it? The dirty bums!" Drew exclaimed.

Of course Jim Drew could not live on seventy-five dollars a month. Luckily, he had other sources of revenue. Sometimes Drew would be working under different names for a dozen newspapers or agencies at once, for he was a very able correspondent.

But Drew had never had much money. He had been a poor boy; his father was a Baptist minister from Georgia. A journalist's fellowship sent him to Vienna. Here he had stayed. The city was his haven, his refuge. Also there was the countess.

It was shortly after this that Drew began to talk bitterly about some of his colleagues and about American journalism in general. He would say, "I know how those papers are run. They're all at the absolute mercy of the business office!" And again, "Have you heard? The Register is giving Moscow to Peter Weill. It's ridiculous, if you ask me. For one thing, Weill is too pinko."

He had always had an innate hostility to Jews, and now he began to give occasional vent to outspoken anti-Semitism.

Ferenczi thought that the countess must have something to do with it all. "The poor boy," Ferenczi said gloomily, "he is as one bewitched."

So now I come to that fabulous woman who haunted and pursued Jim Drew through those years. He met her in his first months in Vienna. Emotion wells up in me to think of the pitiless hold they always had on each other. She had one of the most terrible faces I have ever seen. By this time it was utterly ravaged by the inroads of disillusion and despair. She was probably about Drew's age, but she looked at least ten years older, with powder furring the edges of her sunken cheeks like gray snow and her eyes bruised the color of egg stain on a spoon. Her defiant eyebrows were jet-black and her hair a vivid yellow.

But the Countess Emilie de Saint-Devizes was still a woman of commanding temperament and fascination. She could sweep into a room, demoniac and magnetic, like a storybook queen.

When the countess first met Drew she had a little money, and she took him out of the miserable students' hostel where he was boarding and set him up in an establishment. Drew was insanely proud of her. She was beautiful. She was accomplished. She was of noble blood. She was a proud and demanding woman who was demanding *him.* He loved her madly, and the more she mistreated him the more he loved her. For years he never looked at another woman. Her power over him was complete. Between them was the naked and terrible bondage of two people who have profoundly hurt each other.

But gradually the basis of their relations shifted and changed. She drank heavily, and I suspect also that she began to take dope. They had terrible scenes, and Drew would appear at the Luxembourg with scratches down his face or with an eye bulging and discolored. Then she invested what little money she had left in some Balkan bonds which crashed, and she found herself penniless. So, instead of her supporting Drew, Jim Drew had to support her. As she grew more dependent on him she grew more demanding. She came to despise Drew because he continued to support her and did not have the courage to throw her out.

One of the hangers-on in the café was a lad named Bleshke. He was a tall blond young man with eyes that never quite met yours squarely.

He said one evening, with the countess close to him, "Herr Drew, what do you pay for schillings now, may I ask?"

"What schillings? I get 7.05 to the dollar at the bank, like everybody else," Drew shrugged.

"Listen to Bleshke," the countess hissed. "Bleshke has news for anybody who is not a fool."

"There is now inflation," Bleshke proceeded. "Foreign money becomes now scarce. You can get 7.60 or even 7.70 by going to the very right place."

Drew looked at him. "Is it honest?"

"No; it's Austrian."

To buy schillings from Bleshke would mean a 10-per cent increase in their income. . . . Drew was about to say yes when he saw Ferenczi's face and heard his friend's warning and imploring voice: "Jim! Do not do!"

The countess started screaming at Ferenczi, and Drew stared blankly at them both, baffled, frustrated.

"Well—I don't know," Drew said. He turned to the countess. "Emilie, for heaven's sake, shut up!"

The countess panted: "You tell me to shut up! I, who slave for you and gif my life for you. But I—I will tell you something. I will tell you what a muddleheaded fool you are!"

"Now, Emilie. We're not finished with this yet."

Drew then turned to Bleshke, not looking at Ferenczi. "All right, Bleshke, I'll take you on." He grunted, muttered, "What the hell," and then very ostentatiously began to read the Abend Nachtricht.

Vienna was warming up. More and more news was coming out of Central Europe now, and the American papers were sending out fresh correspondents. They were capable young men, hard-boiled and alert, and Drew had to hustle to compete

(*Continued on page 48*)

"Jim, this is very important to me. Be honest. If you want me, and want me to stay, tell me so."

Polled this way, the typical American can say where he stands.

JOHN DOE AND THE WAR EFFORT

All set for an all-out war, a year's record proves that he's ahead of every war measure as well as behind it

BY GEORGE GALLUP

IF Mr. John Doe, typical American, were to sit down in President Roosevelt's office and give the President his reactions to the war during the year since Pearl Harbor and his ideas on what should be done, where would he begin?

Probably with air power. The average American has a fanatical faith in it. He wanted a bigger air force six years before Pearl Harbor, and now he is convinced that air power has not yet been given its full and rightful place in World War II.

The American Institute of Public Opinion found recently that when voters were asked which was most important in winning the war, 7 per cent said land power, 14 per cent sea power, and 69 per cent air power.

"Control of the air," remarked one typical voter, "seems to have decided nearly every big battle so far. I notice that, without control of the air, the army and the navy take a licking."

So it is hardly surprising to find that, during this first year of the war, the public has consistently voted to give top priority in materials to airship construction—ahead of the demands of the land or sea forces.

Through all the years when military experts were debating whether the airplane would or would not prove a decisive weapon in modern war, the public believed it would. Now a great majority of the people think the high schools should give preflight instruction to all boy students.

The Institute has studied the reactions of the American public to many other aspects of the war, and has found it far less timid and cautious in its thinking than Congress or even the administration. In the war's first year the people were ready to fight harder than the government was. They were thinking in terms of war programs far more drastic than any that were adopted.

John Didn't Need Babying

PROBABLY the most important difference was that the government tried its best to keep the civilian war program largely voluntary, whereas the people were ready all along to make it compulsory. The country wanted price-wage fixing in November, 1941, and got it in October, 1942.

The people were never satisfied with plans for voluntary man-power control. When America had been in the war for only three months Institute polls found a sizable majority of voters believing the government should take full charge of an industrial man-power mobilization program; should make workers in non-war industries change jobs to war factories and require them to move from one place to another, if necessary, in the interest of the war effort. The public even favors drafting women for wartime jobs as has been done in England.

Most of the war-rationing programs started out on a voluntary basis, but became compulsory—with full public approval. Once the non-political Baruch committee had made it clear that we had to conserve rubber, the motoring public accepted gasoline rationing by a vote of 2 to 1.

The public was four months ahead of Congress in favoring the Selective Service draft in 1940, and of all war measures the one which the people believe has been handled the most fairly is the one that is most compulsory—the draft. Ever since the draft boards first began inducting men into the forces. Institute surveys have found that between 80 and 90 per cent of the voters think it has been handled fairly by the local boards. Some criticism is voiced in

farm areas over the drafting of young farm hands. An occasional mother protests the induction of her son when she sees other boys deferred. But these are exceptions. The fact that the draft boards have taken from American homes some 5,000,000 men—a number that equals two-thirds of the population of New York City—and yet have kept the confidence and support of 90 per cent of the population is a tribute not only to the boards but to the common people's spirit of sacrifice.

The teen-age draft was accepted by the people even before Congress voted it. Moreover, when the Institute interviewed young men aged seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen while Congress was debating the issue, it found that the great majority favored lowering the draft age for a number of interesting reasons. The one given most frequently was: "That's the only way I can get into the army without my parents' consent." Others said they favored the move because they knew they would be drafted later and they wanted to "get the war finished as soon as possible."

He Knows We'll Stay Free

CLEARLY, when it comes to organizing the war effort, the American people are not particularly afraid of "dictatorial" methods.

Last summer, when the national legislators were postponing the tax bill, playing politics with the farm bloc, putting off inflation control, and generally adhering to a do-nothing policy, public opinion as reflected in weekly surveys was for a broader tax base, sweeping curbs on inflation, and mobilization of civilian man power—in other words, for action. And as soon as President Roosevelt returned in late September from a "secret" tour which brought him into direct contact with the common people and their views, the country began to see action in Washington.

The everyday American citizens believe democracy can streamline itself for war and take drastic emergency action without turning itself into Fascism. They do not fear that democracy will be lost in the process. Their attitude is that if we lose the war because we are not as tough-minded as the enemy there will be precious little democracy left for anybody to enjoy.

In its fierce determination to get on with the war the public takes a fairly sober and farsighted view of current events. Alternate good news and bad news has not led to exaggerated swings of elation and depression. The majority believe it will take at least two more years of grim warfare to smash the Axis, and the day-to-day communiqués do not materially change their views.

The most isolationist section of the country before the war, polls found, was the East Central one: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. Yet a recent survey showed a bigger proportion of families purchasing war bonds and stamps in these states than in any other section of the country.

A remarkable spirit of unity is manifest today. For many years it was believed in other countries that America was a land torn by sectional jealousies; that New England thought one way, the Middle West another, and the resulting clashes kept the country permanently divided. Under the cold analysis of public opinion surveys, that impression has proved to be false. The surveys have found no sectional differences of any importance, so far as the common people are concerned. The Middle West, once called the cradle of isolationism, is today just as much behind the war effort as any other section.

No important division along class lines or religious lines has been found in wartime surveys. The rich man may hate Communism a trifle more than the poor man, but he shares the poor man's hope for the triumph of Stalin's armies over Hitler's. The same unity of viewpoint is found when it comes to the question of sacrifices. A recent survey showed that more than six out of every ten persons in the lower-income group, heretofore largely exempt from income taxes, are willing to pay them to help meet the cost of the war. For two years the public as a whole had voted to broaden the income-tax base. That was finally done last fall.

When all is said and done, the fundamental issue of the war is whether the democratic principle of self-government, of rule by the people, is to survive. Its survival will depend on whether the democratic system can prove itself efficient, and whether the common people have the wisdom and capacity to govern themselves. Every week of the war has demonstrated that the people have that capacity. In every major aspect of the war effort to date they have been ahead of their leaders and have shown a readiness to make sacrifices above and beyond any yet imposed on them.

What John Wants Done Next

STUDENTS of public opinion are waiting with considerable interest to see whether the lag between public opinion and Congressional action will be cut down now that we have elected a new Congress with the parties much more evenly matched in strength. Since the people have been ahead in the past, it may be well to record some of the things they want to do next. Possibly some light may be shed on what is likely to happen in the future.

In the military field the voters favor a unified command over all American land, sea, and air forces,

(*Continued on page 30*)

Even in the states that were most isolationist before Pearl Harbor, we everyday Americans are now buying war bonds and stamps without need of any captivating inducement like this.

Was it the pattern for murder or the blueprint for blackmail that lay hidden in the black briefcase? Mercer knew the secret, but he hadn't reckoned with the adventurous couple who were his fellow travelers. Beginning a new serial of high suspense and bold intrigue

PAPER CHASE

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CALVERT

WHEN the hollow-faced dark young man found that Mrs. Ballister was to be a fellow passenger, he erupted like a small volcano the words that had been bubbling inside him.

"A great silver bird god, eh?" He pointed to the Clipper resting quietly on the baked clay of the airport. "Three hours and we are no longer in Mexico City; we are in Brownsville, Texas, United States of America." His accent was German. "A long time I have waited for this."

Mrs. Ballister glanced with distaste at the young man. She moved away from him, pretending to search for her husband. It was cooler in the shade cast by the airport station and she stood gratefully in it, waiting. A few yards away, on the baggage carrier, she saw their suitcases: two square pigskin grips plastered with the torn stickers of a decade of journeys. That was all there was left.

So the story ends like a Sunday-school lesson with the proper moral, she thought. Nothing left. Nothing to show for the years of sharp-wittedness and sharper practices, the years of nimble fingers and nimbler feet, of evading arrest in every country in Europe. There had been lush coups in Monte Carlo; there had been confidence games in Paris, and card games on shipboard, and elaborate blackmail in London. There had been smuggling and chases and hairbreadth escapes—and never a slip-up.

At least that was something, she thought, with a twisted kind of triumph; at least they had never once been caught. Unless one could say the war caught them. The war came and the roulette wheels were still, the race horses shot for food, the yachts mounted with guns. But even that needn't have been the end. There had been still another game they might have played: the luxurious game of murder. There was a certain unco-operative Frenchman whose death would have paid off in ease and favors, but Henry Ballister had turned the job down. Mrs. Ballister writhed at the recollection. He had been afraid, and she detested him for it.

And so had come the cattle-like crossing to South America, the lean pickings, and torturous hungry days of the journey to Mexico. She would never forgive her husband that misery. When the time comes I'll pay him back, she thought bitterly.

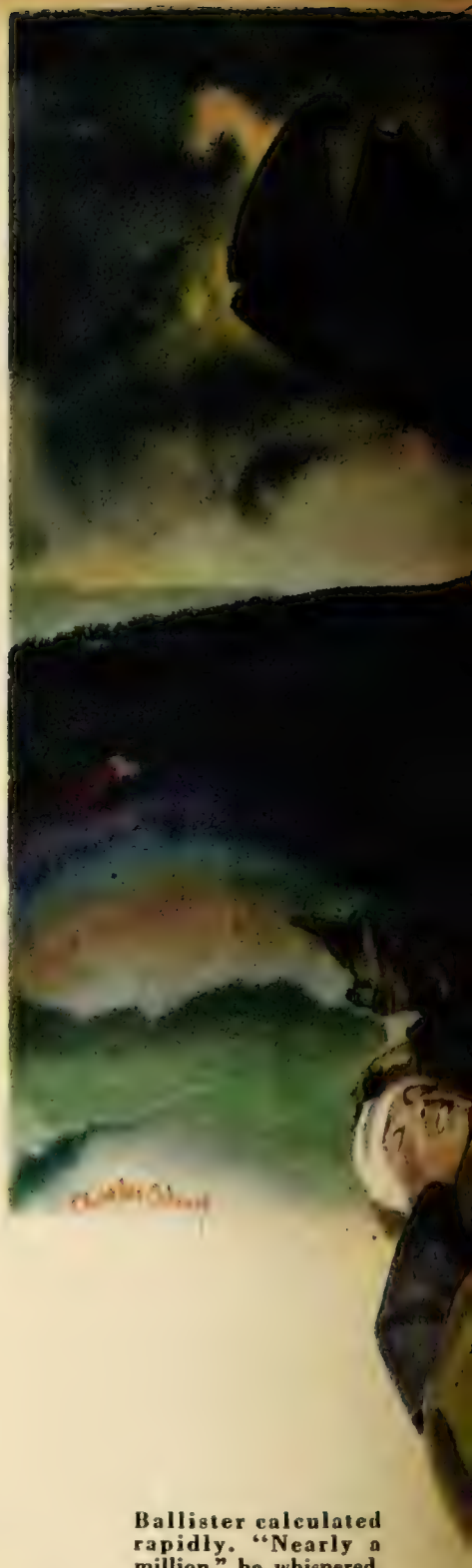
Mr. Ballister found her with her head leaned against the plaster wall of the station and her cheeks wet. She was forty, but her face had a certain haughty modeling that made it timeless. Even like this, even crying, she's beautiful, he thought. He knew why her tears were there. They had lost—and she hated to lose. She never could bear losing at anything. He thought, I taught her all my tricks, but I never taught her that. She had that right in her blood.

"There's nothing more to worry about, my dear," he said. "The papers are in order. We're citizens of the United States as much as we ever were. That's one thing we didn't lose."

A young man in a blue uniform and white cap took his place beside the Clipper. Two porters wheeled the steps up to the open door. It was time to go.

The German was the first to board, then a sunburned young couple, probably honeymooners, then a middle-aged woman hung with Mexican silver jewelry. The broad-shouldered man ahead of Mr. Ballister gave his name as Albert Mercer of New York City.

Finally it was their turn. He gave their names: Carola Ballister, Henry Ballister, Chicago. The word was strange to his tongue. It was the word for home that he had not spoken for many years. When they



Ballister calculated rapidly. "Nearly a million," he whispered.

stepped into the airship behind Mr. Mercer they saw that he carried a black pin-seal briefcase, lettered above the lock with the initials: A. H. M.

Mr. Ballister intended to stay awake and think about his plans, but the steady hum of the great motors and his absolute lack of plans overwhelmed him. He relaxed in his seat, and when the stewardess came around with a lemonade he waved her drowsily away. The last thing he saw before he slept was Mr. Mercer sitting across the aisle, holding

the frosty drink in one hand, the other hand resting lightly on the black briefcase upon his knees.

Everything seemed to happen at once. He heard a scream and turned to look at Carola in the seat behind him. Her eyes were glistening with excitement.

"Something's happened to the plane. We're making a forced landing," she said. The danger was like a shot in the arm to her.

Mr. Ballister was still looking at her when he heard an intolerable screeching whistle. Just as he was putting up his hands to cover his ears, they crashed.

MRS. BALLISTER opened her eyes cautiously, as if she were trying them out for the first time. One arm was doubled beneath her, the other, flung outright, was caught under something heavy but soft. A body, she thought coolly. The plane had come to rest almost completely upon one wing and its occupants were flung on top of one another like matches in a box.

"Carola! Carola, are you all right?"

"I'm all right, Henry." She tried to sound hearty, but her voice barely whispered. "Something's fallen on top of me. I can't move."

"I can't move, either, just yet." Henry's voice came muffled to her. "But hold on, my girl, we'll get out of this in no time."

"Hello! Hello in there!" One of the pilots was trying to break through the door from the front compartment. "Are you all right in there? I'm coming."

The door frame must have been

(*Continued on page 55*)

BE GOOD TO YOUR EYES

They're taking an added beating in wartime —and they're the only ones you'll ever have

BY MORRIS MARKEY

THE next time you are shaving or inspecting your hair-do before a mirror, take a good look at your eyes. They are the only ones you will ever have. Like everything else in your anatomy, they are probably under added stress and strain in this time of war, and you ought to be doing everything in your power to protect and preserve them.

Thousands of us are discovering today that there is something wrong with our eyes. That is because so many of us are changing our occupations under the needs of war. Take a farmer, for example. Nearly all of his work is done in daylight; it rarely requires close concentrated seeing. But let him go on a factory production line (as many have done) and he *may* find that his eyes are not nearly as good as he thought they were. Of course the change in the illumination of his work has something to do with it. But it may very well be that he had the defect all the time, with nothing in his daily routine to make him aware of it. For this reason:

All of us are born with what is called, in seeing, an "accommodation point." That is the distance from our eyes at which we see things most acutely—the distance at which we would, say, thread a very fine needle. In youth and early maturity this point is about seven inches out from the bridge of the nose. But as we grow older, the accommodation point steadily recedes until, in very advanced age, people have to hold things at arm's length in order to see them without blurring.

The farmer (unless he happens to be a great reader) has little need for looking at things closely. He must watch the point of a plow, the road ahead of his horses, the front end of the tractor he is driving. Put precision tools in his hands and tell him to do careful work a foot or so from his eyes, and he may find out for the first time that he is farsighted. He just cannot see things clearly at such a close range. He needs glasses.

There is only one guide to the condition of your eyes, and that is your own bodily comfort. If you see all right and feel all right, then there is nothing wrong with your eyes, and your only concern is with keeping them as they are. But if you squint or frown, or have headaches and nervousness, then you'd better get your eyes looked at by an expert oculist or optometrist.

Man, unlike any other living thing, actually has two sets of eyes. In each eyeball there are altogether different means of looking and seeing—central vision, sometimes called day vision, and rim vision (peripheral vision), sometimes called night vision. At the back of the eyeball, grouped in a tiny circle, there is a cluster of about 7,000,000 cone-shaped cells. These distinguish color and give us the vision we use for all close, concentrated work, such as reading, sewing, working with precision instruments of every nature. Animals do not possess this day vision at all. They do not have any cone-shaped cells.

Surrounding those cells there are about 130,000,000 others, *rod-shaped*. As light begins to fade at the end of the day the cone-shaped cells go to sleep. They no longer function. But the nighttime, rod-shaped cells expand physically and take on the job of doing our seeing for us. An animal's eye is like that all the time. We cannot, in darkness, distinguish colors, except the varying tones of light or fire. But we are amazingly sensitive to movement and light. It has been demonstrated that good eyes can pick up the illumination of a match flame as far as three miles away.

The French physicist, Dominique François Arago, put the whole matter of night seeing into a nutshell: "In order to see a very dimly lighted object, it is necessary *not* to look at it." In other words, if you stare into the dark you see nothing at all, because your center vision, day vision, is blacked out. You must catch things "out of the corner of your eye." And you can catch them a thousand times better if they are moving, or if your eyes are moving. In darkness, if you just keep your head shifting this way and that, objects will flash into your range of seeing.

Unlike day vision, which quits in the darkness, night vision does not quit in daylight. Which is why we can see things off to the side, even when we are looking ahead. Test it for yourself.

Look closely at some object, say a doorknob, eight or ten feet in front

of you. Then, without turning either your head or your eyes, fix your *attention* upon what may be over your right and left shoulders. The doorknob will fade from your vision. But you may be surprised at the number of things you can see off to the sides.

We use these two different kinds of vision every day. When you're intent upon the job of work immediately before you, that is just about all you see. But if you are moving through the aisles of a department store, say, you are aware of the goods displayed on all sides, of the people moving about, until some one item that appeals to you, or some friend coming into your view, centers and holds your vision to the exclusion of other things.

The human eye was designed, millions of years ago, to see in daylight and to rest at night. It has not changed. But life has changed to such an extent that we simply must use artificial light because there are not enough daylight hours for our work and play.

Generally speaking, all artificial light imposes some strain on the eye because there is no artificial light as good as natural daylight. Medical men agree that there is no great difference in the *quality* of the artificial illumination which is available to us. One sort of bulb, or shade, is just about as good as another. The vitally important thing is the *quantity* of light we have to see by. If we are to save our eyes from bad strain, we simply must have plenty of light. But at the same time we must avoid glare, shadows, and blinding reflections.

There are other things which distress the visual faculties, too. Diet is as important to the eyes as to any other part of the body. The first symptom of poor diet, lack of proper vitamins in food, is night blindness —the inability to see clearly or at all in the dark. The most important nourishment for the eyes is vitamin A. Many vegetables, particularly the yellow ones, contain it. Both milk and butter provide it in large quantities.

Cigarette smoke in the eyes is irritating. It is not swank which leads President Roosevelt to use a long cigarette holder. He does that to keep the smoke out of his eyes. Salt water is not good for the eyes. Neither is prolonged staring at a motion-picture screen.

But let us assume now that your eyes have been giving you trouble. You have had them examined, and bought a pair of glasses. You see a great deal better. But the nature of your work—long hours of close concentration under electric light, for example—plus the inevitable mental and emotional stress of wartime, continues to make you more or less conscious of your eyes. You are, in short, still suffering from eyestrain.

There are a number of things you can do to find relief.

Some years ago Dr. W. H. Bates of New York worked out an entirely new theory about the eyes. His most radical conclusion was that everybody should throw away his glasses and bring his vision back to normal by a series of exercises. Very few indeed are the eye doctors who agree that glasses should be discarded. Glasses are useful beyond any doubt (as I may testify after wearing them for twenty years) and certainly cannot be dismissed as unnecessary.

But many of Dr. Bates' other suggestions have merit. Perhaps the most important are the exercises

(*Continued on page 23*)

20,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG

BY J. P. McEVOY

THE story of Irna Phillips is the story of the daytime serial, affectionately referred to in the radio business as "soap opera" or "washtub weeper." Radio can afford to be affectionate—$40,000,000 in network time alone was spent for these serials in 1941 by advertisers of soaps, household gadgets, and assorted Krunkles for the Kiddies. Add $5,000,000 for writing, actors, and production and you have a conservative $45,000,000 bill for the daytime entertainment of the lonely American housewife.

Twenty million women listen daily to some seventy of these serials, but precious few of them have heard the name of Irna Phillips, the acknowledged queen bee in this tremendous hive of perpetual emotion. This is deliberate and canny on her part. Author of five top-ranking stories—Road of Life, Guiding Light, Women in White, Right to Happiness, and Lonely Women—Irna passes up advertising for herself on the air so that the characters can "drop in" like neighbors and their stories unfold "as though the housewife were eavesdropping on the people next door," to use her own explanation.

For this reason she seldom has more than two characters in a scene and they talk with all the pauses, hesitations, mumblings, repetitions, and waste of time that people in difficult situations naturally indulge in. Most of her scripts are only four pages long for fifteen minutes of dialogue—other veteran serial writers use twice as many words. "Sometimes," marveled one radio executive, "the pauses between speeches in an Irna Phillips story sound as if the station had gone off the air."

This slow pace is deliberate on Irna's part. She knows women answer the door, pick up the baby, vacuum the rugs, and watch the stove while they listen to her stories, and she spins them so artfully that women can go right on with their housework without missing a word, tear, or heartthrob.

Twenty million women (and Irna Phillips) can't be wrong. The largest and hardest-boiled buyer of radio advertising, Procter & Gamble, spent $9,000,000 last year for network time alone to bring thirteen of these stories daily to these 20,000,000 women. Sterling Products took $5,000,000 out of the till for fifteen shows daily, while General Mills spent $3,000,000 on network time for eight more.

Many housewives listen to eight or ten stories a day and carry all of these characters and plots and subplots around in their heads. One Middle Western store in self-defense set aside a listening room so its shoppers could duck in and learn if Ma Doakes had survived that lovely operation. Numerous towns have listening clubs of women who agree not to phone each other while certain favorite stories are on the air.

SOME of these stories have been running three and four years, others from seven to nine. Hundreds of characters come and go. One actor, playing a character beloved by millions, thought he was indispensable and demanded a raise. He was promptly given a fatal disease by Author Irna Phillips. He died a tear-jerking death and was treated to a lavish funeral, with flowers sent from all over the country by bereaved housewives. And the story is still going right on without him.

It was a salutary lesson to the rest of Miss Phillips' marionettes. They are growing up and marrying and having children and troubles and being philosophical about it in five—count them—five daily stories of her own creation, running five days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. That adds up to 2,000,000 words annually, the equivalent of twenty-five novels of 80,000 words each.

Twelve years ago, after five years of schoolteaching in Dayton, Ohio, Irna Phillips started as a radio actress in Chicago. "People like that don't talk like that," she snapped, when she was handed a part to read. She proceeded to rewrite the part to fit the character. Then she wrote for nothing for months, and at one time was paying the actors out of her own pocket. Today it is conceded that she makes at least $1,000 a week on each of her five shows—for the scripts alone. Carl Wester produces all of her shows and sells them to the advertiser (complete with actors and organ music) as "packages" for undisclosed amounts above a minimum of $2,500 a week for each story.

The daytime serial, like Irna, was born in Chicago and grew up there. Its success paralleled the rapid growth of installment buying for labor-saving household gadgets. Less drudgery meant more listening time. The housewife started turning on the radio for company and found herself becoming curious about these people and the things that were happening to them. The voices were Middle West, the stories were about just ordinary people. Soon she was caught up in the gossip of these new "neighbors" who were always available for a "visit" at the same hour.

Only after the serial was highly successful in the Middle West was it transplanted to New York. Chicago stations had been obliged to develop radio shows without the pool of professional talent available in New York; and that contributed to the serials' growth. Besides, Chicago produced extraordinary spinners of stories like Irna Phillips and the others who followed her.

This outstanding historian of the radio family has no family of her own. This woman who has written millions of words about American home life has never owned a house. This oracle of wifehood has never been married—not even engaged—and so this national authority on the responsibilities of motherhood has no children. Well, hardly any. She has recently adopted a baby boy and at this writing is about to adopt a baby girl. Even in such a tender and domestic situation, she proceeds with the dispatch and skill of the expert fictioneer. Her characters come to life completely equipped and ready to operate. Irna is not the one to wait two years and nine months for a two-year-old baby—or go through the tiresome preliminaries which other mothers think necessary.

Irna is forty-one. She is the youngest of ten children and, until her mother's death a few years ago, devoted all her waking and sleeping

And nobody knows it better than Irna Phillips who writes five—count 'em—of the daytime radio serials that 20,000,000 women love

Irna's a spinster mother —has adopted a baby boy.

moments to her, literally sharing the same room until the mother's death at the age of eighty. A frustrated actress—if you can call any one frustrated who grosses a reputed quarter of a million dollars a year—Irna sees an actor or an actress in each of her relatives and story material in everything that happens to them or her friends or herself. Already little Tommy, her adopted son, has suggested a new radio serial, based on the wartime theme that hundreds of thousands of women are going to have to raise their children in fatherless homes. What will women do about this? How will they solve their troubles? Irna will tell them.

While her mother lived, life with mother was the principal source of her material. When her mother died, she proceeded to plan Lonely Women. As long as she stayed in Chicago she didn't get much material, for she has many friends there, so she came to New York, where in six months she nearly died of lonesomeness. Convinced that the career girl in a New York hotel for women might just as well be in the middle of the Sahara, she hurried back to Chicago, fixed up an elegant apartment overlooking Lake Michigan, and started her five-times-a-week chronicle called Lonely Women. Her sponsor bought it pronto when she pointed out that an audience primarily made up of women would—today of all times, when husbands, brothers, sweethearts, sons are leaving home to defend their homes—be interested in a story of lonely women.

Irna's stories are all ingenious concoctions, distilled from her own experiences and those of her friends. Her first big success, Today's Children, which ran five years and had the top Crossley rating for half of that time, was modeled after her own family. The leading character, Mother Moran, was her own mother. Shortly before her mother died, Irna suddenly lost interest in Today's Children and took it off the air over the sponsor's bleeding body while it had the largest number of listeners of any daytime serial.

The problem of how to kill Today's Children and introduce her new serial, Women in White, all on the same day, and transfer the allegiance of the audience from the old to the new, was a real challenge. How she successfully solved it is one of the legends of radio. On the last day Mother Moran, chatting with her huge radio audience, told them that she and her family were moving away—"just like one of your neighbors who move away and you never see them any more, but they go right on living. But before I go I want to recommend to you a radio program which I enjoy and know you will."

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MACHTOY

YOU SWEET KID

Is there in every boy's life an older woman with whom he thinks he is in love? A nostalgic and poignant story of youth growing up

BY CHARLES BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MACHTEY

I SUPPOSE there is a Lily Muller in every boy's life. And, though she may appear suddenly and depart as quickly after she has served her usefulness somewhere in that emotional period between fifteen and eighteen, she is apt to make as lasting an impression as some of the perhaps more significant women in his later years. I mean an impression often charged with a particularly rich gratitude.

Of course, a Lily Muller may be merely an unattainable object of admiration, viewed from a distance. Or she may simply be a rosy creature of the imagination. Or she may be a tangible, sentient human being. My Lily Muller was very much the last, and to this day I am shamelessly unable to regret the nearly tragic accident which brought us together.

Our family was taking its regular morning swim on the ocean beach across the bay from the little South Shore resort of Tiana, where we were August guests at Mrs. Brown's excellent summer boardinghouse. Always powerful at that point on Long Island, the surf was particularly heavy that day and was further complicated by a strong undertow, causing my father to caution us all—my mother, my younger sister, Louise, and my older brother, Henry—not to go out too far. I am afraid this warning acted rather as a spur than a brake to our daring and, with the exception of mother, we gaily rode the tops or cut through the bellies of the waves as they curved and broke and pounded onto the beach.

But it was mother, not venturing out beyond knee-depth, who was caught.

I remember turning on the crest of a huge roller and, to my surprise, seeing my father, inshore, dive into the shallow water. Then he picked himself up and dived again. With panic in my heart, I understood.

"Henry!" I shouted. "Quick!"

I swam furiously toward shore, Henry and Louise following. But we were too late to be of any use, for by the time our feet struck bottom, the backwash of the surf dragging at our knees, my father was standing erect and my mother's unconscious body lay across his arms.

I can see his left arm today, the short sleeve of his old-fashioned bathing suit ending just above the vaccination mark, tenderly supporting her shoulders. He stumbled up the sand, his feet sinking deeply under their double weight. I caught a glimpse of his face, his ordinarily gay cavalry mustache drooping sadly, and I could see he was fighting back the tears as he murmured reassurance into mother's unconscious ear.

"Johnny," he then shouted to me, "see if you can find a doctor!"

I sped up to the beach pavilion as fast as my sixteen-year-old legs would carry me, and called out to the crowd slowly queueing down to the boats tied up at the dock. But of course there was no doctor, so I sped back to the picnic porch where my father, surrounded by a knot of late bathers, was resting my mother on one of the long tables. As I reached them, the chorus of advice usual to such occasions was already rising.

"Give her air! For heaven's sake, give her air!"

"Turn her on her stomach. That's what you ought to do. And press down."

"We ought to have a barrel."

"Stand back! Everybody stand back!"

My father's hands were fumbling at my mother's collar, trying to loosen it, and my eyes traveled to her face. It was blue. A hard lump came into my throat and I turned away to find Louise's wet blonde head digging into my shoulder.

"Oh, Johnny!" she sobbed.

"Don't be a fool," I said, and put my arm around her.

Then I heard a cool voice at my side. "Please give me a little room," it said. "I've got to start artificial respiration."

Even in my anxiety she was a young woman to be noticed, as much for the inconsistency of impression she made on me as for her good looks. There was something both reassuring and a little frightening about her. The disordered reddish hair was much too wild and there was a decidedly bold and inviting sparkle in her green eyes, while her white silk blouse was much too tight and low for mother's standards. Still, the frank, open expression of her face and the firm cut to her chin gave one confidence. And she was wonderfully pretty in a vivid rough-cut way.

My father looked at her hopefully.

"I'm a nurse," she explained. "Please give me some room."

The group fell back at this assumption of authority, and somehow I knew things were going to be all right.

In a few minutes they were. The nurse looked up and announced, "She's all right. She didn't take in much water."

I saw my mother's eyes flutter open, saw her smile weakly at my father. "Darling," she murmured.

And then Louise had stopped crying and my father was thanking the woman who had done it all and was asking her name.

"My name?" she said in half-surprise. "Lily Muller is my name. Think nothing of it."

Something tremendous happened in my head and chest. I thought it was the most beautiful name I had ever heard.

"I don't know how to thank you," my father was saying, his hand going automatically to the spot where his wallet usually was. I was glad he was in his bathing suit because Miss Muller did not look like the sort who would take a tip.

"Hold on!" he added with sudden inspiration, taking his bathhouse key from around his neck. "Here, Henry, you'll find a bottle on the shelf."

Miss Muller, busy rubbing mother's arms, laughed. "Don't worry about me," she said. "I won't faint. Lord, I've got to get a wiggle on if I'm to catch the bus to the Hatcher House!"

"Nonsense," my father said. "A drop of whisky is just what the doctor ordered."

That was a definite part of his philosophy in any case, but his man-

(*Continued on page 62*)

she just looked at me for a long time. "You poor kid," she said. "You sweet kid."

Karen stowed Mr. Brint under a tarpaulin on a flatcar and whispered his instructions.

Liberty's Short Short Story

THE PERPLEXING ADVENTURE OF MR. BRINT

BY ROBERT S. MANSFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

EXTERNALLY, E. Standley Brint, Esq., of Brint Cottage, Upper Mondley, Hants, was as typical a conservative bachelor as the south of England could produce. Deep down he was a romantic, a romancer. Years as a clerk and a junior executive in the City had made him practical but had not erased the romanticism from his soul.

He was bilingual in English and Norwegian, a circumstance explained in the title of a rather ponderous monograph—his only one: Some Characteristics of the Norwegian Peasant of the Vaarnik Region: Notes and Views of Twenty Years' Norwegian Holidays. It had appeared in The Traveler, and he meant to write a sequel to it some day, so that he might refer to his "works" in the plural.

In 1914-18 he had been a civilian typist at Portsmouth. September 2, 1939, he entered a recruiting office, and was sent back to Upper Mondley to continue his ARP labors. He went to London again to volunteer for special service, listing his unusual qualifications on the form. The officer glanced at them and informed him that he would be notified when he was needed. Meanwhile—Upper Mondley.

Such dismissal rankled. For a second time in England's hour of peril he was being relegated to the background. Too, there was Trent, the handsome, capable knight baronet whose place overlooked Upper Mondley. He was something in Military Intelligence, and Mr. Brint yearned—inwardly, of course—to be one of his select fellowship.

So it was until that afternoon in late July, 1942, when adventure buzzed up to Mr. Brint's door and delivered a summons. Mr. Brint read it twice, and sat himself down in the motorcycle courier's side car as though all this bored him. Inwardly he was jubilant. England had called him!

In London his interview with Colonel Sir Andrew L. C. Keith was brief. A vital mission to Norway it was to be; so hush-hush that he would have no orders until he was at sea. Then and there he was disguised as a Norwegian peasant, to be whisked from London in a curtained auto. "Much depends upon your success," Colonel Keith told him, and all the long way north those words dinned in his ears. When he reached the patrol-boat base on the Scottish coast they had become "All England depends upon you, Brint!"

He received his orders from the patrol-boat commander as they neared the night-shrouded Norwegian coast. He read them. A Norwegian fishing sloop would set him ashore on the south headland of Vaarnik Fiord; he was to proceed to the first stream crossing of the south road, take up a pick or shovel, and join the labor crew at work there. He did so.

IT was a grueling day for Mr. Brint. The soil was rocky and his hands blistered. At noon, when the Nazi officer approached, he stiffened to attention as the others did. If his "Heil Hitler" was not convincing, it was because he was unpracticed in lying.

Quite dispassionately the officer knocked him down, hauled him to his feet and repeated, then turned and strode off. In Mr. Brint's hand was now a tight little wad of paper. When he took an opportunity to read it unobserved, it told him only that he would be hungry at the Pedersens'.

When night arrived, he was at the Pedersens' and he was literally hungry. If the elderly peasants recognized him they gave no sign. After they had fed him, their daughter Karen guided him across fields to the railway, stowed him under a tarpaulin on a flatcar, and whispered his instructions: "Drop from the train in Olne, next to the Swedish frontier, and go to the house of

Lars Elioffsen. You will be thirsty."

He *was* thirsty, although he recognized the advantage of the simple code words. Elioffsen, tall and gaunt, stared at him a long time and gave him water. "It is all we have," he said.

Now, thought Mr. Brint, it is coming. Now I shall be launched into the unknown for England. A sneak across the border into Sweden—a voyage on a steel freighter through the Baltic into Germany. . . But when Elioffsen set him on a westbound cart the affair took on an unromantic aura. When, after two nights in a smokehouse, he was set aboard a train, still headed west, it became even less romantic. But when, five days later, he was hauled from his concealment in a haystack and put to sea on a tiny fishing sloop, the great adventure of Mr. Brint became a dud.

The patrol-boat commander had nothing to say. The military driver on the road south was uncommunicative, and in London Colonel Keith was positively laconic.

"Well done, Brint," he said.

BACK at Brint Cottage, Mr. Brint took up his teacup where he had laid it down, but his soul was distressed. He had done something important, he gathered, but he had done nothing. He looked up to see Trent turning in at his gate.

"I say, Brint," Trent said. "Thanks. A nice piece of work, that. We're up for decorations on it, you know."

"Decorations?" said Mr. Brint.

"Yes. You and the navy chap and that Scots Fusiliers officer who plays the Nazi officer and all the rest we can reach. There'll be big things come out of all this."

Mr. Brint set his teacup down and poured a cup for Trent, who waved the offered bit of sugar back to the bowl. Mr. Brint was really a little irritated, despite the awe he felt for Trent.

"All what?" he said.

"Keith didn't say? Quiet chap: duty's duty and all that. It was simple, really. You took all the risk."

"What risk?"

"Right," said Trent. "Here I was in Sweden with a good spot of info to send back, and both chaps I sent with it got shot. Our route had a bad link and we had to set up a new one. Can't use those things untested, you know. I couldn't run the test because I had to get back with the stuff. You did a first-rate job of trying out the new underground from Olne."

"Nothing happened," Mr. Brint said—and, medal or no medal, saw the second monograph taking shape in his mind.

THE END

BE GOOD TO YOUR EYES—Continued from Page 17

called "palming," "flashing," "swinging," and "blinking." All of them are simple to do.

Palming means simply covering both eyes with the palms of the hands to shut out all light. Do not press against the eyeballs, of course. Eyes should never be pressed or rubbed violently. Simply relax for a few minutes. Don't try to see black, because, perversely enough, if you try you can't. Think of some pleasant scene or experience. This is very restful.

Flashing may be defined as the exact opposite of staring. Instead of fixing your eyes upon an object, take a flashing glance at it, then shut the eyes and try to remember as clearly as possible what it looked like. Try it with an advertisement printed in various sizes of type, or with a playing card, or any other handy object. This exercise improves the *mental* habits of seeing as well as the physical.

Swinging is keeping the eyes on a moving object rather than a stationary one. Throw up a ball, watch it, and catch it. Better yet, take two balls and try simple juggling tricks with them. In the office or factory, take a pencil—or the index finger will do—and hold it about six inches in front of the eyes. Then slowly extend it to arm's length and bring it back, keeping the eyes focused on it constantly. Do this several times, and you will find that it helps tone up the complex muscular control of the eye.

Blinking is something that all of us do unconsciously, but which we could do more often and with profit to our eyes. At intervals during the day, simply blink the eyes rapidly half a dozen times. This serves the double purpose of shutting out the light for an instant and at the same time lubricating the eyes with tears.

SUCH simple exercises, together with a few which are more complex in that they require special apparatus, have been found of great value at all the army and navy airfields. There are eye specialists at every one of these fields. And pilots and bombardiers and gunners are required to take eye exercises every day. Not only does this practice help to keep normal eyes keen and at the top pitch of efficiency—it has actually brought back to full effectiveness a number of airmen whose vision was beginning to lose its sharpness under constant strain.

An occasional glimpse at some soothing color is refreshing. Farsighted people usually find green a pleasant color, and nearsighted people often like red. The difference in taste is due to the different wave lengths of the shades.

Whatever sort of work you are doing, glance up from it frequently and look for a moment at something farther away, or look out the window just long enough to bring everything that it frames into clear focus.

The use of an eyewash is soothing to tired, stinging eyes, and will usually flood foreign particles out of the eyes. A solution of boric acid in boiled or distilled water is good.

AS a general rule, the harder you try to see well, the worse you will see. That may seem to be a paradox, but it is true nevertheless. The anxious, frowning effort to obtain perfect vision defeats its own purpose. That is because vision is fundamentally an unconscious, automatic function. Like the memory. All of us know how difficult it is sometimes to remember a familiar but elusive name. The harder we try, the farther we are away from it. Then we relax and talk about something else, and all of a sudden the name pops into the head like a red light.

The things we can do to improve our eyesight are usually basic, long-term things, not immediate, urgent things. Don't abuse your vision. Get glasses if you need them. Practice the few simple exercises suggested here. And don't worry.

The eyes are variable, just like the other parts of the body. Just as you may have indigestion today, or a pain in the neck, and then feel fine tomorrow, so you may sometimes fail to see as well today as you did yesterday. Efficiency of vision rises and falls just as other bodily functions do. But, of course, if the faulty vision persists you must do something about it.

Most public schools have nurses who give periodic eye tests to the students, sending home word if the attention of an eye doctor is needed. It would be a good thing if all our big factories and big offices gave the same tests. Many of them do. It takes less than ten minutes for competent specialists to give these basic screening tests, and everybody should make this simple check on his eyes every six months.

The whole point of the matter is that those two eyes of yours are certainly worth at least the amount of attention you give, without a second thought, to mowing off your whiskers or setting that curl over your left ear.

THE END

Here's the Russian equivalent of the young American soldier. Without that uniform, he'd look like any American.

MEET THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER

close-up of one of the world's most formidable fighters

BY A. P. DAVIES

OUR Russian allies speak of their army as an army of "workers and peasants." Magnificently, these workers and peasants have taken everything Hitler could throw at them for a year and a half and kept right on slugging. What kind of guy is the Russian equivalent of Private Bill Jones?

Since the U. S. S. R. is even more of a melting pot than our own nation, it isn't easy to pick out a Russian soldier who is typical in looks. If he is one of the 60 per cent of the population which is Russian, he may be a dead ringer for any one of millions of Americans.

On the average he's a little shorter than the American soldier, say five feet seven, but husky, weighing 150 or 160 pounds. And he's likely to be fair-haired and blue-eyed. If he is one of the 39,000,000 Ukrainians, he's taller and Slavic-looking. If he's an Uzbek, a Kazak, a Tajik, or a Kirghiz, he looks distinctly Asiatic. If he's Armenian or, like Stalin himself, a Georgian from the Caucasus, he's likely to bear a strong resemblance to other peoples of the Near East. But whatever he looks like, he's tough; he knows his business; he's a good egg; and his morale is superlative.

He is well prepared for war, hardened from living and working in what is in many respects a young pioneer country. He has given up comforts he might have had, in order to develop his country and prepare it against invasion.

He knows machines and how to use them. Though Russia's transformation into a modern industrial nation began less than twenty years ago, he already has a wealth of mechanical and industrial experience. He may have a peasant background, but even if he stayed on the farm it was a mechanized collective farm. He hasn't yet had the chance to have his own car, but he knows

He knows machines and he knows how to use them—and to repair them at the front, as these Red soldiers are doing.

He's tough—toughened. Even before the war, in swimming [illegible] he'd be weighted down with gun and gear, like this.

trucks and tractors—and knows tanks.

He has had prewar military training. Before the war, boys of thirteen to eighteen all over the country practiced rifle shooting in order to win badges as "Voroshilov marksmen." They learned to handle machine guns, throw grenades, read maps, and prepare defenses. Often their sports had a military purpose. As many as 200,000 entered long-distance ski races. In cross-country running the contestant carried a soldier's pack. In swimming meets he was weighted down with a gun; in bicycle races he wore a gas mask; and more than a million young Russians learned parachute jumping.

Russia had universal conscription long before the war. Of the 1,800,000 boys reaching the age of nineteen each year, one third went into the army, for a period of two years for the infantry, three years or longer for special branches of service. The balance joined the Territorial Army, equivalent of our National Guard. There the recruit received eight months' training spread over a period of five years so it would not interfere with his civilian job. At least 20,000,000 men had had some military training before the German invasion.

Every school, factory, collective farm, and office had a branch of the Air and Chemical Defense Society. With a membership running into the millions, it trained civilians for defense. Civilian defense groups even participated in Red Army maneuvers. In effect, the whole nation was an army—part of it on active duty, part in reserve.

THE chances are that our Russian has the equivalent of a high-school education. He may well be a college man too, or he may have got all his formal education in the Red Army, which has been a vast school for civilian studies.

Unlike the average American army man at present, he's married and has children. They marry early in the Soviet Union and the birth rate is high. The chances still are about one in three that his family is somewhere behind the German lines. Knowing the Germans, he hates them with implacable fury. It would be hard to find a Red Army man who hasn't got a personal score to settle with them.

The Soviet youth comes of voting age at eighteen. In the army he retains not only the right to vote but the right to run for public office. All elected bodies are sprinkled with army representatives.

There are no figures available on his wartime pay, and it would be difficult to translate them into terms of American dollars. The government

(*Continued on page 61*)

He can tighten his belt when he must—but *can* he stow the groceries! Almost always he gets his fill of good foods.

He loves reading, takes it seriously. Here, in just one Red Army unit's library, there are about 20,000 books for him.

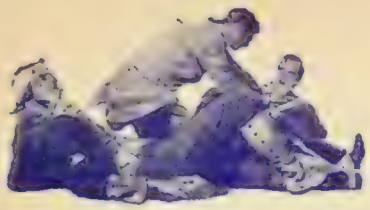
He's warmhearted, sociable. He and his comrades love to sing together—as these lads at the front are about to do.

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

The enemy advances, war drums thunder, and young America still fights on — for freedom

BY ELSWYTH THANE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN the Revolutionary War started, Julian Day was teaching a boys' school in Williamsburg, Virginia, and his sympathies were Tory. As the fighting went on, however, he realized that, without quite knowing how, he had become an American, and that he must fight for America's freedom.

When he went to join de Kalb's army, he left behind him two women who loved him and one whom he loved. This last was Regina Greensleeves, beautiful, arrogant, who had been betrothed to St. John Sprague, Julian's friend, until Sprague joined Washington.

"I will never marry a man who has borne arms against the King," she said then.

Regina led Julian on, but he knew where her heart lay.

"It's St. John you love," he told her, "and that's as it should be. Before I go, I only want to say—I love you, Regina. And then, good-by."

Of the two women who loved Julian without his being aware of it, one was St. John's sister Dorothea, the other, Tibby Mawes.

Tibby and her twin brother, Kit, were the children of a laundress. Julian had interested himself in them and had sent Tibby to school. He still thought of her as a child, not realizing that her young devotion had become a mature love.

"Good-by, sweetheart," he said when he left her—and kissed her cheek.

And that memory was all she had to comfort her while he was away.

Julian saw St. John Sprague at the bloody battle of Camden, when St. John was acting as de Kalb's aide. He saved St. John's life, in fact, by turning away a redcoat's bayonet. St. John stopped to speak, but, at de Kalb's command, had to ride away and leave Julian wounded on the field

Marching to Charleston as a British prisoner, Julian was rescued by Francis Marion's guerrillas, and taken to Marion's hide-out in the swamps to get over his wounds.

Meanwhile St. John, also wounded at Camden, made his way back to Williamsburg. Limping homeward along a dark street, he came upon Regina and her sister on their way to the apothecary's. Bedraggled as he was, Regina recognized him.

"Oh, my dear love," she cried. "Thank God, I've got you safe at last!"

Smiling, he slid into unconsciousness at her feet.

JOSHUA, the Sprague's butler, and Tibby ran up breathless through the dusk and found them there—Regina kneeling in the winter mud of Gloucester Street, her dress a blue velvet ruin, with St. John's head cradled in her arms, while Lucinda stood above them and wrung her hands and the apothecary's clerk held hartshorn to St. John's nose.

Joshua stooped without a sound, and took him from Regina as though he weighed no more than a child, and carried him toward Francis Street. At the corner Dorothea met them. Aunt Anabel awaited them in the doorway. As Joshua passed into the house with his limp burden, Regina spoke from the gate:

"Please, Dolly—please may I come in?"

After one look, which saw her for the first time with her muddied skirt and the tears running down her white cheeks, Dorothea held out sisterly arms.

Lucinda followed them into the house, but Tibby turned away unnoticed in the dusk, hugging the shawl about her. She had done what was required of her and fetched Joshua, and now she had time to think again—now she could contemplate the icy fact that Julian had been at Camden after all, with de Kalb, and wounded. Some of them were taken prisoner. The Charleston prison ships were said to be floating hells. There wouldn't be surgeons, there wouldn't be food, there wouldn't be enough air to breathe . . .

Faintly, through the winter twilight, came the sound of firing, down Jamestown way. The British must have landed! Tibby began to run toward home, panting, stumbling, blind with tears.

UNDRESSED, and patiently scrubbed clean and shaved by Joshua's careful hands and tucked into his own snowy bed again, St. John found himself drinking broth from a spoon, and looked up gratefully into Aunt Anabel's sweet face.

"Poor soul," he murmured. "Did I give you an awful fright?"

"Now, Sinjie, don't talk. You're to drink this and go to sleep at once"

"Tell me just one thing," he pleaded. "I did see Regina?"

"Yes. She's still downstairs with Dorothea."

"I thought maybe I was out of my head again," he said. The spoon was waiting. More broth went down. "Don't let her walk home alone," he said. "The British are at Jamestown."

"I know, dear. The militia has gone down to Burwell's Ferry."

"How many militia?"

"I don't know. Nelson has them."

St. John drank more broth, and his eyelids were heavy.

"Auntie, how am I going to tell Dorothea that I rode away and left Julian wounded at Camden?"

"Oh, Sinjie—wounded?"

"I was riding courier between Smallwood and de Kalb. The men on the left wing wouldn't stand, and de Kalb wouldn't retreat. Julian was fighting in the ranks, all over blood and powder. I thought I must be seeing things—but it was Julian, no mistake—he proved that. Then I had to leave him there with de Kalb."

"De Kalb died," said Aunt Anabel. Her face quivered.

"I'm afraid they both did," he said, and turned his head away from the spoon. "No more, auntie. You tell her—I'm too tired—"

"Yes, dear, I'll tell her. Try and get some sleep."

Before she was out of the room the heavy slumber of exhaustion claimed him. He never knew that they let Regina come and kiss him good night before Joshua escorted her and Lucinda home.

He never knew, either, that later that night a scared and shaking black butler knocked on the door of Regina's bedroom and said there was a gentleman below, demanding to see her. She put on a warm robe over her nightdress, tied back her hair with a ribbon, and descended the stairs.

The candelabra on the drawing-room table had been lighted, and David Allen stood over the dying fire, wearing the tight green coat of a Loyalist regiment and black

cavalry boots. Regina's heart lurched like an alarm bell. Only a day before, still nursing her obstinate quarrel with St. John, she would have been glad to see David. But now her one thought was how to get rid of the man in the green coat before he found out that St. John lay helpless in Francis Street, not five minutes away. There was the chance, of course, that David already knew that, and had come because he knew. That would mean a British prison for St. John, where he would surely die from lack of care. Before she reached the threshold her mind was busy with lies she could tell David, ways she could find to protect St. John.

He turned and stared at her unbelievingly as she paused in the doorway. "I had forgotten how beautiful you are!" was his only greeting.

"David, what are you doing here? Have they taken the town?"

"We could have it if we liked. The militia have scattered, as usual. My troop came ashore just to sweep up, and—I have a few hours' leave." He came toward her with outstretched hands. "Regina—my darling—there's nothing to be frightened about. We're headed upriver for Richmond in the morning. Regina, say you're glad to see me!"

"YES, David, of course I'm glad. But—what will you do at Richmond?"

"Burn it, if it won't surrender! Hang Jefferson, we hope, and make an end of the war in Virginia as soon as possible!"

"Hang—Jefferson! Oh, David, *no!* That's murder!"

"The whole war is murder! I'm sorry. I forgot he was a friend of yours. But we're at war, you know. Except for tonight. Sweetheart, I have moved heaven and earth to win this glimpse of you! Come into the light—"

Reluctantly she let him take her hands and draw her into the room.

"You must go," she said urgently. "You aren't safe here."

"Safe?" He laughed. "There's no militia any more! And even if there were—it's worth risking my neck to see you like this!"

"Please go, David." She flushed as his eyes ran over the loose velvet gown and her unbound hair. "Some one might find you here—at this hour—"

"It's not quite the welcome I expected," he said, bewildered. "From what you said before I went north, I hoped—"

"I was wrong, David. I've—changed my mind. I'm sorry."

"Well, upon my word, that's pretty cool! I hoped when I got into the Rangers you'd be pleased with me!"

"You are going back to Jamestown alone, David — or not at all," she said. He stared at her.

"I—never thought you'd come to burn Richmond," she explained lamely.

"How else can we win wars, my dear, than by burning capitals and hanging rebels? Williamsburg won't be touched. We'll make our headquarters at Portsmouth, most likely, and if things go well while I'm there—"

"David, you're not to come here again, do you hear? Not while you wear that green coat!"

"But I'm only wearing this coat because you said—"

"If I had anything to do with your joining Simcoe's Rangers, I'm sorry—terribly sorry."

"So you've changed sides since I went north! You've turned rebel!"

"I DON'T know what I am any more, David. I—have no right to judge any one. I'm rather ashamed of myself all round, I think, and wish you hadn't paid any attention to me. What kind of man are you, anyway, to choose the color of your coat to please a woman, instead of having ideas and convictions of your own too strong for her to meddle with? It doesn't matter what I think—it's what *you* believe that counts!"

His face was white. "I suppose I have St. John Sprague to thank for this," he said, and her denial came too soon, too anxiously:

"No, no! I—haven't seen him!"

David came to her on the hearth-rug, and turned up her face to his with a suddenly ruthless hand. For he knew now what he had come to learn. That St. John was at home he had already found out, through a Williamsburg Tory, and now it was plain that Regina had seen him and the thing he himself most feared had happened and Regina had found her heart. But the thing was still in his own hands, for Simcoe had given him leave to see the woman he loved and not to arrest Washington's aide, of whose whereabouts Simcoe was still unaware. Regina was going to try to lie for St. John—but wouldn't she do the same for any friend in the same circumstances? And so, against his better judgment, David must needs go on hoping. He must be sure, he told himself. He must be quite sure he had lost her.

"You *have* seen him," he accused, her chin held fast between his finger and thumb. "Wasn't he at Camden?"

"No—I don't know."

"And wasn't he wounded and sent home?"

"David, you're very frightening like this. I hardly know you." Deliberately, imprisoned in his hold, she drained her body of resistance, made it soft and helpless against his, gave him her eyes full of reproach and appeal. Whatever he knew, he was on the track. It might rest with her now, what happened to St. John. Her lips trembled into a smile. "You used not to treat me like a court-martial," she murmured, and laid warm coaxing fingers on the hand that held her chin, and saw his eyes take fire while his left arm went round her waist and caught her to him till the butt of the pistol he wore in his sash bruised her ribs.

"And do you love a man for his coat, Regina, after all—or for the heart that beats inside it? Suppose the green coat I wear says I must arrest St. John Sprague's blue one and escort it to Jamestown tonight. The fortunes of war, Regina! He would do the same to me. And so, to the victor the spoils!"

She waited, soft and willing in his arms, while his lips descended on hers—and her fingers stole toward the pistol which pressed her side. They had found and clasped it firmly before he lifted his head, but still she was in his arms, drawing back from him only a little, loosening his hold only by her own smiling confusion and a belated self-recovery.

"That was very presumptuous of you," she murmured, putting him from her a little with a hand against his chest. And then, with a sudden jerk, she was free of him, with the pistol torn from his sash pointed at him, very level and steady. "You are going back to Jamestown alone, David—or not at all," she said.

HE stared at her a moment, and then folded his arms with a smile. "You wouldn't really shoot me with that thing!" he marveled.

"You've got to give me your word of honor to ride straight back to Jamestown, and never say a word about St. John, if I let you go."

He gave a little sound, half laugh, half snort. "So, in order to save you from committing murder, I must commit a dereliction of duty—is that it?" He moved toward her lazily, and her finger tightened on the trigger. But he reached for the barrel and twisted the pistol easily out of her grasp. "It would never have gone off like that, you know," he smiled, and showed her how it had not been cocked. "Still, you meant well, didn't you!" He replaced the pistol in his sash and swung round to pick up his hat from a chair.

"David, wait!" She caught at him with desperate hands. "He's badly wounded—he'll die if he's moved now. He's here in this house, and you'll take him away over my dead body. David, I married him today. Do you want it on your soul that you made me a widow?"

(*Continued on page 67*)

THE GYP OF THE WEEK *By* FRANK W. BROCK

DOOR-TO-DOOR BOYS—LATEST STYLE

WHEN you answer your doorbell nowadays, it is an even chance that the suave individual on the other side of the threshold is a recruit in the gyp army engaged in the phony war against waste. He pitches his patter accordingly: tells you, "Care adds to wear," "Waste not, want not," and winds up by suggesting a complete overhaul of your household machines while they can still be fixed and spare parts are available. Scare stuff.

You won't know how dishonest they are until you have gone through the mill. Their estimates on the cost of the proposed repairs are vague and indefinite with a lot of big *ifs*. But once they have "pulled" your machines (*i. e.*, taken them out of the house), you are, as they say, in the bag; for they won't be returned until an exorbitant charge has been paid. That is, provided they *have* a repair shop and *intend* to return them. Some haven't and won't.

Before you entrust one of your irreplaceable household necessities to any repairman, first verify his statement that he represents a responsible local firm, and then insist that he give you a written estimate of the cost which specifies the maximum amount you will have to pay.

One precautionary measure you should take against the forays of any perambulating pilferers is to prepare a list of the serial numbers which are stamped on practically all household appliances. Then, if one is stolen—and the thief is caught—you can identify your property beyond question. It is against the law of most states to change or obliterate serial numbers. Therefore, *don't buy* any article which does not carry an original serial number in all its original purity. It was probably stolen.

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

ISABEL DANIEL is the only woman who has won an A award for thinking up mechanical improvement at a war plant—Douglas Aircraft in California—and she tells me her inventive talent comes from being an efficient housewife: "Labor saving," she says, "is a bag of tricks every housewife must use continually in order to get any comfort out of life. We can apply that experience to industrial work. Wasted effort in a factory seems to me to amount to nothing more nor less than bad

housekeeping." . . . Her new process bands and lacquers aircraft tubes by a single operation, saving 18,000 man hours a year. I asked Mrs. Daniel how she economized *woman hours* during prewar days when she kept house in Los Angeles for her husband and daughter. Her husband is serving now as a chief petty officer in the navy. "All my housework," she said, "was fitted into a planned labor schedule. I allowed just so much time for bedmaking, so much time for cleaning, so much time for cooking and other tasks. Here's an example:

"I found that I could make a plain dress for my little girl in exactly one hour flat, and I never let the job take any longer." . . . Isabel Daniel had early training in manual skills. She and her brothers built boats; retailored old horse harness for goat teams. In Alaska she became a crack shot, an able hunter. She also writes songs and children's stories in verse and prose. This interesting lady is now at work on an aircraft-plant device for reducing five operations to one. "I got the idea," she says, "from my sewing at home."

ADVERTISING *only for brunettes* to be employed as page girls in Washington, officials of Western Union claim they have learned by tests that dark-haired girls are steadier workers than blondes. Not always, dear W. U. Isabel Daniel, outstanding aircraft worker, *is a blonde.*

IN the Maryland district known as *Milady's Manor,* which is peopled by the fox-hunting, horse-racing set, a friend of mine couldn't hire any moving men when business obliged her recently to move away from there. All the moving men had gone to war or into defense industries. She appealed to the neighbors, and from a near-by training stable her call was answered by five masculine wisps—race-track jockeys—none of them big enough for the army or navy. "Good grief!" my friend exclaimed. "How can you boys possibly tackle my heavy old-fashioned furniture?" They said, "Watch us, lady." Over the house they swarmed like demons, dragging massive pieces through trap doors in the attic, out of windows, up and down ladders and ropes. It was the fastest move my friend ever has made. "Never again," she declares, "will I judge a man's strength by his size. Those jockeys were *giants!*"

DUCK dinners are a Maryland specialty. In Maryland young tender ducks are broiled, not roasted. Try this *Maryland Broiled Duckling:* . . . Have duckling split down the back. Rub with butter. In pan put 4 slices onion, 1 slice lemon with rind, 2 thin slices apple, pinch of powdered sage, then your duckling. Place 15 minutes under hot broiler. Diminish flame and broil 25 minutes more. Baste often. At same time cook 1 cup rice.

Meanwhile simmer giblets in a little water with a few peppercorns and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. When duckling is done to a turn, skim excess fat from gravy; chop the giblets and add them with their broth, also rice, and salt to taste. Put rice on hot platter, lay duckling on top. Garnish with sliced ripe olives. Serve asparagus tips on the side.

SAW real consternation on the pale face of a lady into whom I almost bumped by accident the other day, emerging from a florist's. She hastened off as though terrified. I stared after her. She wore a beaver coat, beige hat with a wide brim, smart wedge sandals of brown suède. A line of bright blue eye shadow adorned her lids, and her legs were slimmer than ever. Greta Garbo in person. From the look of panic she

gave me when we nearly bumped, I guess the gal *is* genuinely scared of strangers. Her wish to be left alone isn't a pose.

SINCE the movie about him, Daniel Webster grows increasingly popular. Now we have his wife's authentic diary, *"Mr. W. and I."* (Published by Ives Washburn, $2.75.)

WARTIME has brought the lunch box back in style for travelers by rail. Grand Central Station now has a box-lunch bar on wheels, selling two sandwiches, an apple, plain or chocolate milk, for fifty cents a box. Hope the idea spreads. On a Western trip some weeks ago I went hungry because of crowded dining cars. From childhood I remember what fun it was to pack our own lunch when we traveled. Modern vacuum and paper containers give more chance for variety. I recommend firm sandwiches that won't bog down, cookies that won't crumble, hot bouillon or beverage, plenty of fruit.

JOHN DOE AND THE WAR EFFORT

Continued from Page 13

and a United Nations Supreme War Council, including Russia, to direct global strategy in this war. They would also give even greater emphasis to air power both in fighting and in planning for production. More persons favor a separate air force, with ranking equal to the army and navy, than oppose the idea.

On the home front there is substantial sentiment for man-power mobilization, for a longer work week, and for greater regulation of labor unions. The public would prohibit all strikes in war industries and would adopt a fifty-six-hour work week if necessary (in England it is about fifty-five hours), with overtime pay beginning after forty-eight hours instead of the present forty hours. Labor unions would be required to register with the federal government and to make reports of the money they collect and spend. The weight of opinion has for some years been in favor of greater regulation of unions, although the majority do not question the principle or right of collective bargaining.

Right in Der Führer's Face!

WHEN the war in Europe began in 1939 more than 90 per cent of Americans believed Germany was going to be licked. They still believe it. One little wizened old man interviewed by the Institute recently in Cleveland, who insisted on being classified as a common laborer, symbolized the public's attitude neatly when he said:

"I thought the last war was a mistake, because nobody really gained anything by it. But this war is different. This fellow Hitler is a new kind of animal and I don't think there's going to be room enough in this world for him and me too. That's the funny thing about democracy. Democracy is made up of little fellows like me, and you just can't wipe out enough of us."

THE END

Coming Next Week

A fascinating story—all the more exciting because it's true—of the adventures of a couple who yearned to get away from civilization—and did. Read Liberty's abridgement, to one evening's reading time, of

WE TOOK TO THE WOODS

By Louise Dickinson Rich

DAFFY DOUBLES IN BRASS

Introducing Daffy, a delightful but delirious lady —and her hilarious adventures on the home front

BY REITA LAMBERT

"Think of all the bullets they will make for Hitler."

Lt. Perry Cooper, U. S. N.,
Care Postmaster, New York.

PERRY darling:

I know this war must be a nervous strain, but you really must stop worrying about me, because I'm fine and got the teakettle back and the candle snuffer too, and if I hadn't been arrested I never would have had this marvelous idea.

You remember that old brass kettle grandmother gave us for a wedding present that used to belong to my great-aunt Amy, with a hole in the bottom anyway? Well, I gave it to our scrap drive. Then along came this letter saying grandmother would be here for the week-end, so I simply had to get it back, because she'd be sure to notice it was gone.

Well, the scrap pile is on Berta Carlson's lawn, and I didn't want anybody to see me, so I waited until it was good and dark. But when I got there I had to poke around a lot before I found the kettle, and that's how I happened to see this darling old candle snuffer that wouldn't have made more than a couple of little bullets anyway.

So, just as I started climbing down off the pile, I heard this voice say, "What's the idea!" and it was a policeman. So I told him I had to get the kettle because my grandmother had given it to me, and he said, "Yeah? And who gave you that other gadget you're tryin' to sneak into your pocket under me very eyes?"

Well, you can't argue with people like that, so I went along to the police station with him, and he told the desk sergeant that he'd caught me robbing the scrap pile.

So they were bellowing at me—and all of a sudden I had this marvelous inspiration exactly like Joan of Arc, and I said, "Please, gentlemen!" to make them stop talking, and they did, and I said, "I've just thought of a wonderful way all you police officers can help win this war and be heroes." Well, they looked at me sort of stunned, and I said, "You can contribute those brass buttons on your uniforms to our scrap drive. Just think," I said, "of all the bullets they will make for Hitler." Then I held out my hands and said, "Now, who will be the first to contribute to my buttons-for-bullets campaign?"

I really was inspired, because why brass when bone would do just as well? Only after I'd talked a little more I saw the poor darlings really adored those buttons and the desk sergeant actually looked ready to cry. So he said, "Wait a minute, lady—wait!" So I did, and he said, "Look, I'll make a bargain with you. Supposing *you* lay off our buttons and put up double the weight of this kettle, *we'll* lay off that gadget you got there, and you run along home and we'll forget the whole thing."

So that's what I did. Only maybe I really should have gone ahead with my buttons-for-bullets campaign—except that it is things like brass buttons and candle snuffers that keep up our morale, and morale is important too, especially to a policeman, I imagine. But mine is all right without this snuffer, so I thought I'd better put it back on the scrap pile, because even one little bullet might make all the difference, especially in Hitler. So I did. With all my love from your own

DAFFY.

What About GERMANY?

By LOUIS P. LOCHNER

A Liberty BOOK

Abridged to a reading time of one evening

What about the Nazis in conquered countries? Can they maintain their "iron rule"? What about Hitler? Is he still a formidable leader? What about German industries? Railroads? Factories? Man power? Can they take the pounding this war demands of them? What about the anti-Nazi underground? What about religion in Germany? In short:

WHAT ABOUT GERMANY?

A man who watched the German scene for twenty-one years, with the newsman's perspective and "pipe lines," tells what everybody wants to know about our enemy in a book that:

. . . "should be pondered over by the heads of the United Nations' armed forces, government officials, and all who want to know what forces of evil we are facing." —*The New York Times*

WHEN I landed in New York last June, a fellow newspaperman slapped me on the back. "What about Germany?" he asked. Every one, I found, wanted to know the answer to that question, and I finally decided to write what I had observed during twenty-one years, especially during the Hitler regime.

Adolf Hitler rode into power because he was the cleverest and most unscrupulous politician in Europe and because the victors of the first World War offered no encouragement to the struggling young German republic. They misjudged Hitler as a crackpot and a fool. Against this background of international complacency and German humiliation Adolf Hitler suddenly appeared.

Why was Hitler possible?

He believes in the divine origin of his mission. Faith of this kind is contagious, particularly when the man who preaches it has visible success. Hitler knows the mentality of the German people. There are sentimental approaches to which they will respond; discipline is almost a fetish with them; and pride is dominant in their spiritual make-up. He recognized that the common man can best grasp an idea presented to him in concrete symbols rather than in the abstract. So he gave his movement flags, banners, slogans. He offered himself as a substitute for the symbol named Kaiser.

Hitler realized the German penchant for asking the why and wherefore of life. He decided that Christianity had about run its course, so he substituted the conception of blood and soil as the dominant factors of creation. Dyed-in-the-wool Nazis expire with the name of Adolf Hitler on their lips. Go to any mass meeting and you will think you are at a religious revival in which a modern Messiah appears in person at the climax. Hitler's followers picture him as the perfect man.

Hitler knows that to remain virile a movement needs an opponent. The Jew and Communism, therefore, were singled out as archenemies of the German people. And Hitler capitalized, as no one has done before, on the

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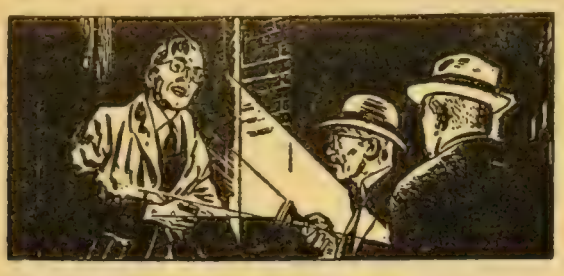
German weakness for uniform, decoration, title. Just before he paid his visit to Italy in May, 1938, a German diplomat's wife said to me, "I don't know what my husband is up to. He seems to be at the tailor's all the time." She found out—the German diplomat burst upon Rome in uniforms that put all others in the shade.

Hitler linked nationalism with Socialism, and by that master stroke gained the conservatives, who called him "a real guy," and the laborites, who said, "Why not howl with the wolves?" He could be all things to all men. I have heard him speak so tenderly of his mother and of a housewife's problems that the women listening were in tears. To workers he spoke touchingly of his poor, down-and-out days.

All these factors brought the man into power; these,



and the fact that he represented—as Mussolini had done—the archenemy of Communism. He was preventing the Bolsheviks from flooding Europe!

Soon after the Nazis had entrenched themselves, Goebbels made a revealing boast: "We availed ourselves of the instrumentalities of democracy to put democracy out of business." And that was confirmed over and over. Hitler began by asking for four years, and the best non-Nazi Germans were unworried, thinking he could be swept out at the end of that time. But once in power, he had no idea of not staying.

If his democratic opponents had taken him seriously, they would, for one thing, have insisted on inspecting the colossal card-index system of supporters the Nazis had developed, and would have taken a closer look at some of the more important officials. For years the Nazis had worked on those card catalogues, so that when Hitler formed his government they had a man's name ready for every job that was important to them. Another surprise they sprang was the seizure of the whole trades-union movement. Hitler destroyed, right there, the most formidable threat to his regime, and he solved the unemployment problem by decreeing compulsory labor service to build his super-highways, his new buildings. That done, he put pressure on the scientists working on synthetic products—ersatz is now an international household word.

All these social objectives—loudly praised and in themselves praiseworthy—had been taken over from the short-lived German democracy, given new names and called Hitler's ideas, and perverted to purposes of war.

In Munich, early in 1930, I met this man for the first time. During our brief talk it was Hess who stood behind him and to whom Hitler turned occasionally as if to find support. Hess invariably nodded assent.

I did not see Hitler again until almost three years later, in December, 1932, almost two months before his assumption of power. The occasion was his first press conference with the foreign press. Jovial, erratic, Harvard-bred Ernst F. Hanfstaengl, now in an internment camp in Canada, had invited twenty-five correspondents to meet him.

At the conference it was quite clear that Hitler had been carefully coached by Hanfstaengl on foreign policy. Before we had a chance to put a question, "Putzi" Hanfstaengl was there with a suggestive query. A few hours later the world press was full of snappy, pithy, Hitler quotations, mostly thought up by Hanfstaengl.

My next personal meeting with Hitler took place in February, 1934, when he was already a year in power. It was a changed Hitler whom I met. As I entered the study, Hitler, dressed in the brown uniform of a Nazi storm trooper, came halfway across the room to greet me affably. It has often been remarked that his success in personal meetings is due in part to his ability to ingratiate himself with visitors whom he hopes to win over by telling them what he thinks they want to hear. This alleged Hitler "charm" was completely lost on me.

The Last Time I Saw Hitler

IF Hitler is a student of Dale Carnegie, he is no less a disciple of Billy Rose. His mass meetings show consummate showmanship technique. For hours before the meeting begins, the faithful stream to the scene of demonstration. The attendance is checked, so there is no chance that the arena will not be packed. Outside, thousands stand to listen to the loud-speaker.

The crowd is put in a receptive mood by marches. After ten minutes or so of *heils*, the top hierarchy—Göring, Goebbels, or Himmler—proceed suavely through the center aisle as the audience salutes with outstretched hands. By the time excitement has reached fever heat, the Messiah himself enters. A searchlight plays on his lone figure as he slowly walks through the hall, never looking to left or right. His right hand is raised in salute, his left at the buckle of his belt.

By the time Hitler has reached the rostrum the masses have been so worked upon that they are ready to do his will. But the masses also effect a transformation in him. He becomes electrified. He goes completely out of this world. He looks up to the ceiling. His voice, always rather high, swells and grows, and he fairly shouts his denunciations and accusations with bitter irony and biting sarcasm. Once, when I discussed the Jewish question with him in his Berchtesgaden retreat, I actually saw white foamy saliva exude from the corners of his mouth.

The last time I saw him was on the annual German Memorial Day, in March, 1941. He seemed like a different man as we stood in the court of the Berlin war museum, among captured *Panzers* and antiaircraft guns and trench mortars, to listen to his speech. His face was drawn and haggard, his skin was ashy gray, his eyes devoid of their usual luster. Care and worry were stamped on him.

But the most striking change was that he read his brief manuscript as though it bored him. Was it because his thoughts were elsewhere? Was he already living in a world of his own, seeing visions and hearing voices? I have wondered ever since. Perhaps time will tell.

Fat Years Follow the Lean

"AS Chancellor," declared the National-Nazi press on February 5, 1933, only six days after Hitler's assumption of power, "the Führer draws no salary. Since he draws his own income as an author, he renounces all income as Reich's Chancellor." Frugality was the keynote of the new regime.

Actually, an orgy of spending, of personal aggrandizement, of riotous living had set in, beside which everything that has happened in Germany since August the Strong pales into insignificance.

The "simple, modest, frugal" Führer, who claims to work for his people without remuneration, has an income from royalties and other sources that would make a normal salary seem like pocket money. His mountain home in the Bavarian Alps near Berchtesgaden was completely remodeled, and some distance away he constructed a weird eagle's aerie on the Kehlstein Mountain, the like of which no human being can boast. The general public knows nothing about this retreat. No publicity has been given it. The few pictures that have been taken were not released for publication. They are locked up in the archives of Hitler's personal photographer, Heinrich Hoffmann.

The Kehlstein Mountain, on which the retreat is located, is steep and abrupt. An elevator rises very slowly up a shaft over 900 feet high. Several workers lost their lives in its construction. As its doors open at the summit there is a marvelous view of snow-capped mountains. On three sides of the building there is a glass-encased veranda, east, south, and west, affording almost continuous sunshine. According to legend, Hitler's eyrie is

perched on a turntable, making it possible to always face the sun.

The house consists of three parts—a small kitchenette, a lavatory, and a large living room. Here the Führer, in perfect solitude, dreams his dreams of world conquest. So few people have been in Hitler's hide-away that even Captain Fritz Wiedemann, a Hitler intimate, confessed he had never been there.

In Austria, the best paid government jobs—with their vast expense accounts and residences—went to deserving party members from the Reich. In the Sudetenland the opportunities for personal aggrandizement were even better, for there were abandoned Czech undertakings and Jewish properties to be developed lucratively by whoever was appointed trustee. Bohemia and Moravia were a paradise for Nazi economic expansion. A large portion of Czech business had been in Jewish hands. All this became fair game for deserving Nazis.

With conquests came more rich plums in Norwegian, Dutch, Belgian, French, Serbian, and Greek industry. To begin with, the army of occupation bought up practically everything the conquered countries had in the way of consumers' goods. A paymaster accompanied each army unit with trunkfuls of bills.

They were fiat money, without even a responsible signature on them.

The rate, of course, was always favorable to the conqueror. There was no out-and-out theft. Every officer or soldier paid for what he took, and the average man in uniform probably thought he was acquiring honestly what he took back home to his wife or sweetheart or children. I often heard them commenting that everything was so much cheaper than it was at home!

It is too early to estimate how much of Europe's substance the Nazis have arrogated to themselves. Shortly after my return from Gestapo internment, one of America's largest financiers said to me:

"The largest financial unscrambling of an omelet in human history faces us at the end of this war. What Nazi aggrandizement has done to the economy of Europe nobody can estimate."

I believe him implicitly.

An Abrupt End to a Long Stay

AFTER my return from the Finnish-Russian front in mid-August, 1941, it was clear that the Hitler regime regarded conflict with the United States as inevitable. But nobody dated the outbreak earlier than the spring of 1942.

The position of the American correspondents became increasingly difficult. More and more we had to listen to vulgar diatribes against America. But, as correspondents charged with getting the news, we had to remain, boiling inwardly.

So little did even my best sources of information anticipate Pearl Harbor that I decided to get out of the poisoned atmosphere of Berlin and attend the Mozart Festival at Vienna. It was the happiest week I had spent since the beginning of the war. On my return to Berlin, my enthusiastic description of the music to my family was interrupted by a telephone call, telling me that our country had been invaded by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor.

On December 9, shortly before midnight, Ed Shanke, on night duty at the office, called me to say, "The German newsmen in America have been arrested by the F. B. I." We didn't need to tell each other that, under the German system of reprisals, we were slated for similar treatment.

Most of the morning of December 10 was spent in an attempt to learn what was likely to happen.

There was a tense atmosphere at the daily press conference. Many a European correspondent with whom I had worked for years came to say good-by and to express the hope that America would bring freedom to a sorely tried European continent.

Suddenly, about one o'clock, there was a hush. Dr. Schmidt, Hitler's publicity chief, entered the hall. He shouted, "One moment, please! The German correspondents in the United States have been arrested by the American authorities. I must therefore ask the American correspondents to leave the conference and proceed to their homes."

We knew that meant "house arrest"—enforced confinement in our homes until further orders. Silently and with dignity we tried to file out. But as though by a common impulse our colleagues from Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, Argentina, even Japan, and from virtually all the subjugated countries of Europe formed an aisle and insisted upon shaking our hands, often adding in a subdued voice: "Good luck," "*Auf Wiedersehen*," or "Our sympathies are with you."

Dr. Schmidt had remained standing at the exit door, and as we filed by he solemnly seized the hand of each departing American and shook it.

I quickly wound up my affairs at the office, said a brief "good-by and thanks" to our German staff, with attendant emotional strain, and went home.

It was a queer feeling, after days of nerve-racking probing into the possibilities of the political situation, suddenly to have time on one's hands. I found myself wandering about our apartment rather aimlessly. Then I pulled myself together and agreed with Mrs. Lochner that we had better pack.

Our packing was interrupted again and again by telephone calls from foreign colleagues and friends. And hardly had we had our first quiet supper in weeks before more friends called, this time in person. Not knowing how the Gestapo might interpret visits to a potential enemy, they preferred to call after dark! It was past midnight when the last of them departed. Dead tired, we prepared to go to sleep.

At ten minutes of one our doorbell rang three times. "There they are," we said, almost in the same breath.

"Is Mr. Lochner at home?" I heard a man ask. Before my wife could answer, I called, "Here I am." Suddenly two flashlights were turned on me. Two Gestapo officials in plain clothes revealed their badges.

"Come along," the older one said curtly but very politely.

"Why?" I asked.

"Sorry, we can't tell you," was the rejoinder. "Where is your bedroom? Please dress and come along."

He followed us to the rear part of our flat. I seized the overnight bag from among the other pieces and said, "Guess I'd better take this along."

Perplexed, the secret service agent exclaimed, "But how did you know that we were coming?"

"Why do you think I'm a newsman?"

Pleading a desire to go to the bathroom for a moment, I quickly scribbled, "Inform the Embassy, our AP office, and the Foreign Press Association." This slip was afterward found by my wife and the first inkling was thus given to the Embassy of what was happening to the American newsmen.

In the Gestapo's Lock-up

AFTER picking up one of my colleagues, we went to the main police station on the Alexanderplatz, up to the third floor and the section marked "Secret State Police." Iron gratings and a door with steel bars and an enormous lock offered an ominous welcome. An official in uniform silently opened the door. It clanged behind us. We were locked up.

In an office room several doors ahead we were asked to write out the date and place of our birth. Presumably this was a method of obtaining specimens of our handwriting. Then on through a long corridor and into a larger room. We received an unexpectedly warm welcome—for here were two American correspondents who had been picked up a little ahead of us. About three o'clock four more were delivered. One of these was Ed Shanke of our staff. Ed's legs felt cramped after sitting so long in a miniature car, so, after good American fashion, he tried to put his feet on a table, being careful, however, to spread out a newspaper under them.

Immediately a guard jumped up. "Take down your feet," he snapped. "You can do that when you get to America, but such manners aren't tolerated in a civilized country like ours. Here we are still human."

Apparently the Gestapo found the process of calling for us by twos somewhat tiresome, for at five o'clock that morning the eight of us, who had tried in vain to sleep sitting upright on hard straight-backed office chairs, heard a whole chorus of nervously hilarious voices. The door opened and in came seven more American newsmen.

So here we were, fifteen marooned newsmen, without the faintest idea of what was likely to happen to us next. The breakfast hour had come and gone but nobody had brought us anything to eat or drink. Ten o'clock came and went, and no word from anybody. Eleven o'clock—nothing happened. About noon we arranged with a guard to get something to eat. One of the correspondents discovered a radio set and just managed to put it into working order as the one o'clock news broadcast closed with the announcer saying, "Thereupon the American correspondents in Germany were arrested."

Morale rose perceptibly once we had food in our stomachs. An official came to order us to put on our coats and get our baggage. We were herded into a military truck. After about an hour's drive, we halted before a summer hotel annex with the intriguing name of Riviera, and were assigned to rooms in pairs and threes.

The next afternoon several men arrived from Berlin with the glad tidings that our State Department had agreed to treat the German correspondents as men with diplomatic standing. Just as soon as the German newsmen were released from Ellis Island we would be put on the same basis.

The next evening an SS man arrived with an official-looking paper. He read from it: "The internees are to consider themselves free and return to their homes as quickly as possible. By nine o'clock tomorrow, Sunday morning, they are to be at the American Embassy with their luggage."

The next morning at eleven thirty three large omnibuses, carrying "ninety-seven Americans and fifteen correspondents" (as some one offensively put it), started for the Potsdamer station. With a curious glance, we took in the familiar sights of Goebbels' swanky palace, the Tiergarten, the super-spacious Reichs Chancellery, the busy Leipziger Platz. There were no demonstrations. The German *people* have no quarrel with us.

We were placed on a special train of six sleepers, one diner, and two baggage cars, which came to a stop about ten o'clock at night at the internationally famous spa Bad Nauheim. Here, we were told, we were to be interned until all the details of the exchange of American and German diplomats and newsmen had been arranged.

Through France to Freedom

WE were virtual prisoners for five full months. The food was skimpy, the rooms were cold, and the long confinement tedious. We lost an average of about eight pounds apiece. But we had some recreation. A daily gymnastic class was organized, and we were allowed to play softball twice a week. There was an internee chorus with twenty-four mixed voices. There was an entertainment committee of exceptional ability.

As month after month passed, bringing no positive news, our colony naturally grew somewhat restless. It is difficult to put into words the emotions of our group when finally a notice appeared on the bulletin board that several days hence, on May 12, we were to start for Lisbon.

A queer-looking but happy lot we were when, at eight o'clock on the evening of the appointed day, we started on our hike from the hotel to the railway station about half a mile away—some of us in the one good suit of clothes preserved for the exit, most in shabby threadbare garments which had done duty throughout the five months of our internment.

A short sharp whistle and our special train pulled out. We were on our way to freedom at last!

All through that night and the entire next day we traveled through occupied, depressed France, reaching Biarritz on May 14, 1942.

The next morning early we were awakened by the deafening roar of cannon, the terrifying zoom of Stukas, the strident sounds of sharp military commands. To impress the departing Americans, the German Navy had staged a sham landing attempt on the Biarritz coast which (of course!) was promptly repulsed.

That was our last glimpse of Germany embattled and now sprawled over the European continent. How long, we wondered, would it be until the picture was reversed, and American and British troops were forcing Hitler's soldiers eastward steadily, inexorably?

A Better Place to Live In

THOUSANDS upon thousands of patriotic but naïve non-Nazis believed that Adolf Hitler really meant it when, in his first Reichstag speech of March 22, 1933, he invited all Germans of good will to join in the effort to make the Reich a better place to live in.

We who were in Germany through those first years often marveled at the amount of good will that was poured into an essentially bad cause.

Realizing that there was no party left in Germany but the Nazis, many honest well meaning Germans decided that to sulk was not rendering their country a service. The Nazis alone would never have been able to carry the nation through the first years of their regime had they not been able constantly to draw upon men reared in a more broad-minded atmosphere. Many able people decided to make the best of a situation which they had done nothing to create, and to put their best efforts into helping the only government then in existence in Germany.

But many of these non-Nazis soon became disillusioned. First to complain, of all people, were the architects. As Hitler was so fond of gigantic construction projects, one might have expected that the architects would be strong for him. But with few exceptions they were not.

"It is hopeless to have any plan approved unless the same stereotyped pattern of four-square pillars to the portico and barracklike windows for the building are designed," they complained to me. "All initiative is suppressed."

Movie producers found that unless their films idealized the heroic and the nationalistic, there was little hope of endorsement of their efforts. Librettos for operas ceased to be harmless: they became markedly propagandistic.

Educators and practical men of science soon learned that students and graduates were not acquiring as much exact knowledge of their special branches as they used to, much of their time being taken up with marches and political demonstrations. The famous surgeon, Professor Sauerbruch, for instance, complained publicly that German medical science was on the rapid decline.

At the celebrated Siemens electrical works, continuation courses for university-graduated engineers had to be installed because the young graduates simply did not know enough to carry their load.

In labor circles disillusionment soon set in because the workers of the hand and brain found that the Nazi authorities so completely took over the direction of business and industry that the workers became virtual slaves. The state also decided which industries were important for the existence of the nation. More and more workers and employers saw themselves deprived of all liberty. This was long before the war began.

In the public-health services thoughtful men became much concerned over the manner in which the law providing for sterilization was administered.

Hitler drew much of his support from the women, but the average *Hausfrau* was soon doomed to disillusionment. The women had been promised not only that their husbands would all have jobs (as I have just pointed out, these jobs were virtually modern serfdom) but also that they would be able to rear better and healthier babies than under democracy.

Instead, they found that food was becoming scarcer and scarcer. Day in, day out, Nazi canneries were conserving meats, vegetables, and fruits for the coming war at the same time that the State was hoarding benzine, copper, nickel, textiles, and dozens of other essentials for war. The disillusionment of the housewives after six years of the Nazi regime was complete. Food was not only rationed to a bare subsistence level but it was

impossible to get even what was allowable under the rationing. Shopkeepers were not anxious to sell; on the contrary, they wanted to spread their small stock as thin as possible.

Indeed, one reason for Hitler's hastening his war preparations so feverishly and for declaring war when he did was the fact that enthusiasm for the Nazi cause had reached a low ebb.

Is There Another Germany?

"IS there another Germany," people ask me over and over, "or does the whole German nation of eighty millions subscribe to the Nazi doctrines of racial superiority, Germanic world domination, party dictatorship, and legalized terrorism?"

My answer is emphatically yes, there is another Germany. It is a Germany which prays for deliverance from the Nazi yoke as fervently as any member of the United Nations. It is a Germany which still cherishes the normal, civilized ideals of equal and humane justice for all; of honesty and truthfulness in human relations; of sympathy for the oppressed, the weak, and the infirm. It is a Germany which is ashamed and humiliated at the disgrace into which Nazism has dragged the German name.

That assertion is based on definite and concrete knowledge. But if I throw the spotlight of publicity upon a group of men who must necessarily work under cover, their lives are forfeit. The closest-meshed network of espionage perhaps known in history keeps check on the movements and utterances of every German. Telephones are tapped, mail is examined, conversations are recorded on dictographs secretly installed. It is almost impossible for the "Front of Decent People" to crystallize, organize, and become articulate.

One able exponent of the "Front of Decent People" often came to see me. Allegedly he was trying to come to terms with me in my capacity of president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Germany concerning an invention on which he was working. Actually his mission was that of bringing me information about the attitude of the common people.

He had an interesting way of getting people to reveal their true feelings. If he came to the open-air market, where there is still more gossiping than anywhere else in Germany, he was pretty sure to hear some one complain of the length of the war. He would strike a patriotic attitude and say, "I think we should leave all such worries to our Führer. He knows what is best for his people; we don't."

Immediately a discussion would start—guarded, of course, but indicative of the mood of the people.

"But the Führer does not know everything that is happening," some one might object cautiously. "He is always at the front; I am sure he means well, but he cannot be everywhere."

Whereupon my friend would come out with his final argument. "He must know what he is talking about, because he definitely told us the war will end in 1941. I believe our Führer and know he will bring us peace this year."

To me, my friend observed with a chuckle, "I have a great time that way. Of course the Nazis are delighted. They are too stupid to see what I am really doing. By quoting Hitler's predictions constantly, I raise doubts in my listeners' minds which they remember when Der Führer fails to deliver the goods."

Occasionally he took me to a meeting of people who opposed the Hitler regime. I don't know where we met, as he called for me during the blackout in a closed limousine to take me to the home of a wealthy manufacturer. This group of men were faithful listeners to foreign broadcasts—as indeed are more Germans than one might suppose. They told me of two incidents, one with a semihumorous ending, the other with a tragic one.

In a small German city a widow was informed by the commander of her son's unit that his plane had been observed to burst into flames over the English Channel, and that he must be considered killed in action. The sorrowing mother asked her priest to read Mass for the departed, and notified her friends and relatives.

The night before the ceremony, the British Broadcasting Corporation read out the names, ranks, and home addresses of German prisoners captured during the preceding week—a practice which the BBC has kept up consistently throughout the war and which has done much to encourage secret listening in Germany. Among the names of those reported safe in British hands was the "dead" son.

The widow heard the broadcast; the local priest heard it; the friends and relatives heard it. What were they to do? Call off the church ceremony and thereby admit to the Gestapo that they had violated the law? The priest advised going through with the program as arranged.

The next morning, therefore, Mass was read. But to the home of the supposedly bereft mother each participant sent a bouquet of gay flowers!

The other incident happened in a little village. Here a simple peasant couple received news from the navy that the speedboat on which their son did duty had struck a mine and that the whole crew must be regarded as lost. That night the BBC gave the young sailor's name among those fished out of the water. That same night five villagers wrote to the couple that the son was alive

and well. Bewildered, the couple went to the local postmaster.

"These people have written us that our son is still alive," they said in their innocence. "How do they know?"

The postmaster was a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi. An hour later the five writers were charged with having listened to forbidden foreign broadcasts!

From all I observed in Germany, I am convinced that it is decidedly worth while to attempt to reach the German people by broadcasts. Those in charge of such broadcasts should remember the danger to the German listener who tunes in on a forbidden station. During the opening moments the script should be sufficiently noncommittal to protect the listener in case an ardent Nazi next door should overhear the start of the program. The real meat of the broadcast should begin only after the listener has had time to reduce the sound to a whisper audible only to himself.

Another point to be remembered is the German penchant for facts and figures. The very fact that the Goebbels machine tries to withhold all untoward war news from the German people should encourage us to admit truths. The German hearer will more readily believe our reports of German losses if we will also admit our own losses. (Always assuming, of course, that there are no military considerations involved.)

Among the "Front of Decent People," the boldest ways of transmitting information are sometimes the most effective. There was a business men's hotel where many a deal was arranged over the luncheon table. It was no uncommon sight to see documents handed back and forth. Nobody paid any attention, therefore, when my lunch guests would open their briefcases and, with the most innocent mien in the world, hand me a paper to read. At near-by tables there were men in party uniforms with high military decorations. But they would never have imagined that the suave, prosperous-looking friends of mine were conspirators against the Nazi system, a group of former left radicals who from time to time reported progress in their clandestine organization.

One of these papers which I read openly over the lunch table contained the following items of information:

"The High Command has come in possession of the codes used by the American and British governments in their dealings with their Moscow embassies.

"The British ambassador to Russia advised his government that the members should fly via Archangelsk, and inform Whitehall what type of gas was available there. All this the German High Command knows.

"Keep your eyes on Spain. Germany is once again turning the heat on her. The Propaganda Ministry has already produced the 'documents' proving that the United States and Britain were about to land on Spanish soil, which will be 'found' at the right moment to furnish the excuse for German intervention."

By accident, I was able to check up a day later on the accuracy of the first item. One of the code clerks of the American Embassy met a code clerk from the German Foreign Office who was secretly anti-Nazi. "You and we," said the Wilhelmstrasse employee, "do a lot of unnecessary work. You go to the trouble of putting things into code, and then I spend hours decoding your messages. We could make life easier if each of us gave the other the original texts in plain language!"

As might be expected, the Communists have never ceased turning out illicit literature. One favorite method of theirs is to print pamphlets looking like dime novels, on the inside pages of which is straight Communist propaganda.

At times in a crowded restaurant a waiter would hand you a little box of matches and then disappear in the crowd. As you opened it, you found, minutely folded, an eight-page illegal Communist newspaper. The type was so small you needed a magnifying glass to read it.

These anti-Nazi groups within Germany were unanimous in testifying that their one great obstacle in spreading anti-Nazi propaganda was the fear that the coming peace would be even further removed from the promises of the Atlantic Charter than the Treaty of Versailles was removed from Wilson's Fourteen Points.

"Does the American government really mean it," I was asked, "when President Roosevelt assures the world that the United States has no quarrel with the German people, but merely considers Hitler and his philosophy a menace to civilization? Are we, too, to share in the Four Freedoms? Is the Atlantic Charter applicable to a New Germany of Decent People also?"

They seemed relieved when I assured them that nobody in America would have thought of a conflict with Germany if it had not been for the coming of Hitler; that nowhere had the hatreds of the first World War been forgotten more quickly than in the United States, once we had realized that the young German republic was really embarked upon a course of international co-operation. But I left no doubt that America would want definite guaranties of good faith before it would recognize "another Germany."

How to overcome this apprehension is something over which the best minds in our nation might well ponder. Either we admit the existence of "another Germany" or we don't. If we deny it, the war will be prolonged indefinitely, and even the most rabid anti-Nazis in Germany will fight to the bitter end, realizing there is no hope for the decent element in Germany anyway. If we recognize its presence, we should encourage it in every possible way. To say that all Germans are alike is playing Goebbels' game. He has warned possible revolutionaries that their defection will not help them, as the outside world recognizes only one Germany.

Naturally the German leaders are aware of the growing undercurrent of unrest. "Saboteurs and those who don't wholeheartedly put their shoulders to the wheel," read one dispatch, "are being ruthlessly eliminated in increasing numbers. There is no way of determining how hard sabotage has hit German war production or war installations. But there are indications that it is giving the Nazis cause to worry. . . .

"Workmen, especially foreigners, are watched very closely in the factories. And yet at least a million shells shipped by Czech factories to the east front proved duds. Notices appear daily in the press and on the official news pillars in the streets of persons beheaded or executed for 'sabotage' or for 'damage to the national economy. . . .'"

Indicative of the state of the common people was the talk one could hear in the streets when the super-anti-aircraft-artillery towers were erected on the premises of Berlin's famous zoo. The average Berliner observed to what depths these towers were being sunk into the ground, and what vast quantities of concrete were swallowed up. The story became general that these towers were intended not only to ward off probable enemy flyers but also to quell any possible revolution. The SS, it was claimed, had concrete hide-outs constructed below these towers, extending for blocks underground, from which they could keep the population in check.

Nazi forethought in envisaging a possible revolution goes even further. As we were leaving Berlin last December, the Gestapo was moving whole families out of apartment houses at strategic street intersections and filling them with fanatic, trusted Nazi families. Why? Because in the first-floor front room of each of these houses the Gestapo planned to place machine guns which were to mow down German men, women, and children in the event of rebellion against the regime.

Religion in the Reich

WHILE synthesis between the Nazi party program and the Christian faith was difficult, the churches long hoped that some arrangement could be made whereby they could render unto Caesar what was Caesar's and unto God what was God's.

But the Nazis were determined to subordinate the churches to their will, with a view—which became more and more plain as time went on—to eliminating Christianity from German life altogether. In this aim they are, of course, battled by Catholic and Protestant clergy with courage, tenacity, and, on occasion, wit.

One day several years ago Bishop von Galen of Münster announced that he would deliver a lecture on Family and Child. The Nazis decided to heckle him. They packed his meeting hall with men in brown and black uniforms. Hardly had he begun to speak when a robust SA man interrupted.

"How can any one presume to discuss the family and the child if he is not married and has no children?"

The Nazis clapped and tramped their approval. Quick as a flash, however, the imperturbable bishop shot back:

"I won't stand for having our Führer insulted in this hall."

That ended the heckling.

When von Galen became bolder in his denunciation of Nazism on moral and religious grounds, the Gestapo thought the time had come to arrest him.

In as Catholic a city as Münster, such an undertaking cannot remain undetected. The rumor spread. When the Gestapo arrived, a huge crowd was milling about in the square before the palace.

The officers of the Nazi law entered. They asked the bishop to consider himself under arrest and to come with them.

"Certainly," he replied. "But will you please excuse me for one moment while I change my clothes?"

Unsuspecting, they nodded assent. A few minutes later the door of the bishop's bedroom reopened, and out he came in the full regalia of his office, with high miter, gold-brocaded robe, and shepherd's staff.

"But, Herr Bischoff," the SS men said, flabbergasted, "we cannot take you like that. We cannot arrest you in your official robes."

"All that I have said and done," von Galen is reported

to have replied with dignity, "I have done as a priest of my church. Hence I shall leave this building in your custody in my official robes and only so."

The Gestapo agents were so nonplused that they desisted from arresting him. The episode ended in the bishop stepping out on the balcony and bestowing the apostolic blessing upon the thousands outside.

On August 3, 1941, von Galen preached a sermon against "mercy killings" as practiced by the Nazis. Men and women undertook to make and pass on copies of the text, their hands gloved to keep off telltale fingerprints.

For a while it looked as though the Nazi storm were to sweep the churches before it. But there arose a fearless minister of the Gospel, a former submarine commander, railway section worker, and plain farm hand, who dared resist. Martin Niemoeller became the head, front, and shoulders of a movement within the Evangelical Church to hold out against Nazism.

We foreign correspondents followed the career of Dr. Niemoeller with great interest. As the son of a Lutheran minister, I was particularly keen. But how could I get in touch with Niemoeller without embarrassing him? Nothing would so compromise a man suspected of anti-Nazi leanings as proof that he was consorting with foreigners.

Early in 1933 Reichsbishop Ludwig Mueller tried summarily to dismiss Dr. Niemoeller from his pastorate. I was tipped off that he was to speak that evening in the basement of his church. In order not to compromise him, I waited outside until he arrived. I introduced myself, said I was anxious to report the evening's happenings to America but realized I might incriminate him by my presence. Did he object to my entering?

"Not at all," was his quick reply. "We have nothing to hide."

I followed him in. The hall was jammed. As he entered, every man, woman, and child rose, cheered, and finally broke into the strains of that old battle hymn of defiant Lutheranism, A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

An elder went to the rostrum. "You all know what has happened," he said. "They want to take our pastor from us."

"*Nie, nie, nie!*" (Never, never, never!), shouted the congregation.

"Our beloved Dr. Niemoeller will himself tell you the story."

A hush of silence fell upon the vast audience. People bent forward to catch every word. Simply, calmly, without any effort at oratorical fireworks but with deep conviction in his voice, Niemoeller delivered the briefest and most dramatic speech I listened to during my twenty-one years in Germany.

Pastor Niemoeller's Disobedience

"TWICE in my life," he said, "I have refused obedience. The first time came at the end of the World War in 1918, when the captain in command of our U-boat unit ordered me to take my little submarine, with which I had roved the seven seas, to Scapa Flow and sink it. 'Herr Kapitaen,' I said, 'I cannot do that; I refuse obedience.'

"Today the Reichsbishop summoned me. He informed me that I had been removed from my post; that I may no longer preach. 'Herr Reichsbischoff,' I said, 'I refuse obedience. The Bible says one must obey God more than man. I have a mandate from God, as an ordained minister of the Gospel, to preach. I shall continue to preach.'"

And preach he did, Sunday after Sunday. His little church in the Berlin suburb of Dahlem was crowded to capacity The masses felt instinctively that here was a man who might, if encouraged, successfully challenge the Nazi system. Finally, as the regime saw in him a possible figure around which opposition might crystallize, he was arrested on July 1, 1937, on the technical charge of taking up collections not approved by Hitler's bishop.

The fighting pastor remained in "detention for purposes of investigation" until March 2, 1938, when he was tried. The court sentence was eight months' imprisonment, which exactly coincided with the term he had already served, but immediately after his release he was arrested again by the Gestapo, and he has been an inmate of a concentration camp for four and a half years. Hitler is reliably reported to have said, in response to numerous pleas for his release—even from high military quarters and Göring himself—"So long as I am Führer that man will not see freedom again."

The most revealing of the documents setting forth what the Nazis really intend with reference to Christianity is a book published under the title of Gott und Volk. It circulates in hundreds of thousands. I quote:

"We Germans have been chosen by Fate to be the first to break with Christianity. It is an honor. At stake today is the substitution of a faith born deep in the German soul for a religion foreign to us. . . . Germany is our beloved land. It will be our religion. . . . The Führer and his movement had to come, to recognize and fashion the true divine will. Christianity has failed and thereby rung its death knell. . . .

"Education of the youth is to be entrusted to the leaders of the movement. We want to bring up our children as though they never heard of Christianity."

One day a schoolteacher brought us the following "prayer" which the youngsters in the lower grades of a primary school were taught to say in place of Christian "grace":

Fold your hands and bow your head,
Think of Adolf Hitler ever.
He gives us our daily bread,
From all evil doth deliver.

The Secret Press Instructions

BY a Nazi decree effective in 1934, the German press was declared to be "an instrument of the State." At that moment freedom of the press in Germany received its deathblow.

Free discussion and independent thought were officially barred. Henceforth the German press was to be guided by the cardinal principle of Hitlerian statecraft:

"Whatever is useful to the national-socialist state is right."

To control uniformity of thought and action in the press, the Goebbels ministry issues a set of secret instructions to it every day. These secret instructions are a priceless aid toward understanding what is going on behind the scenes in Germany. Back in 1935 I used to secure copies of them from a German colleague who also furnished them to a British newspaperman. This fellow craftsman one day thoughtlessly wrote a sensational account of them and published the complete text of a day's instructions.

The Gestapo promptly got busy and ferreted out the offender. The young German was summoned before the dreaded People's Court, from whose decisions there is no appeal. He was slated for execution; only the fact that his uncle was a well known German general saved him from certain death. He was sent to prison for life.

Five years passed before I was able again to lay my hands on the verbatim text of the secret press instructions, although I was often acquainted, by German friends, with the gist of important orders to the editors. Then, to my delight, in November, 1940, I was visited by a German writer who produced the text.

"Many of us are ashamed to have to write the way the Goebbels ministry compels us to do," he confided, "but what choice have we? If I quit, I won't be able to get another job. Besides, I would merely make way for an approved Nazi.

"The regime which is bound some day to replace the Nazis will need men who have observed the workings of Nazism on the inside. I want you to receive the press instructions whenever I can secure them for you. The day will come when you will be free to publish them. You will then render a service to the cause of freedom in Germany."

Here was a man who was willing to risk his life for the sake of exposing Nazi press methods. From then on until two days before my arrest on December 11, 1941, I remained in touch with him. The earliest set of instructions in my possession bears the date of November 5, 1940:

Western Europe: The press is requested to pay more attention to the Netherlands and Belgian press.

By this time the Nazis had assumed almost complete control of the press in the conquered Lowlands. Heretofore German editors had not dared to quote from the papers of these countries, fearing they might select something displeasing to the Wilhelmstrasse.

Now, however, Goebbels thought the time had come. One of his favorite tricks to impress naïve German readers with the idea that the whole world approves of Nazism is to quote foreign organs which he knows to be under Nazi domination.

Commentary on the last speech by Churchill must be based exclusively on the DNB version of the address.

The German public is never given the full text of important speeches by opposing statesmen.

November 18: *British reports insist that the convoy attacked in the North Atlantic has been rescued and that most of the ships were able to take refuge in British harbors. We must resolutely stick to our original statement that the convoy was destroyed completely. In answer to the British claims, it must be maintained that the British mean another convoy which was not attacked by us at all.*

Here is another illustration of the pains which the Propaganda Ministry often takes to refute claims which have never appeared in the German press and can only have been heard over the radio.

In this case the British evidently caught Joseph Goebbels prevaricating. Rather than admit his error, he instructed the press blandly to say that the German Admiralty was speaking of one convoy, the British Admiralty of another. Nothing easier than that! But the tacit admission remained that, by means of foreign broadcasts, some light was filtering to the people Hitler was determined to keep in blinders.

December 1: *Japanese treaty with Nanking Government: No mention may be made of anti-Communist arrangements revealed therein. Now, as before, we are maintaining diplomatic relations with Chiang Kai-shek; no one can foresee whether the Japanese won't, after all, negotiate with him.*

Japan's policy was by no means clear to the Wilhelmstrasse a year before the attack on Pearl Harbor.

When a Party Organ Spilled the Beans

DECEMBER 4: *A regrettable lapse happened to a South German party organ when it touched upon the plans of the Führer for extending his domination over the western continent. Such plans may be aired within a small circle. If they are given publicity, however, this indicates a total lack of political instinct. Sharpest warning is herewith issued against touching upon this subject even remotely.*

Every year on November 9, the anniversary of Hitler's ill-fated 1923 "beer-cellar *putsch*," all the party bigwigs forgather in the Munich Bürgerbrau beer hall to listen to an off-the-record speech by Der Führer. Here he can reveal his innermost thoughts without reserve. If, therefore, on November 9, 1940, he exposed his ideas for extending his dominion over the Western Hemisphere, it is fair to assume that he laid bare his soul. So long as there was a hope of keeping the United States out of the conflict, opportunism demanded that he deny any ambitions for world conquest, but a South German Nazi organ spilled the beans.

It is reminiscent of the stir caused when, in 1937, during the Nürnberg convention, Hitler committed a similar blunder in painting an eloquent picture of what he would do with the Ukraine if it were under his domination.

December 5: *Greater care must be taken lest the impression of an impending English breakdown arise in the minds of the readers. A wave of optimism has started in Germany that England will soon give up her resistance. This optimism goes so far that in Würzburg the dailies were flooded with inquiries as to whether it was true that the revolution had broken out in England.*

Last summer the German people entertained hopes for an early end of the conflict. Nevertheless we entered upon a second winter of war. A similar experiment must not be tried again. Despite the repeated suggestion to awaken a determined fighting temper rather than a premature spirit of victory in our population, the headlines again speak of a let-down in English morale. We must expect of you unconditionally that news items will be selected with greatest care.

One cannot read this instruction without a chuckle. What the Ministry did not know was that the anti-Nazis of Germany deliberately started the rumor about a revolution in England. Twenty-six days later, Adolf Hitler himself did the very thing for which the editors were taken to task. He dangled before his people the prospect of an early peace. The closing words of his New Year's Order of the Day were: "The year 1941 will bring the greatest victory in our history."

An A.E.F. Coming? S-s-sh!

DECEMBER 11: *An American flyer has spoken of the possibility of sending an expeditionary force of two million men to Europe. This statement is not to be given publicity.*

The Goebbels ministry, with its ear to the ground, knew that the specter of American participation in the war against the Axis was detrimental to German war morale.

December 11: *The young Danish movement may again be treated favorably in editorials. It must, of course, be done with the necessary tact, so that the movement will not be compromised with its own co-nationals.*

The background of this instruction is interesting. It refers to the Nazis in Denmark who rallied under the flag of Fritz Clausen, a singularly incompetent pseudo-Quisling of whom a responsible German Foreign Office functionary told me that he would have to disappear from the political stage at the first possible moment. The Nazis, according to their own admission, had "done extraordinarily much" for this movement. They supported Clausen against the late Theodor Stauning, whom the German government continued to recognize as the rightful prime minister, even during German occupation.

One day, however, Clausen's organ kicked and demanded that the German occupation of Denmark cease. Orders then went out to the German press to drop a curtain of silence over Fritz Clausen and his movement. Then Clausen came to Canossa, with the result that the above instruction was issued.

December 19: *The item that Krupp has forged a sword for Reichsmarshal Göring is not intended for the public.*

At a time when Göring was issuing appeals to the Germans to give up whatever metals they could dispense with, and industrialists were fighting madly over iron and steel allocations, the munitions firm of Friedrich Krupp at Essen humored the souvenir-hunting rotund No. 2 man of Germany by making a sword for him. But the public was not to know about it.

Göring's collection of medals was already a standing joke in Germany. He had so many that stories were rife that he simply wore one large medal with the words, "See catalogue." Another favorite story was that he had medals made of rubber so he could wear them while in swimming.

January 4, 1941: *Complaint has been made by Bremen that the High Command communiqué belittles the air attacks on the city, whereas in reality the damage done was tremendous. The local press is herewith authorized to go beyond the wording of the High Command communiqué, provided the local censor agrees. All other newspapers must stick to the standing instructions.*

Goebbels' policy of denying that the British raids ever accomplished anything occasionally proved a boomerang. Eyewitness accounts which came to me later agreed that Bremen took a terrific beating early last year. One can understand the feelings of a nerve-racked evacuated population when, after experiencing a night of horror, it read in the paper that only insignificant damage had been done.

January 5: *English motorcyclists committed acts of sabotage in occupied France behind the backs of the German troops. No reports about this may be published.*

Nazidom's top men are exceedingly careful not to let the public know anything that might indicate a weak spot in the German armor.

January 6: *The radio talk about England's financial position furnishes material for well founded argument. One must realize the danger, however, of inspiring the reader to ask questions about our own expenditures and budget figures.*

The American reader probably does not realize that there is no popular control whatever over the German Reich's income and outgo. "Taxation without representation" is axiomatic in Naziland. Whenever the Goebbels propaganda tried to show up the allegedly weak economic position of the enemy by citing the opponent's own figures, thoughtful Germans would say: "At least they know in England how their money is spent. In this country nobody knows."

January 8: *As regards Roosevelt's message to the 77th Congress, it is evident that he wants to prove as much abuse on our part as possible, so that he may then use it for propaganda purposes over there. You must therefore take special care to be objective in your commentary. Unfortunately, the Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* [the German News for the Netherlands] *yesterday commented in a very stupid manner. That commentary was then placarded in America as the official attitude of Germany.*

The German editors never knew from day to day how to handle utterances by the American chief of state. Today they might be instructed to think up all the vile epithets possible and apply them to Mr. Roosevelt; tomorrow orders might come to handle him with kid gloves.

France: The American ambassador has presented his credentials in Vichy. Only the mere fact of this occurrence may be published. No mention is to be made of the delivery of a personal letter from Roosevelt to Pétain. Nor may the presence of Flandin at the presentation ceremony be mentioned, inasmuch as our editorial leadership does not consider a demonstration in favor of Flandin opportune at this moment. In general, detailed mention of and speculation concerning the French cabinet is barred until further notice. We desire thereby to drive home the point that Germany is not yet satisfied with the remodeling of the French government.

The dramatic ouster of Laval by Pétain thoroughly shocked and displeased the Nazis, and explicit instructions were issued to the German press from day to day during the Laval crisis.

Nothing but Dirt about Churchill

JANUARY 23: *England: The report that Winston Churchill has settled down in a basement must not be published. Even if it should prove to be correct, it would merely argue for the virility of this man and win him a certain amount of sympathy.*

Chivalry toward the enemy is unknown to Joseph Goebbels. Contrast with this the generous references by Churchill to Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's generalship!

U. S. S. R.: The press may bring no news reports out of Moscow. DNB reports alone will be issued.

Hitler invaded Russia on June 22. As far back as February 19 a ban was placed on news of Russian origin. Four months' time to prepare the German mind for the Nazi version of the coming conflict!

February 22: *U. S. A.: Statistics on the exportation of American planes may under no circumstances be reported.*

Again the fear of American potentialities!

April 6: *The bombardment of Belgrade may not be headlined.*

Apparently the Propaganda Ministry feared that even the German people might be horrified.

April 15: *U. S. A.: America's role in southeastern Europe and Roosevelt's blamage must receive far more extended treatment, in order thereby to furnish the American press pegs on which to hang their criticism.*

The Wilhelmstrasse always followed the Roosevelt opposition in America with the greatest interest. To them anti-Administration was synonymous with pro-Nazi. The idea of a loyal, patriotic opposition is foreign to them.

May 6: *A large illustrated weekly recently proposed as frontispiece, Churchill on the deck of his car in the street of a bomb-raided city. Churchill, with a happy gesture, tips his hat. That gesture, however, simply charms people. It evinces a stoicism and steadfastness in the face of which one must take one's hat off and say, "Donnerwetter, what a man!"*

Comment unnecessary.

May 8: *Although this was expressly forbidden, one Oldenburg paper reported the new regulations concerning food rationing, effective June 2, today in a four-column news story. The case will be handed to a regulation vocational court, since great damage was done to our propaganda thereby.*

The incident shows what happens to a German editor who transgresses the rules of the Propaganda Ministry.

May 10: *During last night's air raids over Berlin, leaflets were dropped, giving the program hours of the British radio stations. Nothing is to be said about this. On Tuesday, however, publicity is to be given to various court verdicts against persons who listened in on enemy stations.*

The Propaganda Ministry admits again that large numbers of Germans listen to enemy broadcasts, although the death penalty is applicable in extreme cases. Fearing that the leaflets might start a new wave of illegal listening, Goebbels ordered the press to publish a number of verdicts against offenders.

June 7: *An American has interviewed Schmeling, who is confined to a hospital in Athens. This interview doesn't fit into our general line at all. Schmeling speaks of the English as good fighters, and claims they had no part in the atrocities on Crete. Schmeling is a good boxer but a poor politician. The interview may not be quoted. No more reports are to appear regarding Schmeling. For us he is a parachute jumper, like anybody else.*

Poor Max! Fairness to the enemy is a crime in the eyes of Goebbels.

June 13: *At the present moment we must not paralyze France's will to resist by saying that Syria, even if at present it should be retained by France, will at a later time be taken out of France's sphere of influence.*

The duplicity of Hitler diplomacy is illustrated anew. For the moment it is opportune to encourage the Pétain government in its resistance against British designs upon Syria. At the same time Hitler had already made up his mind to eject the French from Syria.

June 15: *Croatia's adhesion to the Three Powers Pact furnishes the big headline for the Monday papers. . . . It is not the size or the military position of a state which determines its value as a partner, but the fact that in itself a new state evidences its faith in the New Order. That's why Croatia's joining the pact must receive the same warm welcome as that of other countries.*

Save for this admonition, the German editors might well have been inclined to place the news about Croatia on an inside page. Everybody in Germany knows that this baby state exists only by sufferance of the Axis.

July 1: *Recently the English have dropped many leaflets that are made up more cleverly than previous ones. All these leaflets are assembled every week and their arguments taken apart. This material should be used exhaustively by the press, for the effect of this propaganda must not be underestimated. The leaflets must not be mentioned, however, as source.*

We have already seen that enemy radio propaganda causes serious worry to the German Propaganda Ministry. Here is an admission that the leaflets dropped by English flyers are also a matter of concern.

July 21: *The V propaganda must ebb off gradually and imperceptibly in the press.*

When the British first started the practice of using the V as a symbol of victory, the Nazis thought they could steal the British thunder and claim the V as their own.

Goebbels told the people that V stood for Viktoria, a word that was foreign to them. The idea never caught the imagination of the German people.

In Holland the campaign had the opposite effect. People greeted each other with two Vs instead of one. That made a W, which stood for Wilhelmina. When Goebbels saw the German attempt was a failure, he gave orders to drop the whole matter.

July 26: *Center our comments upon the freezing of Japanese credits in the United States. We must stir up this fire and help the Japanese against the U. S. A.*

All along the line the Nazis were helping to widen the breach between Nippon and Uncle Sam. The Nazis always fish in troubled waters.

The introduction of a state of total war in the economy of Japan may be reported, but some other phrase is to be used for "state of total war."

Four months before Pearl Harbor the German authorities knew that the Japanese were placing themselves on a total-war footing. It would be interesting to learn from the reports sent by our diplomatic mission in Tokyo to the State Department whether we, too, knew this.

Hitler's Headaches

MORE and more Hitler is becoming a bundle of nerves. And he has plenty of reason.

First and foremost, he has been unable to popularize the war he declared on the United States. In all the other cases the official Nazi version was that the other side declared war (Great Britain and France); or mobilized and prepared for an attack which could only be parried by quicker German action (Poland and Soviet Russia); or had designs upon third countries which necessitated German protection (Denmark ad Norway); or had plotted against the Reich while pretending to be neutral (Holland and Belgium).

But when Adolf Hitler solemnly told the Reichstag, on December 11, 1941, that the Reich was a belligerent enemy of America, the declaration acted like a cold shower. It was as unexpected as it was ominous. Even in high circles nobody seriously thought Der Führer would go beyond an affirmation of solidarity with Hirohito. The most rabid Nazi expected merely a rupture of diplomatic relations.

"He's too smart for that," my barber had told me; "he always lets the other fellow take the blame."

At our daily press conferences Wilhelmstrasse spokesmen had dinned into our ears, "Roosevelt wants war, but our Führer won't let himself be provoked."

There are indications that Hitler knew the step would be unpopular. Instead of ending his speech with one of those inspirational orations for which he was famous, he concluded with dire threats against saboteurs at home who might stand in the way of this new war effort.

The propaganda following the declaration was further indication of doubt. The usual pattern had been to say that the enemy is unprepared, that he lacks the necessary men and materials, that his strategy is inferior, and that he is devoid of patriotic fervor.

But every schoolboy in Germany knew that America is tops in mechanics and that this is chiefly a mechanized war. Then, too, the older generation remembered clearly how America in 1917 had given the decisive turn to the last World War. Would history repeat itself? Why should Hitler take on this powerful country when he already had more enemies than he originally counted on?

In the case of the United States, therefore, the main emphasis in the propaganda was laid upon the two words, "Too late." Whatever the United States might do, it was argued, victory was already so securely within the grasp of the Axis that nothing could affect the decision.

The Goebbels propaganda machine was playing for time. During the long winter of misery at home, the Japanese exploits furnished convenient first-page material. But the Orient was far away; and Lübeck, Cologne, Rostock, Bremen, and Hamburg were right in the heart of Germany. The raids on them did not heighten Hitler's popularity for having taken on Uncle Sam.

Hitler is gradually losing that psychic sense that in earlier years enabled him to divine the yearnings of the masses. He needs contact with the masses. But one cannot go barnstorming around the country and at the same time take personal charge of a world war. Hitler rarely appears in public today. As he draws further away from the people he commits more and more blunders in handling them.

What Fate Has in Store for Him

THERE was, for example, the ill-fated attempt by Goebbels to alibi the reverses in the Soviet Union by blaming the severe winter—when, only a few weeks before, the Reich's press chief had come straight from Hitler with information that, "Winter cuts no figure. Adolf Hitler has foreseen everything. Far from being an ally of the Russians, General Winter will prove the friend of Germany."

The warning that the German people must not forsake their fighting troops, "as they had done in 1918," was decidedly poor psychology. It reminded the Germans of the defeat of 1918. But the crowning blunder was to inaugurate the spring of 1942, after that terrible winter at the Russian front, by speaking of yet another winter of war ahead. This had a most depressing effect upon the German people.

Göring's 1942 appeal to the nation culminated in the words, "The future can be mastered only by a people ready to make every sacrifice, willing to fight without fear of death and to labor with utmost exertion. . . . We are ready to face the new year, even though it demand even greater sacrifices of every one than hitherto."

In March, Hitler spoke, and again sacrifice was a main theme. He said, "There can be but one slogan, namely, to continue this fight unceasingly until security is vouchsafed for a lasting peace, until the enemies of this peace have been annihilated." He predicted the demolition of the Russian forces during the summer of 1942!

This cycle of admonitions was closed by the Reich's Labor Leader Robert Ley on May 1:

"German working men and women! Sacrifice for the front with the last expenditure of blood and life and work and sweat. Führer, command, and we will follow."

Examining these utterances, one looks in vain for notes of optimism!

It would be wishful thinking to have hopes of an early revolution led by high officers of the German Army. "We are officers and not politicians," they say. But, though Hitler assured me two years ago that his associates were unquestionably faithful, Putzi Hanfstaengl has fled Germany and Rudolf Hess has deserted. I believe Hess's flight to England came of his hope that Great Britain could be persuaded to carry on the crusade against Soviet Russia.

And Göring? Late in the autumn of 1941 I was approached by a man who, if he was not sent by Göring direct, certainly came from his entourage. He wanted to know how President Roosevelt might react to a Hitlerless government headed—at least during an interim—by the Reichsmarshal.

Somehow Europe does not wax as enthusiastic over

Hitler's New Order as he believes it should. His blitz offensives of 1940 had left the peoples of Europe stunned and dazed.

But today these conquered countries have become a major headache to Der Führer. The fact is that Hitler has already lost the peace (assuming for the sake of argument that he might win the war—which I do not believe for one moment). He has nowhere shown the slightest understanding of the peoples he subjugated. With his regime of reprisals he himself has laid the foundation for the trouble he is having.

In Norway resistance is stubborn and stolid. Vidkun Quisling even today, although given every support by the Nazis, is not master of the situation. In Denmark mockery of anything pertaining to Nazism is getting under the skins of Hitler's deputies, for even a Nazi does not like to look foolish. In Holland sabotage and secret information given to England are the order of the day.

In Belgium, King Leopold has consistently refused to become responsible for Nazi misdeeds and has thereby given encouragement to his subjects to resist passively. In France the many executions of United Nations sympathizers speak an eloquent language. In Yugoslavia there is virtual civil war, with the Serbian patriots apparently holding the upper hand.

Even the pro-Nazi satellite regimes are restive. In the Nazi scheme of things it is exactly prescribed what each European country shall bring forth and in what quantity, how customs and tariffs shall be adjusted, what cultural exchange shall take place, and how labor power shall be made available, now to this country, now to that.

There is just one thing the Nazis simply can't get through their heads: Other countries are not persuaded that Nazi dictation of this New Order is the thing they have been fighting for.

The situation is much like that of Austria after the *Anschluss.* There had been many Austrians who were eager for the *Anschluss,* but they had expected that the Austrian Nazis would come into their own, and would then introduce an "Austrianized" edition of national socialism. Instead they soon found that all their policies were directed from Berlin, and that Germans were put in the important positions and given power to run Austria.

Similarly the Italian Fascists, the Croatian Ustashas, the Slovak Hlinka Guardists, the French Rassemblementists, the Rumanian legionnaires, and all the minor pseudo-Nazi movements in Europe are already beginning to realize that Hitler's New Order is not what they bargained for.

The invasion of Nazi carpetbaggers into conquered countries, buying up properties for a song, stealing Jewish wealth, and setting up black lists, has accelerated the pace at which enthusiasm for Hitler's New Order is waning.

It would be foolish for us to expect that in these countries midget leaders will rise up against Hitler. Such leaders are so busy establishing their authority that they have no time to think of how they may free themselves from Nazi clutches. They know, too, that so far as their own countrymen are concerned, they are regarded as turncoats, followers of Hitler who must win with him or die.

It comes right down to this: There is no hope for change in Europe until a crushing military defeat has been administered to Hitler.

Adolf Hitler's war upon the United Nations has, by his own volition, become a one-man war—that of Der Führer himself. It follows that any defeat administered to the German war machine will, first and foremost, spell the defeat of the Nazi dictator. There is nobody to whom he can pass the buck.

Take away the prop of invincibility and the Hitler statue will topple. Then the submerged anti-Nazis, of whom there are millions in Germany, can come forward.

Bottlenecks

HITLER has four major bottlenecks to overcome: transportation, raw materials, labor power for production, and man power for his army.

The longer the war lasts, the more evident it becomes that Hitler bet on the wrong horse in devoting his main transportation effort to the construction of super-highways rather than to the upkeep of Germany's complicated railway system.

Provided the blitz idea worked, he was right in honeycombing the country with splendid highways, which are as unusual in Europe as they are commonplace in America. Along these roads troops could be moved quickly to any frontier. He poured his millions into Poland, Holland, Belgium, and France with lightning rapidity.

So far, so good. But when the war became one of years instead of months, the reverse side of the picture became apparent. Fuel and lubricants grew scarce, the air force claimed the best gasoline, wear and tear on cars was greater than production. It suddenly became evident that the steam railway was more economical for long hauls than motor trucks. The farther the German army moved from its home base, the more essential the railway became.

But before the war Hitler had neglected the railways. A year after he came into power the income of the federal railways was hardly sufficient to cover operating costs. Rolling stock deteriorated; replacements were few.

Even in 1938 the Volkswirt, leading German economic organ, revealed that most of Germany's 600,000 railway cars were obsolete. During the first year of the war Berlin suffered a winter of privations because fuel and food could not be moved fast enough.

The movement of troops into the Balkans in 1941 heightened the shortage of railway equipment at home. Passenger service was cut down and freight accumulated in the large centers.

Last winter proved the worst ever. Fast trains had to be abandoned in increasing numbers because of the shortage of lubrication for high-speed operation. Unmoved freight piles mounted higher and higher, so that at times the railway officials refused to accept goods for shipment.

The Russian campaign ate heavily into Germany's rolling railway stock, and the scorched-earth policy prevented Hitler from seizing much railway equipment as booty. Over a thousand miles of tracks had to be relaid to match the narrower German gauge. To keep army supplies moving over these thousand miles became a problem of the first order.

Mail for soldiers in the East often was not delivered for weeks and months. This was a heavy strain on the morale both of the front and the home area.

That is why I stress the importance of destroying the Nazi railways. Cripple an already inefficient transportation system and more than one battle is won.

Where Hoarding Plans Went Wrong

RAW materials are another bottleneck for Hitler which even his far-flung conquests have not been able to overcome. Germany, as all the world knows, is a country which lacks many essential raw materials—fats, oils, rubber, wheat, copper, zinc, nickel, cotton, wool, many medicaments, wood pulp—to mention but a few of the most obvious.

Hitler's wishful exposé of what he would do about wheat if he had the Ukraine, the Hitler Jugend's fine-tooth combing of German forests for medicinal herbs, the erection of gigantic plants for the production of synthetic gasoline and rubber, the large-scale substitution of plastics for metals in factory and home—all these are revelations of Germany's dearth of raw materials.

By long-term planning for his war Hitler did manage to lay up vast stocks of reserves. We who lived in Germany during this prewar period saw gymnasiums, storage houses, even dance halls requisitioned by the government to lay up stocks of grain. Housewives were admonished to contribute a pound food package each week, which was added to Hitler's war chest.

As a result of all this hoarding—which included house-to-house collections of metals, rags, and paper—Göring announced that the Reich was prepared for at least eight years of war. He had special praise for the successful hoarding of grain.

Here, as in many other things, the Nazi calculations were wrong. Not all the hoarded grain had been scien-

tifically stocked. Much of it had to be thrown out. When we left Berlin last December it was an open secret that the hoarded stocks of grain had dwindled down to almost nothing.

In spite of the most scientific and minute rationing system any of the belligerents has yet designed, even the simplest articles of daily life were lacking. Break any electric accessory in your house, and you cannot get another one. Ask for shoestrings and you will be laughed at. Smash a tube in your radio set and that will probably be the end of listening to broadcasts. Look for paint to lengthen the life of your little cottage and you return emptyhanded. Break or wear out the elastics on your undergarment and consider yourself out of luck for the duration. I could prolong the list indefinitely. Things made of leather, rubber, metal, wool, or cotton were almost nonexistent.

You might go to your precinct office and demonstrate that you needed a new pair of shoes. You declared on oath that you had only one pair besides those you were wearing, and exhibited the pair on your feet to prove that they had been patched so often as to leave almost nothing of the original. You finally persuaded the Nazi official in charge to give you a certificate, and you started off for the shoe dealer's.

But nowhere could you get shoes made entirely of leather. Probably neither the first nor the second, nor even the fourth or fifth shop to which you betook your weary feet had your size. Finally you came home with ill-fitting footwear whose soles you viewed with suspicion even when they were new, and which let water soak through to your feet when it rained.

Meanwhile you were likely to learn that a "snooping commission" from the precinct office had visited your apartment to make sure you told the truth when you asserted you had only one other pair of shoes besides the dilapidated ones you were wearing. God help you if you lied! A heavy fine and the confiscation of whatever excess was found were your punishment.

Poor in raw materials, Hitler set out to conquer areas where he could get them. After the invasion of Denmark there was a newspaper campaign on Danish bacon. After the Greek conquest the praises of Macedonian tobacco were sung. In the case of the conquered Ukraine, German editorials not only asserted, "We now have Ukrainian wheat," but extolled the metal wealth of this vast territory as well as the industrial plants.

But again there was a Nazi miscalculation. True, Danish bacon, ham, and eggs did reach the Reich early in 1940, instead of being exported to Great Britain as heretofore. But only while the little kingdom's reserves of overseas fodder lasted! When the cows and chickens no longer had fodder, the dream of a steady supply of Danish dairy products had a rude awakening.

Hopes Scorched by Stalin

AFTER the Nazi forces marched into Greece, a new sop was thrown to the German people. Tobacco was to reach them! Had not the rich Macedonian tobacco regions fallen into Nazi hands?

For a while the people waited patiently. Time went on and the German press explained that there was plenty of tobacco but transportation from Greece was difficult. The people never did get their promised tobacco.

But the Ukraine! There were high hopes for speedy returns from this "granary of Russia." In February, 1942, the German press revealed that the whole card house of exaggerated hopes had tumbled. I quote from the Frankfurter Zeitung:

"One will have to resign oneself to the thought that this spring's planting will not yet bring a turn in Europe's food supply."

Stalin's scorched-earth policy has been effective. A German engineer of our acquaintance was ordered in August, 1941, to go to Odessa and reopen the smelters there. Two months later his wife encountered mine on the streets of Berlin.

"I thought you were settled in Odessa!" my wife exclaimed.

"We were preparing to leave," said the other, "when my husband received word that the Russians have so completely destroyed all the industrial plants that there is no use in our going. Rebuilding cannot start until next spring."

Another chicken had been counted before it was hatched.

There is considerable doubt, with these facts in mind, that Hitler, for all his continent-wide conquests, is actually getting the raw materials on which he had counted. The high-powered present drive to the Caucasus has oil for its objective. But will Hitler really "have" the Caucasian oil, even if he gets there?

Not long ago I talked with a man who, in the first World War, was one of Germany's great experts in the field of raw materials. His estimates have always been extraordinarily reliable.

Here is the picture as he sees it:

In 1941 he estimated that the German harvest would be 15 per cent below that of 1940. He was correct. He estimated that the 1942 harvest would be 25 per cent less. The reason was the shortage of fertilizers.

Another shortage is in steel. In the last war German production of steel was 38,000,000 tons a year. With the output of the occupied countries, it is now getting about 42,000,000 tons. It is unnecessary to contrast this with the production capacity of the United States, which is 92,000,000 tons.

Germany has captured the Rumanian oil wells. But they are known to be gradually drying up. In 1928 Rumania produced between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 tons of oil. In 1931 this total had dropped to 5,000,000 tons. Today it produces somewhere between 3,250,000 and 4,000,000 tons.

For the time being at least, though Hitler has captured some Russian oil fields, production has been stopped by the scorched-earth policy. The chances are, however, that they can be made to produce again within some four months.

Man Power, Real and Ersatz

HITLER has a third major bottleneck: labor power. It is one reason why conquered Europe is not yielding the food and raw materials he needs.

Before the war some 24,000,000 German men were at work. Today, with far greater tasks to perform, there are about the same number of people working—but only 11,000,000 of them are German men. The places of the missing 13,000,000 have been taken by women, foreign workers, and prisoners of war.

But are prisoners of war ever efficient laborers? Can one expect captives to put forth their best efforts for their captors? Even the foreign-recruited (nonprisoner) labor is not as effective as is the native-born. Italians, French, Croatians, Serbians, Hungarians, Slovakians, Greeks—each speaking his own tongue, homesick, alien—have not proved to be an efficient substitute.

The women who are taking men's places in Germany are in low spirits. The Nazi slogan for women is "Work, and more work, and still more work—and as many children as possible." Never before in the history of the Reich have women been called upon to do more things hitherto believed to be the work of men, to slave for longer hours, and to carry heavier loads than under Nazi war administration.

On the farms 44 per cent of the workers actively engaged are female members of farmers' families, 9 per cent are female hired labor, and only 23 per cent are independent male farmers. The rest are foreign civilians or prisoners of war.

Talk to any German woman privately, when no Gestapo official is within earshot, and she will tell you in utter dejection that she has almost reached the limit of her strength, and that her yearning for peace was never greater than it is now.

In spite of the fact that 13,000,000 men have been taken out of civilian processes, Hitler's war machine is so gigantic that a fourth major bottleneck faces him—that of man power for his army, navy, and air force.

It is not only the eastern Moloch to whom Hitler is feeding the flower of German manhood on the long, long Russian front. That is terrible enough. Before we left

Germany our German neighbors would shake their heads and say, "We'll die yet from being victorious." They realized only too well that Germany was bleeding to death.

But aside from the 300-odd divisions in the east, vast reserves of men are necessary to hold under heel an area extending from northern Norway to Spain, and from the Atlantic into the far Russian steppes. More and more men in uniform will be necessary to bolster up a system that is bound some day to totter.

Hitler has not yet solved the problem of getting enough able-bodied men. Every plant, every government office, and—for the first time—every Nazi Party bureau is being combed to discover more soldiers. The insatiable Führer has not yet found enough men to die for him. Inevitably, as time goes on, he will find fewer.

Lessons from the Enemy

WHILE there are thus many chinks in the Nazi armor, wishful thinking will not win the war. To win it, we are faced with a herculean task, and one way to achieve it is to learn the lessons taught by the enemy. These lessons should, I think, be known to the American people.

One: Modern warfare is no affair for "soft" swivel-chair generals!

My repeated visits to the western front during that memorable spring of 1940 drove home that lesson. Warfare today demands that those in active charge shall not only be physically fit to stand the same hardships that the buck private encounters but shall be ready at all times to venture into the foremost lines of the battle front.

I have sometimes been asked how the German soldier can fight so doggedly when, in many cases, he not only has no love for the Nazi system but actually hates it. I think it is the personal example of daring and bravery which the German generals are giving today. The man with red stripes who takes the same risks, if not greater ones, than the common soldier is the man who often tips the scales in favor of victory at critical moments. While that has probably always been so, it is particularly true in the warfare of today.

The late Field Marshal Walther von Reichenau, whom I visited at Enghien, Belgium, where he had his headquarters in the charming castle of the Dukes of Ahrenberg, covered about 125 miles of front every day, looking after things personally and often joining scouting expeditions. He used to hop from one sector of the front to another in a Fieseler Storch, a plane somewhat resembling a stork and designed for landing on the smallest space imaginable. As its movements are very slow, it is an easy mark for an enemy shot, a fact which did not deter Reichenau from using it. During the Polish campaign von Reichenau swam across a river in the face of enemy fire to do a little scouting of his own.

The late Colonel General Werner von Fritsch lost his life before Warsaw when he participated in a bold scouting expedition which nobody would ever have expected a man of his rank to volunteer for.

Another military leader whom I learned to know on the western front was Field Marshal Georg von Kuechler. The men in his army speak in the most glowing terms of his fatherly care of his soldiers—how he would stand by a wounded man while shots were popping all around him, until first aid could arrive. They told me with pride how he ventured out to the front lines day after day, sitting in the sidecar of a motorcycle.

I never ran into Field Marshal Erwin Rommel during my various trips to his German front, yet his name, even among troops far removed from his command, was something to conjure with. Few German generals enjoy the confidence and evoke the enthusiasm among the rank and file of the soldiers that the commander of the Nazi troops in Africa does.

One evening I met his aide-de-camp, who gave me a few personal details about his commander.

"Rommel's favorite expression," he said, "is taken from pugilism. Whenever we get into a tight place anywhere, he says, 'We'll box our way through all right.'

"One day in May, 1940, over in France, Rommel had jumped into a sidecar to go to the front lines and see for himself what was happening in the Maginot Line. After a considerable time he came walking into headquarters. 'But, Excellency, didn't you leave in a sidecar?' some one asked. 'Yes,' he replied, 'but the poor fellow who was driving the motorcycle was killed and it was high time for me to climb out and walk back.' "

I asked the aide what, in his opinion, were the elements in Rommel's make-up which had brought him success.

"For one thing," he said, "the general knows how to relax. No matter how heavy the battle, he will from time to time snatch an hour or two to sleep. Also, as he plans the operations for the following day, he relaxes to the extent of sipping a glass of red wine. As he does so, he dictates the orders and instructions.

"Another factor is his phenomenal memory. He knows his maps by heart. Standing erect in his *Panzer* car, he dictates his commands from memory, that is, without looking at a map. The commands are then wirelessed on.

"Also he is fearless. He usually insists on taking snapshots while shells whiz by and buildings crumble from explosions. Somehow he manages to click his camera just in time to get out at the last moment. These pictures, of course, are invaluable strategically.

"Once during the French campaign his fast-moving division overtook French infantry. *'A droite!'* he shouted, and had the French so buffaloed that they docilely turned to the right and were taken prisoner."

Rommel's outstanding talents persuaded Hitler and the general staff to select him in February, 1941, as generalissimo for the difficult operations in the African desert.

I mention these German generals because I happen to know something about them. It is, of course, true on all sides of this war that the leader of today cannot sit many miles behind the scene of action but must be in the thick of it if he wants to succeed.

We are on the right road so far as America is concerned. We are expecting much from our military leaders and they are giving us the best there is in them. But only those who have been in the actual combat zones can testify that only the fittest, ablest, and most courageous need apply for service at the front.

Two: The German Wehrmacht used only one type of car on any given road during its advances into enemy country.

I learned this on the automobile trip I took from Gleiwitz to Czestochowa. My curiosity was aroused when I noticed that not only the car in which I was driving but all the motor vehicles we encountered on that principal highway of southern Poland were of Mercedes make.

"Are you going to fight the whole war with the Mercedes?" I asked.

"Not at all," said my guide. "But we use the Mercedes on this particular road to simplify matters. In that way we need take in our army cavalcade only one kind of spare parts, only one type of tire, only one group of mechanics who specialize on Mercedes cars and probably worked in Mercedes factories all their lives. Do you see how easy the problem of repairs becomes? On other roads you will find other German makes—the Opel, the Wanderers, the Auto-Unions, the Hanomags. But on any given road there will be only one type."

But the standardization of automobile types by roads did not prevent German officers from picking American cars from booty captured from the enemy wherever they could find them. The military car in which I was

taken to Athens crashed into another, and my guide requisitioned a Nash. All the way back he exhibited it with boyish pride to fellow officers, repeating, "After all, there's nothing like a good American car!"

Three: We must remember that there are many sections of Europe where the roads are most primitive. This must be taken into account in our overseas operations.

To people like ourselves, accustomed to the widest network of highways, really bad roads are almost inconceivable. But in Europe they abound. The Germans overcame this to some extent by using steel mattresses, which they spread over particularly bumpy parts of the road. Riding over them, I found to my surprise that passage was remarkably smooth.

To further ease their transport problem, the Germans

use many bicycle regiments. "It is much faster than going on foot," a German officer told me, "and it makes possible a surprise attack which would be impossible from the noise of a motorcycle."

So far as I am aware, we have no bicycle regiments in our American Army.

Four: It is of vital importance that propaganda and military effort be minutely co-ordinated.

I learned this great lesson before ever starting for a battle front. From the moment the war began, German propaganda was dovetailed into the war effort. No press release of any kind was issued without relation to what was going on in the military, political, and economic sectors of the German front.

Before Adolf Hitler invaded Norway, for instance, German press releases, editorials, and radio comments all centered around alleged information that the British were preparing for a great coup in the Mediterranean. That was in March, 1940, when Great Britain and Italy were still at peace with each other. This spotlighting of publicity upon the Mediterranean led the world to turn its attention in a southerly direction. While nobody was looking, Hitler prepared his blitz offensive against King Haakon's realm.

Another striking case in point is the propaganda concerning the United States, which illustrates again the co-ordination of propaganda with intended military effort. As long as it seemed that the United States might remain out of the conflict, German editors were told not to write anything insulting to Americans. Then, when our support of Great Britain became ever more evident, the propaganda effort was a foreign rather than a domestic one. That is, they embarked upon the naïve undertaking of trying to drive a wedge between the American people and the administration by representing President Roosevelt as a demented man who was leading his country into a catastrophe.

One more service of propaganda to the military effort is the effective planting of stories about alleged secret weapons. From time to time the foreign correspondents in Berlin were fed so-called "exclusives" on this or that newly invented secret weapon. They were told they need give credit to nobody, that they could put it out as their original story and earn praise from their home editors for their enterprise.

Fortunately the Americans could always check up with our competent military observers on stories of this kind, which were usually exploded. But the fact is that these yarns in the rest of the foreign press served to give the German Wehrmacht a build-up of invincibility among the masses and thus kept small countries in fear of the big Third Reich.

Five: The Germans never ceased putting their armed forces through stiff practice and conditioning. Such eternal vigilance finally led to discovery of weak points in the enemy's armor.

After the military collapse of Poland there was a lull for several weeks. Late in September, 1939, a group of six foreign correspondents, including the representatives of the three large American news associations, were permitted for the first time to see the Westwall, Germany's counterpart of the French Maginot Line.

The visit was tremendously interesting, not only because we learned that Hitler, through his espionage system, had come into possession of the detailed plans and blueprints of the Maginot Line but also because of what we were shown with unusual frankness. At that time the Nazis still hoped England and France would call off the war, and obviously calculated that our descriptions of what we saw might help.

During our stay in western Germany we traveled up and down the Westwall for 600 miles. Wherever we went we saw German troops engaged in artillery practice, in infantry maneuvers, in sham battles with an imaginary enemy, in antiaircraft practice, in signal corps drill. These daily practices were soon followed by sallies into "no man's land" and occasionally even into villages from which the French were driven.

Later on, when we were back in Berlin, we read daily about the young lads who, in biting wind, sleet, and snow, had to continue these sorties into enemy country, often at the cost of the lives of most of the participants. Sometimes it seemed to us a callous disregard for human life. But when the spring of 1940 came, with its blitz offensive upon the Lowlands and France, we awakened fully to the purpose behind all this incessant practicing, drilling, and reconnoitering. Life at the Westwall had consistently been one of probing into the weak spots in the enemy fortifications, with the result that the German Army knew exactly where to launch its offensive with the best chance of success.

"Sitzkrieg" vs. Blitz Training

WHILE the German Army was forever kept in fit condition and taught offensive tactics throughout the winter, the French apparently settled down to a winter of card playing, reading, and chatting inside its fortifications. I saw one French soldier leisurely fishing, another riding away from his bunker on a bicycle to some point farther inland, and two other poilus stretching themselves out lazily in the warm autumnal sunshine.

The French did not seem to care what was happening in the Westwall only a short distance from them. Even generals could come and go without their making an effort to deter them.

On the third afternoon of my visit to the Westwall I stood only 250 yards away from a French bunker, yet no French soldier took a pot shot at me. Nor, what is more, at a German general with broad red coat lapels and red trouser stripes who planted himself next to me in a manner nothing short of provoking. Only the Rhine River separated us as we calmly observed life on the French side. The men on duty must have seen the general, his adjutant, several colonels, lieutenant colonels, captains, and lieutenants guiding our party of six journalists, but they made no attempt to shoot. In fact, the general said that on the previous day he had stood here in full uniform for five minutes and watched the enemy across the river with field glasses. Yet nothing had happened.

One of the things that surprised us greatly during our Westwall visit was the fact that neither Belgium nor Luxemburg seemed to have taken the slightest precautions to protect themselves against Nazi Germany along the very front from which the Imperial German Army had poured into both countries in August, 1914. We drove along roads skirting the Belgian frontier within ten feet, yet along 100 miles of Belgian-Luxemburg border we saw exactly six persons in uniform on the opposite side of the boundary—and they were Belgian customs officials!

Another circumstance that amazed us was the fact that the French looked on calmly as the Germans recovered from their hastily evacuated cities one object of value to

the war effort after another. Take, for example, that center of Saar Valley industrial production, Saarbrücken. Normally a teeming busy city with valuable steel and iron works, it was dead at the time of our visit. It had been evacuated. Signs on many shops read, "Evacuation of this business has been completed." Yet the French made no effort either to seize it or even to shell it.

With our military escorts I entered the dead city in full view of the French. Had they desired, the French could have picked us for easy marks. The German officers accompanying us made no effort to conceal their uniforms indicating their high rank. Nothing happened. We were able to press forward to a street only one mile away from the French line.

The French also did nothing to prevent Saarbrücken industrial plants from carting away their valuable machinery as well as steel and ore reserves, carloads of copper wire and other essentials of war. Our German guides told us 200 freight cars were moving daily from Saarbrücken with materials and machinery of all sorts without the slightest interference by the French.

We also saw big trucks, loaded to the top, leaving across a bridge which the French might easily have destroyed. Yet not a shot had been fired at the city. We also saw dozens of families arriving with vehicles of every description and taking from their homes such valuables as they had failed to grab when the hurried evacuation orders first came.

The terrible awakening for the French came in the spring of 1940 when the Hitler war machine in an incredibly short time overran Holland and Belgium and forced France to her knees.

Bombings and Camouflage

LONG-TERM planning of details also accounted for the manner in which the highways were bombed. The German bombers dropped their "eggs" not on the roads themselves but directly beside them. If the roads were torn to pieces, the German High Command figured, only one half of the object was gained—that of interrupting or interfering with or even rendering impossible the approach of the enemy. On the other hand, the other phase of the objective, that of keeping the roads clear for themselves so that they could take the offensive in enemy country, was lost. If a road was blasted and torn, a long time was needed for engineers and laborers to repair it. If the highway could be left intact and the enemy destroyed at the same time, so much the better.

From these strategic deliberations evolved the principle of dropping bombs along the sides of the roads rather than upon the highways. The natural tendency of advancing columns, when enemy bombers hove in sight, was to get off the roads and seek shelter in the ditches. Instead of getting out of danger, the victims placed themselves exactly where the Luftwaffe had orders to drop the bombs. Also the lateral concussion of the exploding bomb was found to be such that it literally blew off the road anything that might remain on it, into a telescoped jumble of vehicles, horses, materials, and men.

Six: Camouflage should not become stereotyped but adapt itself to the local scenery, architecture, or terrain.

On September 27, 1939, I cabled to Associated Press the following concerning camouflage in the Westwall region:

"Camouflaging has become a fine art in the Saar region section of Germany's powerful Westwall. You approach a bridge, for instance, and think you see a gasoline filling station with all normal equipment just before you go onto the bridge. It isn't a filling station at all. If you look close enough you see machine guns ominously pointing at you from behind the façade that hides a pillbox."

Berlin camouflage was equally fitted to the particular terrain. Near where we lived in the Giesebrechstrasse there was an artificial lake, the Lietzensee. The Berliners in this western part of the German capital loved to row on the little lake, or to stroll along its shores and feed the swans. For the R. A. F., however, it afforded an excellent identification mark during their 1940 night raids.

Now the entire lake has been covered with a greenish cloth, from which protrude elevations so painted as to give the impression of sheaves of grain stacked or tied together for harvesting. On the shores of the little lake are frame structures looking exactly like peasant houses. The aviator looking down from above believes he is flying over a peaceful rustic area.

In other German cities similar novelties in the art of camouflaging have been designed. The famous traffic bridge across the Alster, familiar to all Americans who have used Hamburg as a port of entry, is completely hidden and, to fool the enemy, a false bridge, looking just like the original, has been constructed elsewhere. From time to time, I understand, the Nazis themselves started artificial fires on or near this fake during R. A. F. raids to give the impression that it had been hit.

Somewhere outside Berlin there is a false Berlin, parts of which often go up in flames. Bremen has two airports, the real one, well camouflaged, and a fake which often bursts into flame on a raid night.

What Can Topple Hitler?

SOONER or later the United Nations are going to beat Hitler. But first we must understand the elements of strength and weakness in the Hitler set-up and learn how best to smash the scourge of Nazism.

In the course of my visits to the various fronts, and while doing my daily press work in the capital of the Reich, I learned certain lessons in regard to the German conduct of the war. It seems to me worth while to indicate here—as I see them—the concrete tasks that the United Nations face in their attempt to topple Hitler.

1. Totalitarian war also means total responsibility for the man charged with a certain military task. Unless the principle of unified command becomes universal on the United Nations side, we shall find the war far costlier in lives and material than need be, and we shall find Hitler rather than ourselves selecting the time and place of operations.

Field Marshal Rommel, for example, was placed in charge of the African campaign in February, 1941. That meant he was the supreme commander over the German and Italian armies, navies, and air forces in that sector.

It meant also that long before Rommel swung into action he was assigned to his task and given time to make his preparations. The way such an appointment works out in Germany is as follows: Hitler meets in secret session with the commander in chief of the army, navy, and Luftwaffe. The situation is surveyed and the task fully envisaged, with the thought ever uppermost: Weigh the risks, and if they seem worth while, take a chance. This supreme war council then asks: Who, all things considered, is the best man to execute the particular task? Seniority or branch of service play no role. It is solely a question of the right man for the particular operation.

That is how Rommel, with his success in leading *Panzer* divisions in France and with his general reputation for daring and initiative, came to be selected for the African task. Sworn to secrecy, the appointee is told to go ahead and devise his own campaign in his own way, to select his own collaborators from the three major branches of the service, to formulate his detailed plans. This staff settles down in some remote corner of Germany and concentrates on the one task. Rommel and his men went to East Prussia and practiced continually with picked troops.

At a certain point in the operations the Naval High Command can never decide that it is wiser to withhold, for reason of general naval strategy, the ships Rommel says he needs. Rommel has under him some high naval officer who mapped out this plan of campaign with him, and the Naval High Command has no authority to overthrow their plans.

The principle of unified command has become second nature to the strategists on the Axis side. Rivalry among the three arms of the service is limited to brilliance in the performance of the task assigned, and does not spend itself uselessly in bickerings over who shall have precedence over whom.

Pearl Harbor should ever be a warning to us as to what happens when there is no unified command. But the principle, to be effective, must extend all the way to the top.

2. Personally I believe it is quite as important to make

Hitler spend what reserves he has on a "nuisance front" as it is actually to jump the hurdles of the Siegfried Line.

Hitler is short of gas, oil, and transportation. Every "nuisance" raid over German soil means that he must send his planes into the air at the cost of vast quantities of gasoline and oil. Every bomb thrown on roundhouses or railway junctions reduces sadly needed transportation facilities.

More than that, I know from personal experience how "washed up" we were after a night raid. Our work the next day was sluggish. We were sleepy, inert. The manager of a concern making precision instruments told me that after each air raid the work of the ensuing day was practically lost, as the men were in no condition to ensure precise calculations.

We who lived in Berlin could not understand at the time why the British came so rarely; why they did not "bunch" their visits, instead of letting several days elapse before they came again, during which the Berliner could catch up on sleep.

Seven "nuisance raids," coming day after day for a week, seemed more likely to give a serious blow to production than seven raids scattered over a whole month.

The 6,000,000 foreign workers naturally are working without any enthusiasm for the Nazi cause. All are glad to throw monkey wrenches into the Nazi machinery provided it can be done without great danger to themselves. It is uncanny how quickly underground news travels, and once such "nuisance raids" become regular there is no doubt but that the foreign workers will, of their own accord, reduce their efficiency more and more.

3. It is the aggressive spirit of attack that, in the last analysis, will win this war. Unless the United Nations are prepared to take the initiative again and again, in spite of reverses, the war will be a long drawn-out affair.

Can Der Führer Take It?

AGGRESSIVENESS will be an important factor in debunking the myth of Hitler's invincibility. Most of his successes have been due to the fact that he acted while the others waited. Just as soon as the German soldier or officer notices an equally aggressive spirit among his opponents, his morale will slip rapidly. I recall how high officials in Berlin used to say, during the blitz of London, "Our German people's nerves simply would not stand for what the British are taking. Given a series of air raids on Berlin like those we made on London, the capital would demand an armistice."

It is not unlikely that Hitler's nerves will be the first to snap when he realizes that the United Nations have taken the initiative. Every time I saw him after the beginning of this war, he seemed more nervous. Accounts by reliable informants agreed in indicating that he became successively more subject to despondency.

"All that strutting of his," a world-famous German, accustomed to analyzing people, told me, "only indicates an inner feeling of inferiority which he tries to hide by appearing especially imperious and self-possessed."

Aggressiveness shown by Hitler's enemies is likely to increase his feeling of inferiority and hasten his downfall.

4. Rigidity of thought and action is dangerous when facing an enemy whose whole regime is revolutionary. We must be prepared to change our tactics and our viewpoint constantly if we want to outwit Hitler.

I have been rather startled to note to what an extent Americans still think of this war in terms of the trenches of 1914. When the Commando raid was made upon Dieppe, they saw merely that the British and American troops had once more left the European mainland, and therefore considered the experiment a failure. They failed to recall that during the winter of 1939-40 Hitler directed many Commando raids against the Maginot Line which at the time seemed to be failures. It was only later that the importance of this incessant probing into possible enemy weaknesses became apparent to the whole world.

Rigidity of thinking on the production sector is equally dangerous. It will never do for us to say, after we have embarked upon the manufacture of a certain type of plane, gun, tank, or ship, that the particular building program must now be carried out at all costs and without change.

5. A technique we could profitably learn from the Germans is their method of distributing materials for war industries. Their system is that of allocation, while ours is the method of priorities. According to the system of priorities, the man who needs steel, let us say, to build airplanes, puts in his claim for the material.

"Yes," he is told, "that is necessary. Here is your slip for the material." But the order in itself does not provide the material! It does not even indicate that the steel is available.

The German system is first of all to discover how much of any given material they have, second to allocate a certain percentage for airplanes, a certain amount for shipbuilding, etc., in relation to their needs. Then, within each given field, a director determines what companies shall be allowed a share of the material and how large a share they are to have. By this system counterclaims and rivalries between branches of the service and war industries are eliminated.

6. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of co-ordinating propaganda with the military effort. Just as there should be a unified military command, so there should also be a unified propaganda command as part of the war effort. So long as Elmer Davis or his assistants, for instance, are barred from secret sessions of a military court, there can be no thought of unified propaganda command.

We have thus far given the world a rather sad picture of government offices working against rather than with each other. By this I do not mean that criticism should be abolished. One of the priceless things that distinguishes us from a dictatorship is the fact that even today, in wartime, the press and radio are free to criticize. But mutual public criticism by different government departments for purely selfish reasons is hardly calculated to help win the war.

7. Even while the present war rages, it is important that we look ahead and see what kind of world we have in mind for the future. Against Hitler's mouthings concerning a New Order of slavery for all but Teutons we must set our own conception of a New Order of real justice.

Wiser men than I have already spoken on this subject. I have but one observation to make: There are men of good will in Germany, just as there are such men everywhere in the world. In proportion as we can encourage such men with assurances that they too will have a share in the construction of a real New Order, in proportion as we furnish them with propaganda material and other aids for carrying on their struggle against Hitlerism, will the mistakes of Versailles be avoided, will this war be shortened and the foundation laid for a peace that will give promise of enduring.

8. Above all, we must realize that this is a total war and it can be won only by total measures. In Germany the entire resources of the Nazi Reich are being poured into the single effort of winning the war. Privations which are unthinkable for most Americans have been accepted by Hitler's subjects.

"All Aboard! We're Not a-Goin' Fishin' "

ARE we willing to make similar sacrifices? For the present, I fear, we have not even begun to think of war in totalitarian terms.

If we go on expecting that the comforts of life will continue for the civilian, and that privation is the lot only of the men in combat areas, we may wake up with a jolt some day to find that our reserves—however limitless they may seem now—are exhausted, and that the German, possessing relatively far less than we, has by scientific rationing and placing the nation on a basis of total war managed to outlast us.

I do not anticipate that our rich country will ever have to come down to the super-spartan simplicity of Teuton life in wartime. But by comparison with what I saw and experienced in Germany, and with what my colleagues stationed in England have repeatedly told me, we have not even begun to wage a total war.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

MUCH of the mail I receive has to do with transfers.

Typical of the letters from soldiers is this one from a private in Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi:

"Can a soldier in the 4th Corps Area transfer to another post up North? My wife is having a baby soon and wants me near her. Since I am not actively fighting the Japs and Nazis where I am, I might as well be somewhere else. Please tell me what to do."

And here's one from a civilian:

"My only son was recently inducted and after three days at Fort Dix, New Jersey, was sent to Camp Barkeley in Texas. Now I am all alone, and a semi-invalid. Why couldn't they have put him in a near-by camp where he could at least have come home week-ends? Is there any one I can write to have him transferred?"

Airplane mechanics

Those are the sort of letters I mean. And what I'm going to say answers them all.

This is a total war. A total war involves every citizen of this country, in uniform or out. Soldiers and civilians alike must be prepared to suffer, in one way or another, until the war is won. Then we can all return to the way of life we are now fighting to defend and preserve. Meanwhile, individuals have got to take it. We don't have to like it, but we've got to take it. You can thank the Axis bosses for that, but you can't blame the United States Army.

The Army has to think in terms of millions of men, not in terms of you and me and Joe Doakes as individuals. There may *seem* to be no good reason why Joe can't put in his time up North just as well as down South, or why Willie is sent to Texas for his training. But, believe me, there is. Don't ask the Army why. Right now the Army is much too busy trying to win this war to give Joe and Willie and their wives and mothers and sweethearts the reasons for every considered action.

It's a funny thing that, in all the letters I've had from the men in Australia and Alaska and the Solomons and India and Africa and the other outposts, not one has asked why he is there or why he can't transfer to another station.

I wonder why.

* * *

I am on duty overseas in the Pacific area and the burr under my saddle is this. Before leaving the United States I had ample opportunity to observe the great number of young men working in defense industries. Couldn't most or many of them be replaced by women? Those fellows are making more money than they ever made before, but they are spending so much more on luxuries that they can't possibly be buying enough war bonds. I am not making any odious comparisons, but I would like to mention that we do *not* have forty-hour weeks and we *do* send plenty of our pay back for bonds. Isn't there some way to shock those young men back home into the realization that this war can be lost if they don't stop treating it as a free-spending picnic? We out here need every bit of support we can get.

R. M. 3/c J. W. H., c/o Postmaster, San Francisco.

I only wish that every one of those young men could read your hard-hitting V-mail letter. It might give them the shock you want them to get. I doubt that the situation here is quite as bad as you men out there may think it is, but certainly it could be a lot better. And it should be made so.

* * *

Why can't airplane mechanics wear insignia to show that they do the actual work on planes? Air crew members can wear wings, but an outsider can't tell whether the rest of us in the Air Corps answer phones or cut grass or what. The Navy has distinctive insignia to show what a man does. Why can't we?

S/Sgt. R. E. L., Craig Field, Ala.

As I see it, once that sort of thing started there'd be no end of it. Pride in your work, as evidenced by your wish to be publicly identified with it, is commendable. But think how many thousands of different insignia there'd have to be to give similar identification to all the other Army jobs That would be self-defeating, because "outsiders" would be even more confused.

* * *

My British parents brought me to this country when I was six months old, and by law I cannot apply for United States citizenship until I am twenty-one. I am anxious to enlist in the Marines, but they will not take me because I am an alien. Yet I registered in the draft and will be taken into the Army soon. Don't you think this unfair condition should be corrected?

M. R. W., Los Angeles, Calif.

Seems to me that it's not up to you or to me to decide what's fair or unfair when a national statute governs. Ever since 1928 it's been the law that no alien could *enlist* in the armed forces, and there's nothing that any one can do about it until and unless Congress changes it. Under the Selective Service Act, aliens can be *inducted* into the Army. But after three months' service you may apply for full naturalization, even though that won't get you into the Marines—no transfers between services are allowed except to accept a commission.

Correct salute

Is there a place in the Army for a color-blind man who wants to try for a commission? I'll have my college degree shortly; then I expect to be inducted, and I feel sure there's some branch where I could be more valuable eventually as an officer than as a buck private. Isn't there a chance for us who have a deficiency in color perception?

E. S., Belmont, Wis.

* * *

Afraid you're out of luck, friend. All arms and services require candidates for commission to reach a certain standard in

color perception tests, and if there's impairment to a pronounced degree that's cause for rejection unless you can get a waiver, which is unusual.

Two-wheeled lightning

What is the standard motorcycle of the Army: the Indian or Harley-Davidson?

M. E., Sidney, N. Y.

Both are used extensively in the Army. All machines must meet prescribed specifications: both named do so and hence are "standard" in that sense.

* * *

My boy friend is overseas and was promoted to a Tech Corporal. His last letter says he is a Corporal Guard. What does that mean? Is it good or bad?

The-Girl-Back-Home,
Iron Mountain, Mich.

Here y'are, sister. Your boy friend abbreviated: he meant Corporal of the Guard—a noncommissioned officer in charge of a guard relief. He's under the Sergeant of the Guard, who is under the Commander of the Guard, who is under the Officer of the Day. Got it?

* * *

What was that you said in December 12 Liberty, Sarge, about enlisted men *not* having to salute warrant officers? Tut, tut, Sarge!

W. O. (j. g.), R. L. M.,
Pine Camp, N. Y.

Yes, I know what you mean, *sir*. But it was only in November that the War Department circular appeared which clarified the status of warrant officers and flight officers. Now they all ". . . henceforth are entitled to the salute, and to the courtesies and respects normally granted commissioned officers."

Feel better, *sir*?

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

with them. He continued, however, to dominate the Luxembourg. His ego, his will to power, his sense of historical mission, demanded relentlessly that he remain top man.

So inevitably he came to set up the extraordinary embryo called the Anglo-American Press Association. There were enough British and American correspondents now to make it practicable for us to have a professional association of our own. Drew became its president.

Rising in Drew was a ferocious jealousy of some of his new colleagues. His resentment of what he was now calling "American journalistic methods" with bitter cynicism, was increasing, and he often talked of American newspapers, and indeed of almost all things American, with ironic contempt. For instance, he took sides sharply in the Presidential campaign then going on, and became an outright Roosevelt hater.

WHAT really hurt Drew was that he was being passed over. The papers shifted correspondents all over the place, but Drew was never transferred. He stayed on and stayed on in Vienna, rotten to the hub, while his colleagues were getting new and better jobs. He incessantly thought that some day, somehow, somewhere, he would be peremptorily and dramatically summoned to a supreme post. But the call never came.

Something else happened then, something that produced a major crisis in the life of James N. Drew. One evening I saw a new face at the Luxembourg round table. Miss Valerie Birch had arrived with a letter of introduction to Ferenczi. She was a tallish slim dark girl, about twenty-seven I should judge, and very pretty. She gave an impression of extreme neatness and orderliness, plus a contradictory sense of lack of direction. She seemed to be gripping herself neatly to the table in order to resist impulses to be far away.

In the next few weeks I learned a good deal about Miss Birch. Margot Ferenczi took her to matinees and art exhibits and she came to the Luxembourg table often. She didn't say much, but when she did talk her open candor was remarkable. We gathered that she was the daughter of a Chicago millionaire, a lonely and troubled eccentric. Her mother was an invalid who dominated her father's life absolutely. She went to school in the East, and then drifted to Europe, and had had some disastrous love affair and was now getting over it, so we gathered.

Drew found Miss Birch fascinating. She had this implacable inner honesty, but she seemed almost simple-minded about the concrete realities of the external world.

The countess was away, Drew and Miss Birch were often together, and we soon realized that they were falling in love with each other. Miss Birch thought he was one of the noblest people who had ever lived but that he was misunderstood. "I don't know what's come over me," she murmured to Mrs. Ferenczi, her eyes moist. "But I want to reclaim him. He should be *saved!*"

And what a change came then in the habits and manners and appearance of James N. Drew! He was a new man now. He shaved at least once a day, and wore starched collars with the frayed spots neatly cut away. He walked with a more vigorous and lively step, and his blue eyes shone like bright marbles and sparkled, literally. For the first time in all the years I had known him, I knew that he was a happy man.

Miss Birch must have felt inordinate pride that she was being helpful, of *use* to him in the disordered fragmentation of their world.

But then Drew said something that had no relation to Miss Birch but cast sharp light on his crystallizing attitude to the world outside:

"I think people in the United States are going nuts. It's a hell of a country now. I wouldn't go back to live in that crazy America if you paid me to!"

IT was early that spring, that bewildering spring when the troubled waters of Central Europe began to bubble and foam in earnest, when Ferenczi showed me an item tucked away in the Socialist newspaper, the Arbeiter Zeitung:

SCANDAL IN FOREIGN PRESS

We have received lately the information that certain journalists, including the representative of one well known foreign news agency, have been the recipients of certain sums, not small, from a highly important Vienna bank.

It has been known for some time in our circles that the bank in question, for reasons best known to itself, has made certain "gifts" to persons in a position to control various channels of information.

I reached for the phone and called Bleshke. "Say, Bleshke, what the devil! Look at the Arbeiter Zeitung on page five, and tell me what it means, will you?"

Bleshke called back in a few minutes:

"The bank article I had not seen. But I think it is nothing much, *Herr Redakteur.*"

Bleshke may not have thought it was anything much, but every one else did, very promptly, so it seemed. Vienna began to rock and seethe over this seemingly petty affair, especially when it became known that the bank in question was none other than the Credit Anstalt, the financial behemoth that dominated the whole Danube basin. So the Credit Anstalt was passing out money to journalists, was it! *Why?* the Socialists demanded. And who got the money, anyway?

The Credit Anstalt refused absolutely to give out any information, but the finance ministry of the government had to admit that the sum involved was 300,000 schillings. But since it had bribed certain individuals, the bank must at least know to whom it gave the money. There must, therefore, be a list. Almost anybody's name might be on this list.

We of the Anglo-American at once called an agitated meeting, with Drew portentous in the chair. A tipster close to the finance ministry had communicated the sensational information that one American correspondent *was* involved. And the Austrian government, a shaky coalition already hard pressed by the rising Nazis, might very well fall on this single issue.

Drew muttered in the chair, "Ferenczi, couldn't we simply ask every one for a declaration of innocence?"

Paul Ferenczi said, "We cannot so easily ask some one to say innocence —if actually he has taken the Credit Anstalt gold, I mean!" And his eyes were shuttered.

THE countess came back to town. I suppose she heard about Miss Birch as soon as she arrived, and she was not long in taking action. Valerie, trembling, showed Jim Drew a letter she had just received:

> Mademoiselle: Your affairs are known. You are being on the edge of danger. Interested parties will not allow it that you intrude on a happy and contended [sic] combination. You vixen and little minx. You are watched all the time, and have care or you will come to grief. Your riches will do you no good. You are an *espione* with your millions. You are vain and pushing and destroy the happiness of others. Let you beware.
>
> A FRIEND.

Drew exclaimed wearily, "Oh, for heaven's sake, it's just an anonymous letter, isn't it?"

"It's not an anonymous letter," Miss Birch said quietly. "It's from the countess, and what are we going to do about it?"

Drew muttered, "She's crazy, that's all."

"You want me to help you, don't you?" Miss Birch said. "You don't want me to go away?"

"Valerie darling, don't leave me!"

Miss Birch looked at him steadily with her moist, candid eyes. "Jim, this is something very important to me. Be honest, please. If you want me, and want me to stay, tell me so."

"Valerie, I can't live without you! We'll get rid of that old witch."

Miss Birch picked up pen and paper in the corner booth. Her face was radiant. She wrote:

> Dear Countess: You are unjust, I do think. I want only Jim's happiness. Couldn't we meet sometime and talk? I'd like to come and see you. Sincerely,
>
> VALERIE BIRCH.

And that evening they faced each other across the Luxembourg table. The countess behaved with the maximum possible icy politeness, and Miss Birch twisted her thin fingers.

"You love Drew?" the countess asked. "He is a worthless creature."

"I don't think he is. If you think that, why do you want him yourself?"

"Because he is my security."

"I could pay for your security."

"I would not take money from a vixen like you, Miss Birch."

But the conversation never got any further, because a call came from the Finanze Ministerium to the effect that there had been a leak on the list, and that prominent on it was the name of James N. Drew. The café exploded. People ran to the telephones. Drew shouted, "The blackguards—they're double-crossing me!" Miss Birch looked stunned, and on the lined, pitted face of the countess was a look of satanic satisfaction. Drew was corrupt. Jim Drew was proved to be a crook!

Of course we whitewashed Drew. We had to, for the sake of our new organization. Drew had sold his soul for the paltry sum of $300. Of course he explained that it was all Bleshke's doing, and that the $300 represented subscriptions by the Credit Anstalt to the Amepress News Service.

Miss Birch called up early the next day. "I don't want to see you again, ever," she said stonily. "I am sending you a check for $300. Please pay the bank back. . . . Yes? . . . No! I'm leaving Vienna on the Arlberg express at two fifteen. Good-by."

Drew was waiting at the station.

"So you're walking out on me just because that louse Bleshke got me mixed up in the bank affair!"

"No, Jim, I'm leaving you because I know you're not an honest man."

"Valerie, please! I love you!"

"I don't believe that, either. I believe that everything you've ever said has been a lie."

The wagon-lit conductor shouted, *"Einsteigen, bitte, einsteigen, meine Herrschaften!"* and Miss Birch got in the train.

He walked along the side of the coach, bewildered, weak, and imploring. She did not turn her face to say good-by. That afternoon Drew was very silent at the Luxembourg.

"You wretch, you might have told me you were bringing somebody home to dinner!"

He sat with the look of a man crushed by something deep within himself. Then the next day he appeared at the café with a heavy yellow-purple bruise across the temple. The countess, gleeful and malefic, had slugged him with a hammer.

Nobody talked about it very much, but I knew by this time what had really happened. The countess herself must have gone to some one in the bank or the finance ministry and arranged the little leak whereby Jim Drew's presence on the list became known. Of course she must have done it, because by so doing she had made it certain that Miss Birch would leave Drew and Vienna.

NOW Drew was hating Americans more and more. To save his own vanity, his own pride, to make amends for his humiliation, he not merely put all the blame for his lost opportunities on Miss Birch but he blamed the United States for having produced her.

Once Drew said, "Humph! I'm glad now that girl has gone. Maybe she had Jewish blood!"

Margot Ferenczi turned on him in a way I had not imagined she could talk. He stumbled from the table, and he was crying.

"I can't bear it, that I lost her!" he sobbed. "She's gone, and I lost her, and I can't bear it any longer."

And now a new and drastic note began to be sounded in the life of old Vienna. The era began of the blond young men, the marauders from the north, the competent hard-fisted Nazis. They dominated everything. They wore white golf stockings as insignia when brown shirts were forbidden them; they marched stentorianly along the streets, tossing rocks through Jewish shop windows; they were everywhere about us, like a swarm of breeding locusts.

"My dear sir," Drew explained to a visitor with some asperity, "the Nazis are *the* story now. Why shouldn't I play with them?" He was sitting at the corner booth with Bleshke, who wore white golf stockings now, and a stiff-faced man with a strong North-German accent.

The first time in months anybody saw Drew good-humored came one night when, with his eyes sparkling vividly, he chuckled across the table to Ferenczi, "Say, listen. There's a radio stunt you ought to hear this evening."

So, attentive and alert, we listened to the voice of Habicht, the Nazi broadcaster from Munich, who that evening began his series of Nazi broadcasts against the Austrian government, by a technique then new to international politics. It entranced Drew like a new toy.

"That Habicht!" he said admiringly. "By Jove, have you ever heard of anything so clever? The way he shouts back into Austria all this stuff that *we* know about, but that the poor deluded Austrians, under this miscreant Dollfuss, never heard of at all. Why, it's wonderful! I wonder where he gets his stuff from."

Several of our friends, having been baptized with the fire of Vienna, were promoted to better posts. Pringle went to London, wrote a book, and became famous almost overnight. Young Shipwright got the biggest plum in his service, the Washington job, the kind of job Drew himself had yearned for once. Drew would sit at the café table, with only Ferenczi listening, and snort as Pringle and Shipwright got more prominent. His own will to power, his will to success, became more insatiable. As he grew poorer and more obscure, his will became an angry combative ego. What those others had done, he would do.

"Jeem," the countess said, "I do not gif any care where we go or what we do. But it is clear that Berlin is the center of all. Let us make investigations in that direction."

Drew said gruffly, "Let me handle everything, Emilie."

The countess had become softer, recessive, tranquil now. She bowed meekly to Drew's superior will. She was no longer the storming virago of other days. He, in fact, now dominated her.

During the winter before the Anschluss, when Vienna had become a very important post indeed, it became known that the New York Herald Tribune needed a new correspondent there. Hawkins, the managing editor, was reported to be in Berlin looking for proper talent.

Drew went there and asked for the job. The managing editor replied that he had more or less decided to hire the Manchester Guardian man, Paul Ferenczi. Drew was silent for a moment, and then he said, "Well, of course, Ferenczi wouldn't be so bad. But you know about Ferenczi's past, don't you? Well, for one thing, it's said that he's a Communist. If you take Ferenczi, you're going to get into a lot of trouble, Mr. Hawkins. He's on the black books of five Balkan governments! He is hated by the Nazis and clericals both. He'd be no good for a *big* job like yours. Now, as to *me*—"

But Drew did not get the Herald Tribune job. Before Drew left Berlin, Mr. Hawkins saw certain other people who were not managing editors. After a week Drew resumed his customary place at the Luxembourg round table. "Ho, Paul," he said to Ferenczi pompously. "I talked about getting that Herald Tribune job for you. No luck."

A little time after that, the countess, looking gray and brittle and very old, gasped suddenly, "I'm ill."

Drew spoke sharply: "Shut up, Emilie. You always say you're ill, and there's never a thing the matter with you."

"No, Jeem. I am sick. Get me a doctor." She pawed at her heart, and Drew, staring at her with muddled uncertainty for a moment, rose quickly and guided her from the room. "Taxi, *schnell!*" he shouted. A few hours later the countess died. Her last words were, "You are now free, you fool."

The Anschluss came, and still Drew stayed. The crisis over Czechoslovakia came, and still Drew stayed. The weeks hardened into months and the months softened into years, and still Drew stayed. Drew became the loneliest man anybody ever met. He moved like an automaton. He seemed drugged, doped. The years were yawning ahead of him, blank and empty. And by this time his hatred of the United States had reached a pathological intensity. Once he shouted at the waiters, "I'd go back to America only for one reason—to murder Roosevelt!"

THEN war came in 1939, and Drew still stayed. Pearl Harbor came in 1941, and Drew still stayed. He was the last American in Vienna. But finally internment came too, and he was shipped off to Bad Nauheim with the other diplomats and journalists who had been caught in Germany when, at long last, war with the United States began.

He was wandering in the Nauheim gardens, morose, lonely, fearful of his fellows, alternately boastful of his own career and timid before these colleagues who had had careers much better, when he heard that the exchange arrangements were complete and that he would soon be sett-

FROM A FIRST-GRADER

I feel for my pop when he can't
get gas;
Ma misses her coffee and nylons
. . . alas!
I'm doing all right and I'm living
in hope:
Oh, wonderful day when we run
out of . . . Soap!

—JOSEPHINE FELTS.

back to the United States. Suddenly he realized that he could not go back. He realized that there could be no possible place for him in America, since he had long since renounced everything that was American. Never could he return—because he was a traitor, a lost soul.

So I can't say I was surprised when it happened. Jim Drew, of all the Americans at Nauheim, elected to remain in Germany, and was duly freed and sent to Berlin. There, as you all know—I certainly hope you know—he began broadcasting for the Nazis, he became the American Lord Haw-Haw, and nightly he poured across the ether, to great shining cities and remote clean villages in the United States, his vituperative stream of radio slander, of Nazi misinformation and clever propaganda and cold slurring lies.

NOW some months have passed since Jim Drew began doing this, and I see with profound emotion, with an intolerable agony and sense of guilt and shame—yes, shame—the yearning years that lie ahead. I told you at the beginning of this story that I know Jim Drew very well. Indeed I do. I see him through the torture of the years to come, through the tunnel of black shadows that face him and will engulf him; I see him plodding slowly into illimitable darkness. Because there was nothing of what might be called idealism in Drew's treachery. He became a traitor because he had no choice. There was nothing left for him to do except join the Nazis, because everything else was gone from him. And I know this thought came to Drew in Berlin and shattered him. So—now—he seeks to justify himself. If he were a stronger man, he would not bother to commit to paper all the pages he is writing with such unseemly haste, in a dimly lit room, against time, desperately.

Because I know only too well, too poignantly well, the grisly retribution that waits ahead. Even the Nazis, who condone all sins, sins the brutality of which is beyond telling, even they, like all humankind, hate a traitor. And I can see those darkening days that come ever closer and more remorselessly pressing. I know that Drew will be despised, loathed, outlawed, condemned. I know that there is no solution, not even death, because no one, not even a German, will bury me with honor. That is why I, Jim Drew, tell you this story. I write with tigers gnawing at my heart. Of course the "I" of this story is myself, Jim Drew. And that is why I, Jim Drew, tell you of this, before the doom and darkness summon me.

THE END

TRICKS of TRADES

If you go to your doctor with a pain in your left ear, he will look in the right ear first. If the right ear aches, he begins by examining the left ear. This is not caprice on the good doctor's part. He knows that there is a wide variation in human ears, consequently he wants to know what your good ear looks like before he examines the sore ear. That gives him information he needs for judging what's wrong with the ear that hurts.

Because electricians wiring barracks and mess halls at Fort Lewis, Washington, had each to travel up and down ladders more than half a mile a day, some smart time and labor saver suggested stilts strapped to the workers' feet which lifted them high enough to get at their jobs directly. Once they got used to being eight or nine feet tall, everything went like greased lightning.

But when it is necessary to make a man smaller for a job, it is quite another undertaking. At airplane plants like the Lockheed Company, when they want men to crawl into wing tips and fuselage parts and other cramped quarters, they hire midgets to do the work.

A person sitting for his portrait may be mystified by the artist's periodically turning his canvas upside down to study it. But a good portrait must be more than a good likeness. It must be a good composition in which form and color balance. When he turns the picture upside down it becomes an abstract study in masses. At once he can spot an ear or a nose that "jumps out of the picture." In the slang of the studio, he can tell whether the composition "hangs together" or "falls apart."

A restaurant keeper on the road to Ellenville, New York, has a pond stocked with trout. For a small price, passing motorists catch the fish of their fancy with a net and have it cooked and served. There were kicks about the fish. "Too soft and flabby; sissies that never had to battle for existence," was the verdict.

One day the restaurant keeper cleaned a net in a washing machine. He discovered a lively small trout. The harder the machine worked the more the trout seemed to enjoy it. Thrown back into the pond, the trout created little whitecaps and scared all his brothers. "He's a mountain trout, used to living in a roaring, swirling stream," reasoned the restaurant man. Whereupon he bought six more washing machines and put all his trout through a course of gymnastics.

There are no more kicks about sissy trout.

Whenever there is a flood, the makers of electric household irons are deluged with orders from librarians, keepers of records, bankers, and home owners. The reason is that the heat and pressure of an electric iron not only dries records, wills, contracts, negotiable securities, and paper money, but actually restores old and faded ink to its original legibility.

The trick was discovered during the Ohio River floods of 1937. Washington has fifty-eight electric irons which are in constant use in restoring historical documents.

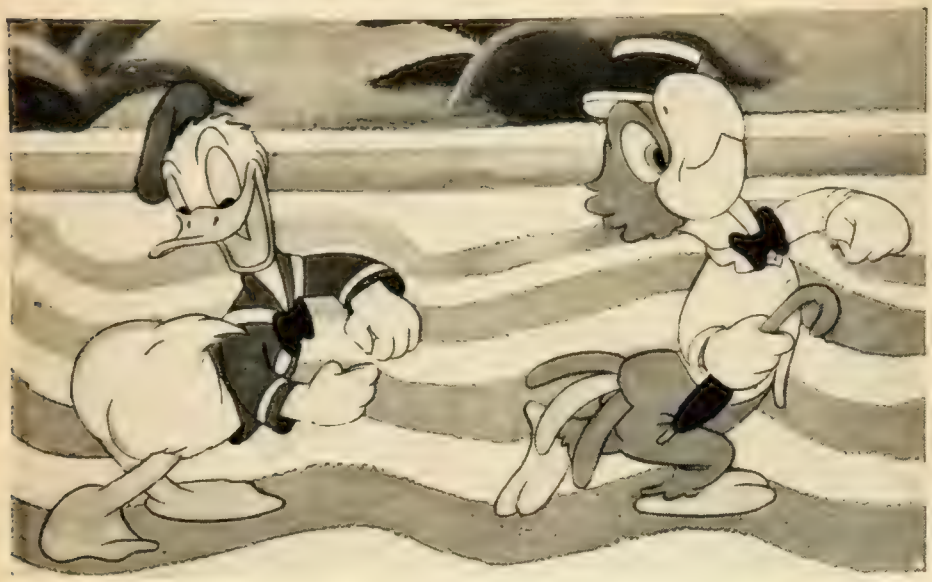
Despite the fact that animals, birds, insects, and reptiles are easily available for use in pictures, there is no live cobra in the Hollywood collection. Fritz Holman met the demand by training Oscar, his pet blacksnake, to wear a rubber hood made to simulate a cobra's hood and to erect itself and sway cobralike. Oscar gets from $25 to $50 a day for his work.

Not so very long ago, powdered metal was little more than a laboratory curiosity. Today it is a sensational new branch of metallurgy, being turned into intricate airplane pump gears, cams, bearings, dynamo brushes, and other oddly shaped parts, without casting, forging, or stamping. A strong metal mold is filled with powdered iron, for example, and this is thumped with a powerful hydraulic press—and there's the part.

And here's another trick: the porous part can be impregnated with lubricants, so that it can last almost indefinitely without being "oiled."

Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES



Brazil's José Carioca takes Donald Duck under his wing and teaches him the samba along Rio's beautiful mosaic sidewalks.

Goofy takes to the Argentine pampas and customs with the good-neighbor attitude in this third episode in Saludos Amigos.

Donald Duck wakes up in Nutziland, in Der Fuehrer's Face, and settles himself down to eat delicious breakfast. (Note food.)

SOME NEW DISNEY

A MORE amusing and palatable dose of hemispheric neighborliness than Walt Disney's Saludos Amigos is hard to imagine. The idea of Disney doing a picture on South America came originally from the office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs. Then last summer our favorite animator selected twenty of his best artists and started on a trip through the countries to the south looking for customs and scenes that would supply background for his picture.

Saludos Amigos is the extremely pleasant result. Originally intended for South American consumption, this forty-five-minute cartoon feature created such a stir that an English sound track was made and Saludos will shortly be released for the delight (and education) of North Americans.

The picture has four episodes. The first presents Donald Duck, the intrepid tourist, exploring Peru's Lake Titicaca.

The second episode concerns Pedro, a young Chilean airplane who flies the mail across the Andes when his father gets a cold in his cylinders and mama's oil pressure won't stand the trip.

Goofy, a lazy Texas cowboy, supplies fun in the third episode by getting transformed into an Argentine gaucho (just as lazy), learns gaucho customs and how to dance like a native jitterbug.

The last episode, Water Color of Brazil, is absolutely tops. Donald is back in this one with a new Disney character who is bound to become an American favorite—José Carioca, Brazil's parrot, and just slightly snippier than Mr. Duck.

The magnificent use of color and the device of the artist filling in the picture right on the screen (out-of-the-inkwell style) will leave audiences gasping.

Disney is releasing two short subjects at the same time.

Education for Death, an exposé of Nazi educational methods, is not up to par. Again Disney proves that he should stick to humanizing his animal characters, for his humans are less believable than Donald Duck.

The other short, Der Fuehrer's Face, is typical Disney fare. It has a nice propaganda slant, making it more than just an enjoyable short.

(RKO.)

REUNION IN FRANCE

JOAN CRAWFORD'S new leading man, Philip Dorn, should please the fans more than the rather old-hat plot of this film about Paris under the Nazis, rich spoiled women, spies, and escaped flyers.

Crawford, decorative in magnificent Irene clothes, does well by the spoiled Parisienne, and Philip Dorn is completely charming as a suspect Frenchman. Albert Basserman, John Carradine, and Reginald Owen round out the cast.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

STAND BY FOR ACTION

ACTION, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together in this story of an old ship reconditioned for convoy duty in the Pacific. The story concerns itself with the conflict between navy men who have worked up from the ranks versus the "commissioned" men, and how the war gives them all a single purpose—to do the job.

Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, and Charles Laughton are excellent in their roles.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

It's a
BIG PICTURE

THE HIT THAT ALL AMERICA IS CHEERING!
Record-smashing first engagements stamp Republic's stirring tribute to the American Volunteer Group one of the most inspiring and exciting films ever made! Don't miss the thrilling story of the first Yanks to blast the Japs!
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It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

ANN SHERIDAN

GARY COOPER

HEDY LAMARR

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
PITTSBURGH Marlene Dietrich Randolph Scott (Universal)	*Melodrama* (lusty story of a coal-mining town).	Effective propaganda . . . good entertainment too . . . sure to please. (1-9-43)
LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY Monty Woolley Ida Lupino (20th Century-Fox)	*Comic melodrama* (broken-down actor attempts a come-back).	Excellent dialogue, direction, and acting take the curse off a lack of originality in plot. (1-9-43)
RANDOM HARVEST Ronald Colman Greer Garson (M-G-M)	*Love story* (amnesia brings two worlds together).	As tender and touching as Goodbye, Mr. Chips . . . poignantly performed directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
CASABLANCA Humphrey Bogart Ingrid Bergman Paul Henreid (Warners)	*Thriller* (refugee problem in French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . exciting . . . colorfully staged . . . extraordinarily well acted. (1-2-43)
IN WHICH WE SERVE Noel Coward Two Cities Production (United Artists)	*Drama* (biography of a destroyer).	First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET Robert Young Laraine Day (M-G-M)	*War drama* (bomb-blitzed kids and an American couple in London).	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
THE BLACK SWAN Tyrone Power Maureen O'Hara (20th Century-Fox)	*Sea thriller* (bold buccaneer doings in the Caribbean).	Lusty thriller . . . will linger in your memory as more than a routine costume piece. (12-12-42)
I MARRIED A WITCH Veronica Lake Fredric March (United Artists)	*Comedy* (incredible doings of a resurrected witch)	Delightfully irresponsible . . . for sheer escapist fun it is not to be missed. (11-28-42)
FOR ME AND MY GAL Judy Garland Gene Kelly (M-G-M)	*Musical drama* (saga of vaudeville's heyday).	Poignant performances by stars . . . best musical of the moment. (11-21-42)
THE HARD WAY Ida Lupino Joan Leslie (Warners)	*Drama* (a grim and powerful piece on the theater).	Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter performances. (11-14-42)
GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE Ann Sheridan Jack Benny (Warners)	*Slapstick comedy* (City dweller goes back to nature).	A film version even funnier than the Kaufman-Hart play . . . Benny is a very funny man indeed. (11-14-42)
MY SISTER EILEEN Rosalind Russell Brian Aherne (Columbia)	*Comedy* (career-seeking sisters tackle the Big City).	Warm, human, genuinely funny entertainment . . . superior cast. (10-24-42)
NOW, VOYAGER Bette Davis Paul Henreid (Warners)	*Psychological drama* (case history of a thwarted neurotic).	Davis' magnificent performance overrides defects in script . . . . cast and direction wonderful. (10-3-42)

GUESS WHO SAID IT!

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

TRY this new quiz. Just read what the famous people below have to say, then guess who they are. The point is to guess who said what by studying the given clues. Turn to page 61 for the answers.

1. One of a famous brother act said this: "The top of the head is apparently the only spot where hair cannot be grown successfully." This guy wears a grease mustache.

2. "An enemy conquered is not subdued, and will always hate its new master." A very ancient warrior who won more territory than any man in history, ought to know.

3. "Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter, Sermons and soda-water the day after." This from a handsome titled English poet, swimmer, and very rich.

4. "Take all the judgment and experience of men over fifty out of the world, and there would not be enough left to run it." The author is past fifty, very rich, and a pioneer in the automobile world.

5. "Music is a revelation, loftier than all wisdom and all philosophy." Said by a great composer who proved the great depth of musical thought, for some of his best work he never heard.

6. This speaker was a sailor, couldn't speak English till he was twenty-seven, then became famous as a novelist in that language: "Being a woman is a terribly difficult task, since it consists principally in dealing with men."

7. "The history of hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles," said a German of the last century whose political philosophy has affected many people.

8. "Nothing is really work unless you would rather be doing something else." From a whimsical, knighted Scottish playwright, in whose plays Maude Adams starred.

9. "The most striking contradiction of our civilization is the fundamental reverence for truth which we profess and the thoroughgoing disregard for it which we practice." An Iowan with a Scandinavian name said this. He's a scholar, an explorer, debunker of Arctic fables.

10. Who said this?

"Oh, where should we be when the Christmas bells ring,
If it weren't for supplies of brown paper and string?"

twisted, and from the sound of it the door would not budge.

Mrs. Ballister opened her eyes again and felt the ache in them as she tried to focus on the hard surface directly beneath her face. Something metallic and sharp on it had made a cut in her head. Slowly she strained to raise her head a little, rolling her eyes as far to the side as they would go. She could just see the bloody buckle now and a small silver lock under the initials, A. H. M.

So Mr. Albert Mercer had finally let go of his briefcase. She wondered if it were his body, silent and unmoving, that lay across her and if he were alive. When she had first seen it, she had wondered as a matter of course what the briefcase contained. Now, with her face pressed against it, she tried to shut out the sounds of disaster echoing through the cabin by concentrating on the briefcase. What lay there a quarter of an inch beneath her cheek? One of those everlastingly dull business men's correspondences beginning "Yours of the 15th inst. received"? The manuscript of a book? A woman's love letters? A spy's notations? A million dollars?

Without knowing how it started, she felt a really anguished curiosity to know what was in the briefcase. To have it there so close and yet so completely unknown infuriated her. I'm getting silly, she thought.

The jerky pounding from the pilot's cabin continued.

"Carola," called her husband, "I think the pilot's breaking through. I think he's coming."

Some one was indeed lifting the heavy object from her arm and back. Mrs. Ballister ran her tongue over her salty lips and began to breathe normally again. The rushing sound she had thought was only in her own ears proved to be made by the steady downpouring of rain.

WHEN night came, the fire they had made seemed like the core of a deserted world. The rain stopped, but the clouds stayed thick and almost low enough to touch. If a plane should come hunting them it would not see their signal.

The pilot had thought they were still in Mexico. He and the assistant pilot and the young honeymooners, all being in the best condition, had set out to find help. Mr. and Mrs. Ballister had been the least hurt, so they were left to care for the others. Mr. Ballister looked at the huddled bodies lying in a circle around the fire. They were moaning or sleeping or unconscious—but at least they were alive. Over to the side sheltered by the wreckage of the plane they had laid the two dead ones: the stewardess and the German.

Mr. Ballister's wife was sitting beside him, staring into the fire.

"You're not worried about—about getting out of this, are you, Carola?"

"Certainly not." She flicked her cigarette. "I was thinking about that German boy. He must have gone through hell before he escaped the Nazis. There he was this noon, just three hours away from the United States—from his dream of paradise. Now look at him."

Mr. Ballister contrived to hide his surprise. Never before had he known Carola to show pity for any one. Quickly he was reassured.

"I hate them," she murmured. "I hate these weak ones who get kicked around and beaten down."

"Sometimes they can't help it."

"You're not going to let it happen to me, Henry." Her eyes flamed with her own fire. "I've decided that we'll stick to being the ones who take what they want"—she gestured toward the bodies beneath the plane —"not the doormats."

Mr. Ballister raised his eyebrows, considering her. The leaping firelight illuminated her face like some theatrical mask of ruthlessness. He remembered a resolution he had made that noon. One more big haul and then the humdrum of honesty. He had never really believed Carola would agree to it.

"Which one is Mercer?" Carola whispered, her eyes searching the circle of light.

"That one," he pointed.

"Is he alive?"

"Alive but unconscious."

"Where's the briefcase?"

"His briefcase? I don't know." Mr. Ballister glanced dubiously at the wrecked plane. "Somewhere in there, I suppose."

"Henry, go and find it. There'll be gasoline, so don't light matches. Just climb inside and feel around for it. It's somewhere near the center of the cabin. I fell on top of it when we crashed. I'll try to get the keys."

Mr. Ballister was exhausted. His bruises hurt when he walked, but as he climbed into the plane he felt a jet of the old excitement springing up within him. The game had begun again.

CAROLA stood up and walked over to the blanket-wrapped figure that was Mercer. His hair, above a hastily applied bandage, was matted with blood and he lay with his head thrown back, breathing laboriously through his open mouth. With her

one good hand she went through his pockets. There were the usual things in them—a wallet containing a couple of hundred dollars' worth of traveler's checks and his plane tickets, a small memorandum book that on quick inspection looked blank, a thin gold-plated cigarette case, and a handkerchief. The keycase, when she found it, proved to be leather, like the briefcase. In a glance she knew none of the keys it contained would open that small silver lock. With practiced swiftness she began her search over again. She unbuttoned the shirt and felt around his chest and neck. No ribbon or chain there. She ran her fingers along the inside of his belt next to his well padded body and she was rewarded. Two crossed leather thongs held the key neatly to the lining.

Just as she was extricating it, Mr. Ballister came back with the blood-stained briefcase.

He saw the expression on her face as she examined the glinting little key. "Don't expect too much, Carola," he began.

"I expect a lot," she whispered. "Look where I found the key."

Neither of them spoke as Carola turned the key in the lock. She drew out a neat folder of papers and, with their backs turned toward Mercer, they moved close to the fire to examine them.

The first paper was a typed list of four noncommittal names and addresses. After this came a list of securities. The page was divided into columns giving the names of large American corporations, the number of shares held, the current market values of the shares, and the total values. In the total values column the numbers were big enough to pop the dollar-sign-starved eyes of the Ballisters. Mr. Ballister calculated rapidly.

"Nearly a million," he whispered.

THERE was something clipped to the list, a legal-looking white paper. They strained to read it in the flickering firelight. It was a will duly signed and witnessed. The signature, in a narrow slanting hand, was "George Kempen." In one sentence it left all property, real and personal, to one Albert Hawley Mercer.

Quickly they leafed through the rest of the papers. There were three more lists of securities, each mounting up to the million-dollar mark set by the first one, and each clipped to a coldly formal-looking will. Mrs. Ballister flipped back to the first paper again. In an instant they had seen that the four names on it corresponded to the names signed to the wills. It was a second look at the wills that made Mrs. Ballister draw in her breath sharply, that made Mr. Ballister's eyes narrow—for every one of them left all property, real and personal, to Albert Hawley Mercer.

Mr. Ballister snatched the lists and ran a speedy eye over them again.

"Our friend here seems to be heir to over four million. A princely inheritance, my dear."

There in the deserted wilds of northern Mexico they gaped at each other across the papers and their minds set to work like well oiled machines to fit themselves into the plot, whatever it was.

Mr. Ballister consulted the first paper again. He read off the names on it:

"George Kempen, Cleveland, Ohio; Professor Frederick Rowe, New York City; Marie Lange, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts; Ben Walters, Washington, D. C. Now, what do you think these four souls found so completely lovable about Mr. Mercer that they decided to make him their one and only heir?"

"Henry!" Carola was staring out into the darkness. "I've heard of Ben Walters. He's connected in my mind with Washington, D. C. It must be the same one. If I could only think!"

"Diplomat? Attaché?"

"I've got it! Remember that miserable little American embassy clerk one Christmas at Cannes—the time we were there with the Bridgemans? They invited him for Christmas dinner, and he mentioned—oh, yes, I'm sure of it now—he wished he were back in Washington having a charcoal-broiled steak at Ben Walters' restaurant. Cornelia Bridgeman thought she had the best chef in France, and he kept talking about Ben Walters' Chophouse. I'll never forget how furious she was. Remember—we used to joke about Ben Walters' Chophouse."

"Good girl," said Henry Ballister softly. "You're right. But he must run a chophouse for fun if he owns all the securities down on this list." He thrust the papers into her hands. "Get that memory of yours to work on these names and addresses. We're going to need them."

As he picked up the briefcase to brush the mud off it, he noticed in one of the pockets a small square of paper they had overlooked. He drew it out. It appeared to be a list of foods, a sort of random menu put down in reverse order with dessert first and soup last. He read: Plum tart, liverwurst on fresh white roll, German-fried potatoes, beer, split green pea soup. The words were scrawled in pencil across what looked like a page torn from a notebook. He nudged Carola and she examined it too. Then she looked at him in bewilderment.

"His diet?"

"Doesn't sound reducing."

"It sounds good. How would you like a plate of hot split pea soup right now with slices of frankfurter floating around in it?"

Mr. Ballister grimaced. "Don't." He handed her the paper. "Mentally feast on this, will you? I can't think of any reason why it should be here by accident. It might come in handy to memorize it."

CAROLA pored over the folder of papers for a few moments. Then she handed them to her husband, who replaced them in the briefcase in exactly the same order as they had been found. He turned the key in the lock and gave it to Carola. "You put it back," he told her. "I'll go over to the plane and drop the case where I found it."

When he came back Carola was holding her hands over the fire. "Yesterday I thought I would never be cool again." She was in high spirits. "Yesterday I thought I would never come alive again too. What do you make of it, Henry? Murder?"

"Perhaps. Yet there's something not quite right about it if it is murder. Four millionaires dying within a short time of each other and leaving their total estates to one A Mercer is not a subtle way of arranging things. It might be on the level. Say he's a lawyer and these papers belong to clients of his."

"Just the same, if the wills aren't forged, I'd like to know who he is that four people willingly make him their only heir."

"It will be easy enough to pump him a bit while he's recuperating, especially after the devoted nursing he's going to get from us. We'll know soon enough whether carrying the key to his briefcase in a secret place is simply an eccentricity. I don't believe it is, Carola." Mr. Ballister shrugged. "I feel one of my feelings coming on. This is something big."

"And for us?"

LIKE NOW, FOR INSTANCE

Our love is a sonnet,
Our love is an ode
For which there are no rhymes.
I love you
And you love me—
But always at different times.

—EVELYNE LOVE COOPER.

"Blackmail?" He examined the lightening sky. "Maybe something more—more dignified."

"Maybe nothing."

"A hobby at least. A new interest."

They sat down on one blanket and pulled the other up over them.

"The tickets," said Carola, "are in his wallet. Cleveland, Ohio. Ever been in Cleveland?"

"No, just passed through. I want to look up a man there, though. George Kempen, I think his name is."

Carola smiled. "Good," she whispered. "Your memory's getting better."

AFTERWARD, whenever Jeffrey Piper saw one of those white slips of paper used by apartments and hotels for taking down messages he expected to see the note "Mr. Albert Mercer telephoned," as he had seen it that night in the porter's careful round handwriting. For it was those telephone messages on George Kempen's table that had first introduced him to Albert Mercer and plunged him into the whole treacherous web of events that followed.

Several things had had to happen before that, of course, but none of them had been more than ordinary. For instance, it was perfectly natural that he had stopped into the Forrest Hotel for a drink. Every one in town stopped in there as often as possible just to look at Lili Ban and hear her sing.

That night she was leaning against the piano singing a South American tune, gently moving her hips, letting her voice sizzle with the insinuating rhythm. She had a full-lipped scarlet mouth, and as she sang her teeth flashed in her face almost as brightly as the inch-wide diamond bracelet she wore on one wrist. Her hair hung heavy and black to her shoulders.

The room was so quiet Jeff heard the clink of ice against glass as the bartender put his drink before him.

"Certainly packs 'em in, don't she?" said the bartender.

"Not me." Jeff took some popcorn from the bowl in front of him. "I come for the free lunch."

Lili Ban was beginning a new number. This time it was one of those little French tunes that sound so much more heartbreaking in that language than in any other. She sang it simply, standing very still with her arms at her sides.

"It does things to my insides when she sings like that," said the bartender. "It makes me warm—like as if I'd just had a shot of good brandy. I sure hate to see her go."

"Where's she going? Back to New York?"

"No, she's got a boy friend, didn't you know? He's no boy though; he must be sixty. He calls for her here every night. She says they're getting married this week."

"Gosh, mom, you mean dad won't like it?"

"Rich?"

"Must be. She ain't the type you could imagine keeping herself on a budget."

They hadn't noticed that the song had ended. The lights went up. The applause came sturdily, but Lili Ban left the piano and started across the room.

"Mr. Piper—"

Jeff turned in surprise. It was Miss Ban. "Excuse me for interrupting, Mr. Piper, but may I see you for a moment? On business. It's about a legal matter."

Jeff stared at her, mystified.

"Shall we sit down somewhere?" Miss Ban suggested.

They chose a little mirror-topped table in the corner. Miss Ban seemed almost prim in the way she apologized.

"I hope you don't think I'm too bold, Mr. Piper. I had to see you alone. I tried to get you all afternoon, but your secretary said you were in court."

"I'm sorry. Did you leave a message?"

"No. My friend, the gentleman for whom I was calling, didn't wish me to do that." She took a cigarette from the case Jeff offered her and he lit it for her. The bracelet caught the reflection of the flame and sparkled. "I was going to try to reach you at your home this evening. So you see, it was very fortunate for me that you were thirsty tonight. You see, Mr. Piper, a friend of mine, a very intimate friend, needs a lawyer badly."

Jeff raised his eyebrows.

"Mac told me," her head inclined slightly toward the bartender, "that you were a lawyer when I first saw you coming in here, and I said to myself then if I ever were in trouble you looked like the man I would want to get me out."

"Thanks. And does your friend agree with you?"

"I pointed you out to him the other night. He relies on my hunches. You see, he is the man I am going to marry."

"Is it about a divorce?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that." Her tone got a little proud. "He's never been married before. No, it's something else, something he hasn't discussed with me. All I know is that he is dreadfully worried about some—some state matters. He has been wondering where he could find a lawyer he could trust. I suggested you." She smoked languorously, looking at Jeff through the smoke. "He wants to meet you."

"When?"

"If you wouldn't mind waiting here a little while, my friend is calling for me tonight, and when he comes in, I can introduce him to you."

"I'll wait."

She finished her drink. "I know

it's customary to consult a lawyer in his office, but my friend is in a great hurry to settle this affair. So you will please add to your fee a charge for this intrusion on your leisure time. My friend," her head tilted with satisfaction—"my friend can afford it." She stood up and Jeff stood too.

"I'm not worried about that, Miss Ban."

"Thank you. Thank you very much. Until later, then." She gave him a long slow look and turned to go. Her slender body in its tight black sheath seemed to float languidly through the crowd.

AFTER a while Jeff wandered over to the bar. As he was thinking about ordering his fourth drink, Lili suddenly appeared at a near-by table and beckoned to him. She was with a slight, silvery-haired man whom she introduced as Mr. Kempen and addressed caressingly as George.

Jeff decided at first look that any one who was unfortunate enough to have an argument with Mr. Kempen would not have a chance of winning it. He had the most stubborn face Jeff had ever seen, and although his hair was snow white he wasn't so old after all.

Mr. Kempen sat down and ordered drinks all around. He was obviously trying to be cordial, but it was not until Lili had gone back to do her last numbers that the conversation really began.

"Lili tells me you're an attorney, Mr. Piper." Kempen's gaze, now that Jeff was directly under it, felt as freezing as it looked.

"That's right."

Kempen shifted uneasily in his chair. "Frankly, Mr. Piper," he said, "I don't trust many people. I trust lawyers least of all."

"Some people have aberrations of that sort," Jeff agreed gravely.

Kempen laughed then, an unused-sounding laugh. "I haven't been near a lawyer for four or five years."

"Miss Ban tells me you want to violate your abstinence."

Kempen didn't follow that one up. He pointed his cigar at Jeff.

"Why do you wear your hair that way? German cut, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know." Jeff ran his fingers through his hair. He found the conversation taking a peculiar turn. "German, military, crew—whatever it's called, it's comfortable."

The lights dimmed and Kempen turned abruptly to watch Lili.

Jeff studied the back of Kempen's head. It was neatly barbered. It told him nothing. He searched on the table for a match and noticed Kempen's hand around the highball glass. The fingers clutched the glass so tightly they looked white and bloodless. This gent, thought Jeff, has his mind on something, and I shouldn't say it was Lili.

When Lili got back to their table, Kempen suggested that they go to his apartment for something to eat. Jeff remembered Mrs. Jerome Lacey Dodd and her divorce hearing early the following morning, but he had no intention of refusing the invitation.

Kempen's car, black and long, moved like a steam yacht through the thinning lines of traffic. The custom-built body was generously decked out in chromium. In spite of his rather Puritan looks, Kempen seemed to have a definite taste for the ornate.

HIS apartment proved it. They entered a spacious well furnished foyer and headed for the elevators at the rear. As they passed a little alcove some one called:

"Mr. Kempen."

Kempen turned. It was a uniformed boy sitting before a telephone switchboard.

"Some messages, sir."

The boy handed him the small white slips of paper. Kempen glanced casually at them and they continued their walk toward the elevators.

"Is it the same one who called this morning?" asked Lili.

"Nothing at all. No importance at all." Kempen tried to answer airily in a tone that Jeff noted was as heavy as lead.

They stepped into an elevator and Kempen pushed a button marked six.

After he had unlocked the door and pressed the light switch, he tossed his hat and the messages down on a long oak table in the entrance hall. The white papers lay scattered face up beneath a lamp. Jeff read in the porter's large handwriting the name "Mr. Albert Mercer." There was nothing noteworthy about the name one way or the other, except that it appeared on every one of the telephone messages and there must have been a full dozen.

"Lady, I'm no longer interested in selling a vacuum cleaner! I just want to go!"

The two-story living room furnished in muted greens and yellows looked like a stage set for Lili Ban. Save for an enormous rather impressionistic painting of Lili above the fireplace, the walls were bare.

Lili saw Jeff look at it. She walked over and posed below it.

"Felix Stephan painted it," she said. "You have heard of him? It makes me look very ugly, but I like it. I keep it as a warning." She pointed behind Jeff at a female torso chiseled cleanly from marble and almost twice life size. It stood at the top of three steps where the stairs that led to the second-story balcony made a sort of landing.

"That is Felix's too," she said. "After the Nazis shot him they sold his works abroad. George bought that for me." She tossed her evening wrap over a chair and opened the long French doors that led to the terrace.

"Try this if you want a breeze, Mr. Piper. I'll make some coffee." She disappeared toward the kitchen.

Kempen cleared his throat.

"Sit down," he said.

Jeff sat down on the edge of a satin-covered hassock.

"Lili told you I want to see a lawyer. Well, it isn't about anything very important. It's just that—well, Lili and I are flying to Florida tomorrow to be married. And from there we plan to take a trip to South America." Kempen lit another of his cigars and, for a man whose voice was steady, his hand wasn't steady at all. "I thought I'd like to make a will before we go—to protect Lili, of course."

"Of course," said Jeff.

"AS I told you, I've been out of contact with lawyers more or less. Lili mentioned you, and—I wonder if you can do it for me the first thing tomorrow morning."

Somewhere the phone rang then. A polite little peal that seemed to stun Kempen.

"Lili," he called, "Lili, answer the phone, please. I don't want to talk. Just take the message."

There was the sound of Lili's voice answering in the butler's pantry. Kempen turned to Jeff.

"How about tomorrow morning?"

"Sorry, Mr. Kempen, I have to be in court tomorrow morning until

eleven thirty. I could draw up a will for you then."

"But I need it immediately. We're leaving on a four-o'clock plane. How long would it take?"

"If it's not complicated, probably not more than an hour."

"Eleven thirty will do, then. I'll be at your office tomorrow."

Lili appeared carrying a tray with coffee, toast, and scrambled eggs.

"That Mr. Mercer is most persistent," she said in a puzzled voice. "He said to tell you he'll be expecting you for lunch tomorrow at twelve fifteen at the Forrest. Just ask for Mr. Mercer's table."

Jeff was hungry and the coffee and eggs were good. Kempen ate with little relish, however. For a man about to marry a girl who had a perfect figure and a way with a stove he seemed curiously unhappy.

KEMPEN was waiting when Jeff got back to his office the next day at noon. Although his face still wore its stiff expression, his voice was pleasant as he explained about the will.

"It's very simple, Mr. Piper. I want to will my entire estate to Lili Ban, as my wife, Mrs. George Kempen. We are to be married tomorrow, as I told you. That's about all there is to it."

He faced the window, and in the morning light he had a lean, unrelenting, almost cruel look.

"I understand, sir. However, if you have any children at your death, wouldn't you want them to share in your estate?"

The decisiveness in Kempen's eyes flickered. He obviously hadn't thought of this.

"I—I—well, yes, I would."

"Then say your wife would get one half of your estate and the other half would go to your child or be divided among your children."

"Yes, I guess that's all right." Kempen produced one of his rare smiles. "Frankly, I don't expect to have any children."

Jeff tried to smile a perfectly blank smile back. "Now, who do you want to be the executor?"

"Miss Ban—that is, Mrs. Kempen."

"You may choose any one you wish, you know."

"Mrs. Kempen is to be executrix. Please stipulate that no bond will be necessary."

Something in the way he said it gave Jeff the idea that he was fairly familiar with the process of drawing up a will.

"By the way, Mr. Kempen, have you ever made a will before this one?"

"What of it?" Belligerence flared in Kempen's face.

"It wouldn't matter if you had," Jeff said. "It is only the last will that counts. The best thing to do, however, is to destroy the first will and avoid any complications."

Kempen played nervously with the hatband on the immaculate white panama that lay across his knees. "I can't possibly get my hands on the will," he said gruffly. "My executor has it and he is in Europe. Because of the war, I can't possibly reach him."

"It isn't necessary to get it, Mr. Kempen; that's just a precaution I like to take. However, this new will revokes and nullifies any prior wills."

Kempen leaned forward in his chair. "Mr. Piper, there may be some trouble about this new will." His voice was strained and unnatural even for him. "I have reason to believe that on my death it will be challenged as a forgery. Maybe I made my request too simple just now. I am employing you to do more than draw up a will for me. I want you to see to it that no one tricks a court into believing it a forgery. I want you to watch out for my wife's interests and I'll see that you are well repaid. I want you also to be a witness that I am now in my right mind. You believe that, don't you?" Kempen attempted a jocular expression.

Jeff laughed. "If you want to marry Miss Ban, you're not crazy!"

Kempen relaxed a bit. "When Lili first told me about you, I made a few inquiries. You have a reputation for being a square shooter, a fellow with guts. Easy money hasn't softened you up yet."

"I never saw any easy money."

"You do a good job for Miss Ban and there'll be plenty of money. But I warn you it won't be easy. Now, how soon can you have the will ready for me to sign?"

"But, Mr. Kempen, aren't there some other facts I should know about this? Who do you think will challenge the will, and why? If you tell me the story, I'll be able to—"

"No," came the curt answer. "All you need to know is that my final wish is to leave Miss Ban my entire estate. If I ever wish to change this will, I'll inform you. Now, when will it be ready?"

"I can dictate it right away before my secretary goes to lunch. She'll type it up and you can have it in, say, an hour, when you return from your lunch."

Kempen had walked over to the window. His back was to Jeff when he spoke. "I hadn't planned to eat lunch today. I'll just wait here until it's done."

"All right. I'll get at it immediately."

As Jeff walked to the door he recalled the phone message that Lili had brought in the night before with the coffee. So Mr. Mercer was to be left waiting in vain. And would that mean another dozen telephone calls? And if Kempen didn't want to see him, why hadn't he simply told him to go to hell and be done with it?

Miss Peck's desk was in the efficient straightened-out order that meant she wasn't there.

Jeff apologized. "I'm sorry. She usually tells me before she goes. Most of the time she doesn't stay a full hour, so maybe we won't be held up very long."

Kempen's mouth tightened. "Suppose we might as well eat lunch. Where would you suggest, Mr. Piper? I'd appreciate it if you'd join me."

"Well, there's a place around the corner. They have good food and good liquor."

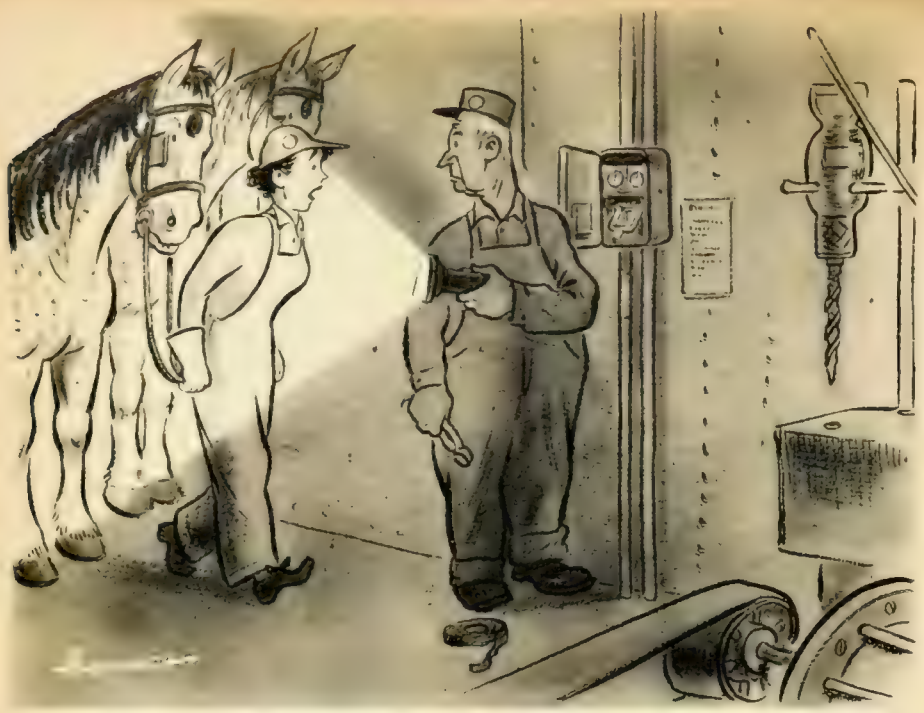
"All right. Let's go."

ONLY once again, as they came out to the street and a jeweler's clock showed exactly twelve fifteen, did Jeff think of Mr. Mercer.

Kempen chose a corner table for two far back in the restaurant. They ordered whisky and soda and cold roast beef sandwiches.

Later Jeff tried to remember if he had seen Kempen's face first or heard the voice first. Kempen was just raising his glass to his lips when he looked out into the room. Then he put his glass down untasted.

"Lord, this is a lucky break! Well, hello, George!" The voice boomed with delight. "How've you been, you old son of a gun? Say,. don't they ever give you messages at your apartment? I called you a dozen times yesterday and left my number."



"Where have I been? You said to pick up a couple of plugs at the storeroom, didn't you?"

The speaker was broad-shouldered and stocky. He carried his hat in his hand, and close to his hairline, half covered by his gray hair, there was a small white gauze pad held on with adhesive tape. Kempen seemed surprised and yet not altogether surprised. He half rose from his chair and waited.

"You're certainly looking fine, George, old boy," the stranger said and then he waited too.

Finally Kempen spoke. "Hello, Mercer," he said quietly. "Mr. Piper, Mr. Mercer," he introduced the two men in a stony voice. "I'd ask you to join us, but Mr. Piper and I are discussing some business and—"

"Still the same old George," Mr. Mercer chortled, "always full of business." He pulled a chair up from a near-by table and sat down.

"COME on now," he said. "You can discuss business later. Let's relax and enjoy lunch.

"Talk about coincidences," Mr. Mercer went on, addressing Jeff. "I don't know how long it is since I've seen George Kempen. I get to town for a couple of days and here I run slam bang into him by accident. Not that I was going to leave without seeing you, old boy," he said to Kempen. "That's why I phoned. I thought we might have lunch together."

A coincidence would have been a good enough way of explaining it, thought Jeff, if he had not happened to be at Kempen's apartment the night before—if he had not heard Lili deliver Mercer's invitation. It was no coincidence that a man who was expecting to lunch at the Forrest Hotel at twelve fifteen should be ten blocks away in another restaurant at twelve twenty. No, Mr. Mercer had done a bit of tailing and, as it turned out, with good results. If he desired for some reason to eat lunch with Kempen he was certainly doing it now. Jeff felt suspense grow strong in him.

The waiter brought another menu.

"Let me see," said Mr. Mercer, "I know one thing I'm going to have right off. A plum tart. I don't see it on the menu, waiter."

"Then we don't have it, sir. Would you like a fresh peach tart instead?"

"Had my heart set on plum"—Mr. Mercer beamed at Kempen—"but I guess I'll have to take what I can get." He put the menu down. "I'll have liverwurst on a fresh white roll, German-fried potatoes. Got that? Beer. And bring a cup of split pea soup first."

He grinned. "Sounds like a lot for a hot day, doesn't it?" He didn't look warm at all. It was Kempen who looked warm. Perspiration stood out all over his face. "But I've just come from a little trip to Mexico—couldn't stand the food down there. Well, now, George," he said amiably, "tell me about yourself. What've you been doing?"

"Nothing exciting. Just attending to my work."

"No vacations for you, you old plugger!" Mr. Mercer took out a flat package of cigarettes. "Why don't you try Mexico sometime? I think it might interest you. Say, would you like to have a Mexican cigarette?"

Jeff took one, but Kempen shook his head.

"By the way, George, you haven't forsaken the blessed ranks of bachelorhood, have you?"

Kempen's face looked as if it were melting.

"No," he said.

Mr. Mercer threw back his head and roared with laughter. "I see, I see. That was a mighty charming voice that answered your phone last night. You wouldn't be letting a little brunette steal your heart away, would you now, George?"

Jeff watched Kempen with dismay. He looked like a man with a noose about his neck. Every word that was said seemed to be pulling the noose tighter.

Maybe Mr. Mercer noticed the effect he was having on Kempen too. At any rate he abruptly switched the subject to an air-liner crash he had been in.

"See this?" He pointed to the bandaged place on his head. "That's all I got left, but I was in a very bad condition. Might have died if a couple of people on the plane hadn't looked out for me and taken care of me until we got to a hospital. Now, here's how it was."

He kept up a recital of the crash through the meal, and Jeff became more and more certain that these two men were not the old friends Mr. Mercer would have had him believe. A man does not slowly disintegrate with terror before one's eyes if he is merely eating lunch with an old friend.

WHEN they had finished they walked to the door of the restaurant. Mr. Mercer had taken Kempen's arm in an apparently casual gesture, but Kempen winced and Jeff saw the fingers clamping into his sleeve.

"How about coming over to the hotel this afternoon, George?" Mr. Mercer's tone was as comradely as ever.

"I want to," said Kempen, "just as soon as I finish my business with Mr. Piper. I'll get some papers at the bank and be over around four."

"All right, George. I'll be waiting." Mr. Mercer joined the noonday crowds and was soon out of sight around a corner.

Kempen turned to Jeff. He was electrified with excitement. "I'm going back to my apartment to pack," he said. "Phone me the instant the will is ready and I'll come over to sign it."

What is Mercer's racket—blackmail? Why is Kempen so frightened of him? Where are the Ballisters? Amazing things happen in next week's chapter of this fast-moving murder mystery.

MEET THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER

Continued from Page 25

allowance for his dependents is one half what he received in his civilian job.

His uniform, boots, all the articles of his equipment are excellent. He's particularly proud and fond of his rifle. It may be identical with millions of others, but to him it has special, almost human attributes. This is so typical that there are a number of Russian songs about the soldier and his pet. A wounded man's rifle stays with him even when he is in the hospital.

The Russian can and does tighten his belt and keep plugging—as he has during the sieges of Leningrad, Sevastopol, Stalingrad. He can also stow the groceries with great gusto. Except when front-line operations make it impossible, he gets plenty of food that sticks to the ribs. For breakfast he drinks tea and eats dark bread and butter. He often gets midmorning and evening snacks. At lunch and supper he gets bread, soup, meat or fish, vegetables, and *kasha*—the Russian equivalent of the grits served in our Southern states or the hot cereals served at American breakfast tables. Probably the biggest difference between his food and the American's is that he doesn't get pies, cake, or ice cream.

The Russian drinks wine or vodka. But the younger soldier, who has grown up since the Soviets came to power, frequently neither drinks nor smokes. He's a warmhearted sociable guy nevertheless, and at the slightest provocation he will sing. He sings the folk songs learned at home, the songs from the latest movies, and innumerable army songs of which Blow for Blow, The Bullet Fears the Brave, and The Bayonet Evades are typical titles.

On leave, the Red Army man doesn't burn up the town. There isn't much night life in Russia these days. But he goes to the movies and sees stage shows put on by the numerous companies of actors, singers, and dancers who tour the country to entertain him. He has always been encouraged to read and study. Before the war there were more than 25,000,000 books in army libraries. He still takes his reading seriously. Two of his favorite authors are Jack London and Mark Twain. He also likes the radio and plays chess, which is virtually a national game.

Today the Russian is interested in but one thing: winning the war. He is out to destroy the Nazi power for all time. He knows his cause is just. He has been honored by Hitler's foulest vituperation. He feels that the whole anti-Fascist world is with him in a grim, desperate war for survival, a war for the liberation of the vast areas of his country overrun by the Germans. He fights for his people, his land, and for the Soviet way of life in which he believes as passionately as any American believes in our way of life.

He doesn't want to die; but he will go on fighting and dying, for he fights for the future of his country and for a world without war. It is for all these reasons that the Russian has demonstrated a heroism and tenacity that have amazed the world. He is fighting for keeps.

THE END

Answers to Guess Who Said It!
on Page 52

1. Harpo Marx.
2. Genghis Khan.
3. Lord Byron.
4. Henry Ford.
5. Beethoven.
6. Joseph Conrad.
7. Karl Marx.
8. James M. Barrie.
9. Vilhjalmur Stefansson.
10. E. V. Lucas.

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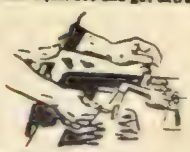
3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated above identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves



4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

ner now had an extra note of enthusiasm because of relief at mother's recovery.

"I won't say I don't like my beer and skittles," Miss Muller said, "even if they do raise the devil with my shape. Say we postpone it to a rainy day, mister. So long. I've really got to beat it. Don't worry about the missus. She'll be all right. Just keep her warm, and when you get home, peel her down to the hide and roll her in a couple of blankets. . . . So long, pretty boy." Then, with a thumping heart, I realized she was directing this exclusively to me with a dazzling look from her green eyes. "I'll keep the latchstring out."

She turned and ran toward the boardwalk, her shapely calves kicking up her short red skirt.

I could feel my father's eyes on my burning face, but he said nothing and turned to assist mother toward the bathhouses.

"Pretty boy," Louise gloated.

"Shut up," I said.

"You can't tell me to shut up," she said. "Can he, Henry?"

"I think," Henry said after a moment of deliberation, "that Miss Muller certainly has a come-hither look in her eye, and she mistakenly thinks Johnny is dry behind the ears."

"Cut it out," I managed, my mind in a turmoil.

WE got mother home without further incident and into bed, and the next morning she was as fit as ever, sitting on the porch swathed in shawls which my father added to as quickly as he could borrow them from the other ladies of the resort. Then we all ringed around and kept asking her what she wanted, as people will of a person who has just had an interesting and dangerous experience.

My father emerged from some minutes of knit-brow brooding. "I suppose," he said, "we ought to do something about Miss Muller. Maybe I should call on her, Sally? The Hatcher House." He shuddered.

Although there was nothing elegant about the Brown House, Mrs. Brown took pains, through an elaborate system of references, to see that her guests were invariably "genteel." While the Hatcher House, across the bay, sheltered all who came—generally a miscellany of families of small tradesmen, clerks, stenographers, and nurses on their two weeks' holiday, and sometimes actors, during the slack season. But from the laughter I could hear across the bay and from the running about on the lawns I could see, it occasionally occurred to me they might be having a better time than we were. There was, however, strictly no social intercourse between the two resorts.

"I wanted these things in a hurry, so I'm having the store deliver Junior."

"No, that would be too formal—think how kind she was," my mother said warmheartedly. "We must have her here to dinner. She's nice."

"I don't know about dinner," said my father. "Things like that can be so damned embarrassing for everybody."

"I'll write her a note inviting her for Saturday," mother said firmly. When she wanted her way she could, like many soft, pliant women, be awfully stubborn.

"All right," my father said. "I could mix up a few cocktails to make things easier."

"Oh, dear," mother said. "Well, if you don't let Mrs. Brown notice your breath."

Louise acted oddly again. "And Johnny can sail over to get her and take her back," she said, giving me an obscure look.

"Of course," I said with a heartiness I did not feel. I wanted to with all my heart, but I was in a complete funk.

"Smack, smack in the moonlight," Louise said rather pointlessly.

"What are you children talking about?" mother asked.

Saturday afternoon I sailed the Nahma across the bay, after vainly trying to get Henry or my father to go with me.

"No, Johnny," my father said. "You go along now. You must learn to do these things. It will be a good experience."

I was puzzled by the faint suggestion of a smile around his cigar, and went off none too happily.

BUT the moment I saw Lily Muller again my misgivings vanished. When the short bowsprit of the Nahma touched the dock, she was already waiting there, very charming in a white dress with a black velvet ribbon around her waist and another one around the crown of the big floppy hat she wore on the back of her head. Her dark red hair was more neatly arranged than when I had first seen her, and I was relieved to notice that the neckline of her frock was considerably higher.

"Thought I'd save you the trip up to the house," she said as I handed her down into the cockpit. "We've got a couple of ham actors who're full of practical jokes, and I don't know what would happen to those nice white duck pants of yours. You don't get around to the Villa Hatcher often, do you?"

"No, this is the first time," I said honestly and a little uncomfortably.

She gave me a shrewd, amused look. "I'd heard about that. I'd heard the Grand Hotel de Brown was the Tiffany of boardinghouses on Tiana."

"It's pretty simple," I said.

"Oh, sure, but you are the local 'quality.' The Hatcher folks told me

not to go. They said I'd be snooted. But I said what the heck! That sort of thing used to worry me when I was a country gal trying to lick the big city. But now I've seen too many people—inside and out—and I take 'em as they come. They don't floor me, and I get along."

"I should think so," I said.

She looked at me sharply as if to see if I was being just a fresh kid. Then she saw it was nothing but clumsy enthusiasm, as it was, and she laughed.

"You're all right," she said. "I like you. You say whatever comes into your head, don't you?"

"Well, if I do, it isn't what my father taught me."

We both had a laugh over that, I feeling a little disloyal to my father. But this was quickly dissolved in the long, candid look Lily now gave me from her dark green eyes. I was a good deal stirred. For if I recognized in her one of what my father called "damned peculiar people," I was beginning to be aware of their attractions. They seemed to be people who were too busy living to spare time for the mere acquiring of polish. At the moment that looked like a good thing.

So I was not entirely surprised to hear myself saying without the least embarrassment, "I like you, too."

"That's the old kid," Lily said with an appreciative smile, putting her hand on my tiller arm. "No, I won't say kid. You're a regular man."

With a profound thrill, I felt so. And I'll always be grateful to Lily Muller for establishing my status in a single moment that summer's day.

I HAVEN'T any clear recollection of the dinner party except how anxious I was that it go off all right for Lily's sake. I believe it did, largely because her infectious good nature could really reach any one; and after two or three Martinis, my father permitted himself to be reached even to the extent of giving Mrs. Brown the benefit of his breath as he passed her in the dining room and absorbing several of Lily's friendly claps on his back without visible shock. Mother, not understanding half of Lily's slang or worldly generalizations, was charmed, and Henry, always scientific, regarded her politely as some interesting new specimen. Only Louise pretended to resist, just to be devilish. Louise at that time was easily the most complicated member of the family.

"Good night, Miss Muller," my father said as she was getting ready to leave. "I must say again how grateful we all are for—"

"Oh, go on," Lily said heartily. "Don't let's stand on ceremony. The heck with this Miss Muller stuff. I'm your old pal Lily."

My father laughed uneasily. "Of course," he said.

"Good night, Lily," mother said. "You must come soon again."

Henry mumbled something.

"Good night, Miss Muller," Louise said distinctly.

Kicking Louise's shin under cover of the dark, I led Lily down to the boat.

A half hour later we shook hands solemnly not far from the front door of the Hatcher House, after I had exacted a promise from her to go on a sailing picnic three days later. I remember there was a crescent moon scything the ruffled bosom of the bay, and there was the good strong smell of seaweed at night, and the frogs were croaking beautifully in the marshes. It was at this moment that Lily kissed me on the cheek. Stunned with shock and happiness, I did not recover until I heard a gurgling laugh from the shadows near the house and a screen door slam. Then I walked slowly down to the dock, softly rubbing my cheek.

Exactly how I was going to manage the picnic sail with Lily was a good deal of a problem. The Nahma was a family boat and was almost constantly in demand. Nor had I any thoughts of a communal sail. My plans were wholly innocent, but I knew one thing—I must have Lily alone to tell her a few of the many matters that seemed to have been penned up inside me for years, and which I felt only she would understand. It was possible, of course, that a special plea to my father might have got me the exclusive use of the boat for half a day. But that might have caused all sorts of difficulties, including Louise's inevitable remarks. Finally I had the one necessary inspiration: Why not my pirate cruiser, my stationary yacht, the ancient wreck beached on the shore a mile beyond the Brown House which had served as my playground for years? A vessel did not have to move in order to have a picnic on it.

"What's a good excuse for being A. W. O. L.?"

The adventurous nature of the idea, the romance of it, and its slight suggestion of iniquity (which I could sense but not analyze) left me trembling. But I was determined to see it through and immediately set into motion the somewhat deceitful arrangements the plan required. First I had to inform Lily, and that meant making use of the Browns' telephone when no one was around. This involved several hours of waiting inconspicuously near the sitting-room door with the usual risk of arousing the suspicions of the alert Louise. But I finally got my chance.

Fortunately Lily was in, and I breathlessly poured out my plans to her.

"YOU mean a rendezvous, you bad boy," she said.

"Yes, that's it," I said, with only a general idea of what a rendezvous was. "Listen, Miss Mull—listen, Lily. All you have to do is to walk around the north end of the bay, just keep going, and you'll finally come to the boat."

"But what about my poor dogs? I haven't walked in years."

I guessed at what "dogs" meant, and said, "It's only about two miles. You can't miss it. It has a ladder up the mast and the hull is stove in."

"I'm glad it has a stove. So cozy."

"No," I said. "A hole in the side. But that reminds me. I don't think I can bring any food. It would be a little dangerous. I mean, I wonder if you—"

Her pleasant full laugh came over the wire. "I see," she said. "You haven't anything but the habit."

"I'm—awfully sorry," I stammered, "but of course I'll pay for whatever—"

"Don't be a little idiot," she said heartily. "I'll be there with the groceries."

"Thanks ever so much," I said, and dropped the receiver in a sweat.

It must have been two hours after I had reached the half-sunken little cabin sloop before Lily arrived. First I stood on the deck and then I climbed up the mast until, thinking I might be seen, I went down into the cabin and curled up on a bunk on cushions I had pilfered from Mrs. Brown's porch.

Then suddenly she was there, shouting down from the top of the hatch and filling the cabin with her lovely, warm, heady presence. Her cheeks and eyes were glowing from her walk and her hair blew around

her head and neck like a red flag in the wind. She had on a sailor blouse and the shortest skirt I had seen up to date.

My heart pounded so hard I thought it would burst through my ribs, and I knew at once that we had suddenly gotten beyond all the little penned-up things I had wanted to say; I wanted to say the big thing. I wanted to say, "I love you." But I couldn't. I couldn't speak.

"Ship ahoy, Johnny," she was saying. "Lord, how my dogs bark!"

Looking back now, I believe it was partly because of her incredible vulgarity that I loved Lily so much. She was entirely different from anything I had ever known, for if my family were neither elegant nor rich, they were nice. Awfully nice. Lily showed me there were other tastes, vigorous, vital, and worthwhile.

"Hi, sailor, take this basket," she said. "I'm going to give my tootsies a breather."

In a trance, I took it and, breathless, I watched Lily sit down at the top of the hatch ladder and remove her shoes and stockings. There was nothing coy nor deliberatively provocative about this, after all, simple act, but I was in a state. I had never seen a woman's bare feet before. They seemed to me unbelievably beautiful and precious.

"THAT'S better," she said, coming down the ladder and sitting beside me. "What a hike! I wouldn't have done that for any one but you, kiddo." She gave my shoulder a little hug, and I had a new aromatic experience of womanliness and cleanliness. "Lord, I'm famished. There's hard-boiled hen fruit and minnow sandwiches in that basket. And a couple of bottles of beer to put hair on your chest. Aren't you hungry, Johnny?"

"Oh, yes," I said. I couldn't have swallowed a thing to save my life. But I had found my tongue and I hurried to use it before the power should leave me again.

"Lily," I said, "I love you." I was almost suffocated by my heart, but I had got it out.

She did not laugh. She just looked at me for a long time with the kindest expression in her eyes, and they seemed a little sad, too. I've since understood that being loved, as well as being in love, can be sad.

"You poor kid," she said. "You sweet kid."

Then she pulled my head down on her lap and kissed my lips.

"How old are you, Johnny?" she asked.

"Going on seventeen."

"Well, let me tell you something. You're going to be a great, fine man. You'll see many lovely ladies in your time, and my guess is that the loveliest will be the one you'll get. You're going to be a fine, educated man with everything in the world you want—if you'll just do as your daddy says. He knows. With half an eye, you can see that man knows. Even Lily Muller can see—and she has no education, no background, nothing—"

"I don't want everything in the world," I protested strongly. "You're good. You're beautiful."

"Oh, don't think I'm running myself down. For all the bringing-up your father can give you—"

She stopped suddenly and kissed me again, and I did not want anything except to be right there.

"What the heck!" she said thoughtfully. "I'd hate for you to learn about women from just any one."

I RETURNED to the Brown House in a state bordering on holiness, combined with a certain ignoble sense of triumph which worried me a little, although I have learned since that this is a common failing even when men are most deeply in love. As I was. And my only thought was how to make this attachment more permanent. It was clearly all made in heaven, although I was a little surprised none of my family seemed to notice the difference in me.

Realizing I had been luckier in arranging the first rendezvous than I was likely to be again, I decided on bolder measures and, after a lapse of a few days, in which I suffered hideous tortures of separation, I asked my father if I might not have the boat for the afternoon.

"I don't know why not," he said. "What for?"

I told him, and he looked at me thoughtfully for some moments before speaking. "It takes all kinds," he began. "Oh, blazes, go ahead! She saved your mother's life, didn't she? Besides, a boy's got to grow up sometime."

It was to be some years before I could interpret the slight smile which again appeared around his cigar, but I was too happy at that moment to be very much concerned.

Lily and I had an idyllic afternoon on the bay despite the fact a strong southwest breeze forced me to give a good deal of attention to the sheet and tiller, and Lily squealed quite a lot at the waves which occasionally sloshed over the bows. Still, it was nice to feel the solid warmth of her body as she sat close to me on the windward side, although it was true she did not seem to favor too much my putting my arm around her.

"Now, Johnny," she said, "you've got your hands full enough with all this wind."

"Wind," I said. "This is nothing. You ought to see—"

"This is all I want to see. I'm scared. And you just better tend to your boat."

Lily was not a very good sailor, but what concerned me more was that she acted as if there was nothing in particular between us. After some thought, I decided this was one of the mysterious delicacies of women, and I found reason to love her more for it. So I respected the silence into which she fell, which lasted until we returned to the Hatcher House dock.

"Penny for your thoughts," I said with some anxiety as we walked up the boards.

"I'm wet through to the hide and it's darned uncomfortable," she said shortly. "Those are my thoughts and you can keep the change."

"Lily, you're not mad at anything?"

"Of course not."

RELIEVED, I felt that the protection of a weeping willow at the edge of the Hatcher lawn was a good place for a kiss.

She gently pushed me away. "Not here, you silly boy. Some one might see."

"All right," I said, faintly hurt. "Will you go for a sail on Monday? I think I could get the boat."

Lily seemed to be thinking of something else. "Monday? No, I can't Monday."

"Tuesday, then."

"No, not Tuesday, Johnny."

There was a new uneasy feeling at the bottom of my stomach. "Why not?" I said.

She laughed a little and patted my cheek. "Too many questions killed puss. Lily has a date."

The feeling now gripped my entire stomach. "Well, when will you come?" I said, controlling my voice with an effort.

FOOTNOTES

Embarrassment.

I guess I did not control it very well, for Lily suddenly put a hand on my shoulder and looked kindly into my face. "Johnny, be good," she said. "Lily has to have dates. This is Lily's vacation, and she is a very popular gal."

"You mean, after all—"

"After all what? Johnny, don't be a goose. If Lily was good to you—I'll see you before I go back to town. There!"

She planted a swift kiss on my cheek, turned and ran up the lawn, the full-throated laugh floating back. It was a gay and unmalicious laugh, but it cut deeply.

After a while I found myself in the Nahma halfway across the bay, the sail flapping idly in stays. That's where my mind was too—in stays. I put the tiller over and tried to work some purpose into the sail. I tried to do the same thing with my mind, but it was hard going. I was hurt and shocked and bewildered, and I am sure it was more my idealism than my vanity which was affected.

HOW was it possible, a few short days after our beautiful understanding, for Lily to talk of other dates? Perhaps, I thought bitterly, it had not been a beautiful thing. No, I would never believe that. I threw that out utterly. And although at that time I could not understand the robust and generous philosophy of Lily, I was still as resolutely in love with her as ever.

The only thing that supported me through the misery of the next few days was the thought that nothing short of some violent action, preferably self-inflicted, could possibly alleviate the state I was in. I don't quite understand how I escaped it.

It was fast approaching Labor Day, when our holiday would be over, but despite several furtive and futile telephone calls, two unanswered letters, and some wishful maneuvering of the Nahma near the Hatcher House dock, I was unable to see Lily.

Of course it was impossible completely to conceal my low spirits, and my family dispensed comfort each in his own way.

"When are you going to bring that nice Miss Muller over to see me again?" mother asked.

"I'm pretty busy," I said.

"I like her," mother said loyally.

"Quit your mooning," Henry advised me. "There's lots more fish in the pond."

"Mind your own business," I said.

Louise occasionally gave me an understanding and most exasperating smile over her copy of The Green Hat.

"I got to erase the week in advance I wrote in my diary, the double-crosser!"

One evening after dinner my father took me for a walk down to the boathouse.

"Johnny," he said, "there's been something on my mind I've wanted to tell you."

I knew he was embarrassed by the way he started to offer me a cigar.

"I don't know whether I've mentioned it to you before," he said, "but it takes all kinds of people to make up the world—some of them damned peculiar."

"Yes, sir," I said. "You have."

"Well, roughly, you can divide them into two classes—your kind and the other kind."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Not that I have anything against the other kind, understand that."

"Yes, sir," I said. I had heard all this before, but it was different now, because I wasn't sure I believed it any more.

"Well, what I wanted to say was—" He cleared his throat artificially. "I mean to say, occasionally you meet people, and have quite a good time with them, too, but it's just that. Nothing more. After all, a man's a man, and there are certain things it isn't necessary for your mother or sister to understand. Should not understand, as a matter of fact. You see what—"

My father sounded uncomfortable, and so was I. More than that, for the first time in my life I felt something of resentment toward him.

"Now let's go back," he said. "We might have a few rubbers of bridge before turning in. But I'm sure you understand what I mean."

"I'd rather not discuss it," I said in a shaking voice.

"What's that? Oh, well, you'll come to see these things." He added, in a more contrite voice, "I'm sorry if I've said anything—"

"Please, dad," I said.

Once I saw her at the pavilion on the beach, eating a banana split, and my heart raced at this lovely sight. But then I noticed the man at her side, with the same sort of dish in front of him and laughing loudly between spoonfuls, and it seemed to me the most unlovely sight in the world. He was red-faced and inclined to fat and wore one of those shirts with a deep flaring collar that used to be known as "sport shirts." And he must have been thirty-five if he was a day.

With a knot so large and hard in my throat that it hurt, I turned and made for the boardwalk.

"Johnny, where are you going?" my father asked.

I did not answer and I did not stop running until I had reached the cockpit of the Nahma and the shelter of the loosely furled sail. And there, I'll admit, I had the last long, hard cry of my life.

THE END

20,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG

Continued from Page 19

And Mother Moran gathered her family around her, turned on the radio and lo! there was Women in White.

"Here today and here tomorrow" would be a good slogan for the suds charades. Lonely Women go on being lonely every weekday but Saturday and every week in the year. Usually Irna writes her characters out of the script when they need vacations or fall ill, but some of her actresses have come to the studio accompanied by their obstetricians and struggled through their broadcast before going to the lying-in hospital.

Irna elaborately plots her yarns a year ahead, and then pays very little attention to this plot afterward. "I let the characters make up the story," she says. "What happens to them then is as plotless as life—but just as full of incidents and surprises."

When asked why she didn't write the story of a good wholesome American family that wasn't always having disappointments and troubles, she replied, "Name two!"

YOU might think, if you followed Irna's stories, that she herself was beaten and bitter. On the contrary, no one could be gayer or have a better time, and when you consider the amount of work she does you are flabbergasted by all the leisure she apparently has. She never works nights, seldom works afternoons, is ready at any time for a frolic, never misses a party, and when tripping was possible cruised the Caribbean at frequent intervals.

The advertising agency of Blackett-Sample, Hummert, wholesale trafficker in daytime serials—they produce or supervise eighteen of them—have evolved what they call the "base-line" formula of audience appeal. Ma Perkins, for example, is "the triumph of the golden rule"; Houseboat Hannah, "the valiant struggle against poverty"; Lone Journey, "the ceaseless battle of idealists in a so-called practical world"; Helen Trent, "Can a woman have romance after thirty-five?"

When you ask them what is the base line for Irna Phillips, they confess to some confusion. One faithful follower thinks he has worked out the major Phillips theme: "A woman falls in love with a man—the man worries the hell out of her—the more he worries her, the more she falls in love with him, and she continues miserable for years. If you can make him a married man who is lovable but weak—who won't get a divorce and won't let her forget him—that's the mother lode in Irna's gold mine."

But Irna disagrees. "It's compensation," says Irna. "If you're up today, you'll be down tomorrow. If you do wrong, you can't win; the goblins will get you—maybe not this year, but next."

She flouts the contrived happy endings and neat pay-offs of Hollywood. As in life, her story doesn't end when Boy gets Girl. It goes right on. Girl gets Baby, Baby gets Mumps. Boy gets Raise, also gets cocky; Girl gets sore. Boy gets Another Girl, Girl gets Lawyer, and so on. They become divorced, go separate ways, develop twice as much plot—or they become reconciled, get along until . . . But that is next year's story!

Because Irna spent a great deal of time in hospitals, she dramatized her

doctor and nurses in Women in White—for more than four years always first or second in top audience rating. She was first in her field to recognize the wealth of story material that revolves around the doctor, the nurse, the minister. In her Guiding Light serial, the minister, Dr. Rutledge, hauls off every so often and spends the show period giving a sermon. When these sermons were published in book form, 290,000 copies were sold just like that! This was the show in which organ music was first used as an integral part of the technique—supplying "bridges" to denote lapse of time, curtains for second-act endings, and background "thought music." Irna also introduced "mood music." Her organist, Bernice Yanacek, has a Hammond organ in her apartment—takes home twenty-five new scripts every week and "moods" them.

Irna also developed the provocative "tease" to new heights. It foreshadows future story twists and keeps the audience "cliff-hanging" from day to day and from Friday to Monday. At the end of the opening script of Lonely Women, a telephone rings; the audience knows Judith is waiting for a call. Who is calling? Why? But here is where Irna's craftsmanship comes in. By the end of the week Judith still hasn't answered the phone.

"Most writers use up too much material," says Irna. "You can tell a radio audience only one thing in a fifteen-minute show." Legend has it that in one of her shows the principal character was mentioned only once in three weeks.

Each of Irna's scripts is dictated at a sitting. Work starts at eight every morning. Irna closes her eyes and dictates straight through, imitating all the characters and acting out all the emotions. It takes her no longer to write the sketch than it takes you to listen to it. Once dictated, she never looks at it again, but she tunes in her shows through the day and critically checks up on them.

All by herself Irna wrote three daily shows and a half-hour show weekly for several years before she hired helpers. Now, with five daily shows, she has three assistant writers who block in dialogue after she has laid down the story line.

She prefers writing two or three stories, switching from one to another—"Keeps me from getting stale." She remembers all the characters and all the plot twists and will plant the beginnings of episodes that won't start developing until a year or two later. Occasionally an actor or actress playing an indispensable character must be replaced. The listeners detect the change no matter how skillfully the new actor imitates the old. They protest by the thousands but, curiously enough, the show seldom loses any of its following. It is infinitely more risky to change the hour of the show, for audiences develop listening habits.

SOAP opera is the modern folk tale, pure Americana, waiting for its discovery by those tardy highbrows who "discovered" Chaplin and Disney after the mob had been enjoying them for years. And it has grown into a huge industry because it sells mountains of goods for the advertisers who shovel out the millions that support it. In reply to one teaser announcement 900,000 dimes and box tops poured in overnight.

Scheherazade was the Irna Phillips of her day. Irna has more than one Sultan to please: She has sponsors, advertising agencies, radio executives, censors. But the real arbiters of her fate, those who have made her probably the highest-paid writer in the country, are the 20,000,000 women who tune her into their homes five times a day.

THE END

He stood looking down at her while astonishment gave way to comprehension, and then again came surprise. For he knew that she lied. And yet, truth was in every line of her as she strove for the man she loved. His information placed St. John in Francis Street since late afternoon, and it was hardly possible that a marriage had taken place since his arrival there. She thought that by claiming him as her husband now she could save him from arrest, so long as it rested on the chivalry of a rival, and she had won. There was no doubt now in David's mind that she was not for him, and his one desire was suddenly to get away quickly, back to the war, back to battle and sudden death.

"It would certainly weigh heavy on my conscience," he admitted wryly, "that I had made you a widow before you were wife. Very well, Regina, I leave you your bridegroom. Do you want my blessing as well?"

"Oh, David, I am grateful to you! You promise you'll go straight back to the ship and say nothing?"

"Well, how would I look, rushing back to Simcoe now and saying, 'The lady you so kindly allowed me to risk my neck to see has married another man. Come and arrest him!'"

"I'm—so sorry," she said limply.

"I began the war in a green coat," he said, standing rather stiffly before her, "and I shall see it out in one. Even for you, I don't fancy myself as a deserter." A moment more he stood, filling his eyes with her beauty. "I find I wish you happiness in spite of myself," he said ruefully. "God bless you, Regina."

And he was gone, with his heartbreak, down the road to Jamestown at a gallop.

BIT by bit, when he was not too tired to talk, they pieced together St. John's story. He had managed to reach Hillsborough, where Gates had set up headquarters. Bad as his leg wound was, he had preferred trying to make the hazardous journey home to risking the care he would have received in the overcrowded hospital. So he had applied for discharge. He had got nearly as far as the Virginia line when he had collapsed outside a farmhouse. They took him in and nursed him through weeks of fever and dysentery, and it was early in December before he could go on his way again.

As soon as St. John was well enough, he sent for Tibby and told her the story of Camden. She listened silently, without tears. When he had finished—

"I don't think he's dead," said Tibby.

"I hope you're right," he sighed "But why don't you?"

Tibby turned her eyes out the window to the winter sunshine.

"I just don't *feel* as though he's dead," she said.

"The sun goes on shining, child, no matter who dies."

"Not in my heart," she told him, and laid one small brown hand on her breast. "If he couldn't ever come back, things would feel emptier. He's some place—he's alive—or I'd know."

"Sometimes I wish you didn't love him quite so much," St. John said very gently.

"He won't know," she said, as though that excused it.

"Well, he ought to know!" St. John cried impatiently. "He ought to be able to see for himself!" And then he remembered Dorothea and fell silent.

"He never sees. He doesn't even know about your sister," said Tibby, and he stared at her.

"Heaven above, Tibby, do you know *everything*? Are people made of glass, to you? I suppose you must

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FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

WHAMBITION: What every prizefighter must have to win.

EVICTORY: Total success for us in the Pacific.

AX-RAY: Something used to look through an egg to see if the hen is going to hatchet.

SEA-ESTA: A sleep in the deep.

KIN-ETIQUETTE: A state in which one behaves properly toward one's relatives.

NAUGHTZI: A German general who amounts to nothing.

OPPRONENT: Your adversary when he is floorizontal.

HELLOCUTIONIST: A telephone operator.

BROOMATISM: Pain sweeping down your leg.

DADPOLE: A papa polliwog.

know, too, that he loves Regina."

"Oh, well," said Tibby apologetically. "She's so beautiful. Miss Dorothea is beautiful too, so it doesn't seem right. But I don't think he's ever realized how beautiful she is. Perhaps he will when he comes back and finds Miss Regina married to you."

"And are you resigned to that, Tibby?"

"Miss Dorothea wouldn't mind if I see him sometimes. So it wouldn't be very different than it always has been." But her eyes filled as she said it.

When she had gone, he sat a long time with his pipe, turning things over in his mind. In spite of himself, he was somehow surer than he had been that Julian would come back. And then what?

AS spring came on, it was very evident that the British intended to finish the war in Virginia, and that Washington meant to eliminate Arnold from his Portsmouth stronghold. General Phillips arrived at Portsmouth from New York with reinforcements for Arnold. And early in April Lafayette began his southward march against Phillips, who had superseded Arnold in command. Almost simultaneously Cornwallis left Wilmington with a recuperated force to join Phillips, while Greene and Marion were again occupied with Rawdon in the disputed Loyalist district round about Camden. On the eighteenth the drums beat on the Neck again as Phillips suddenly moved up the river; but he abandoned the north bank in an effort to take Richmond before Lafayette could get there.

But he was delayed, and when he arrived at Manchester, opposite Richmond, he found that Lafayette had entered the capital by a forced march the day before. Which left Phillips without much to do but burn Manchester and fall back on Petersburg to await Cornwallis and the southern army.

WILLIAMSBURG was always delectable in May, and Tibby felt a lift to her heart which no amount of alarums and anxiety and grief could quite still. Her mother had died early in April and Tibby had taken over the laundry, which brought in enough money to keep the little household running, while Kit did such odd jobs as slave labor left to him, and received in payment bits of food or some garden seed or a nearly worthless piece of paper money from people who mostly just wanted to be kind. Mawes did a day's fishing or carpentry now and then, and drank the proceeds.

She had not known how to tell St. John the half of her belief in Julian's safety. What had begun as a pathetic sort of game, played to stave off desolation after his departure, had now become an article of faith. For years she had never walked down the Duke of Gloucester Street without the hope of meeting him. And now out of her need she contrived the comforting pretense of living each day as though he were just around the next corner. It brought him nearer, it kept him safer, if she never, for a single twenty-four hours, acknowledged to herself he was not there. If she loved him *enough*—

ON a warm afternoon in May she went scuffing through the dust of the Duke of Gloucester Street with a basket on her arm, returning from the delivery of some laundry. As she passed the Raleigh, Mr. Wetherburn looked round from a conversation with a couple of friends at the hitching bar and shouted at her in his genial way, "Hey, you with the basket! What's your name?"

She smiled back with her usual self-possession, for all three of them were known to her and had teased her ever since she could remember.

"I'm Tibby Mawes," she said gaily. "It's 'bout time you learned that, isn't it?"

"You are, are you?" said Wetherburn with affection, and winked at his cronies. "Well, suppose I was to have a letter come addressed to Mistress Tabitha Mawes, would you know who it was meant for?"

"A letter?" she said, rooted.

"Sure as you're a foot high. From Richmond. It's right on that table inside the door."

She went into the tavern and found the letter—addressed in the fine, ornate hand of the schoolmaster. The world was rocking round her as she carried it out again and blindly passed the grinning group at the hitching bar and arrived breathless at the churchyard, where she could be alone.

She set the basket on a table tomb just inside the gate and broke the seal of Julian's letter with fingers that shook.

Dear Tibby [it began]:

This is the first time I have had an opportunity to send off a letter which had any hope of reaching you, and I'm not sure about this one, but a post bag is leaving and I must try to let you know that I'm not lost entirely. You were very nearly rid of me forever after Camden, Tibby, but thanks to General Marion I am alive to tell the tale, which I shall do at pitiless length when next I see you. But I wasn't much good to him after he'd gone to all that trouble, so he passed me on to General Greene, under whose wing I witnessed the battle of Guilford Courthouse last March. But General Greene didn't have much use for me either, if you can believe such

a thing, and he sent me to General Lafayette, who was then coming down t ward Richmond. The Marquis is short of aides and secretaries, so it looks as th ugh he might be able to bear with me till he can get something better.

We have gone into a sort of headquarters at Wilton, which is a plantation a few miles outside of Richmond. This is no military secret. Cornwallis knows all, I assure you, and will soon be in our midst, and I trust most cordially received. The idea now is to amuse him and await reinforcements. We have got so we can do that in our sleep.

Sweetheart, I have saved the worst till the last. But I don't see how I can dodge telling you that I saw your St. John at Camden, and since then I haven't been able to find out what became of him. Perhaps you know by now, and I pray that you do, and that he is safe. I shall send a letter to Francis Street in this same post bag. I wish I could add something for your comfort—and my own. Try not to hate poor Regina out of love for him—they were made for each other, and in her heart she knows it.

Believe me, Tibby, always your devoted servant, JULIAN DAY.

WHEN she had read it ravenously for the third time some of its less obvious implications began to penetrate the roseate haze which enveloped the churchyard. What, in fact, was all this about Mr. Sprague? She read it again, and it failed again to make any sense whatever.

Tibby straightened her hat, picked up her basket, and set out for Francis Street.

She found St. John alone in the drawing room, and saw by his face as soon as she entered that the other letter from Julian had arrived.

"You've heard from Mr. Day," she said, and her eyes were radiant, for his smile confirmed her own boundless relief and joy.

"Yes, thank God! Dorothea and Aunt Anabel are upstairs crying over the letter."

Tibby stood in front of him, her letter clasped to her bosom, looking puzzled and embarrassed.

"Mr. Sprague—please may I speak to you about a very private matter?"

"Why, yes, Tibby; anything you like, of course."

"One time, when I was here, you sort of took me by surprise and I—told you how I love him."

"Yes, my dear, but I'd known that for some time."

"Have you ever spoken of it to him?"

"Why, no—not really. Why do you ask that?"

"He—he seems to think it's you!" she blurted, and grew pink before his astonishment.

"But that's ridiculous!" cried St. John, and then was a little hurt at her prompt agreement; because, after all, at least before he had got a game leg—

But Tibby unfolded the letter and read aloud to him very fast the paragraph which ended with the injunction not to hate Regina. "There, you see?" she added. "Now, why should he think I mind what you do?"

"Certainly, why indeed!" said St. John, with just a trace of bitterness. "It's perfectly plain you'd boil my head to make soup for his supper any day! The man's a fool. Why do we put up with him, Tibby? Why do you *bother* with such half-wittedness? Shall I write down a piece of my mind and send it to him?"

"There's no way to reach him," she said absently, for something else had occurred to her. "I remember, now—the night he left here, down by the Landing. Even that night he must have thought it was you. Because if he hadn't—" She stopped, and folded up the letter again in fingers which were quite steady now. If he hadn't thought she suffered from the same malady as his own he would never have leaned against her there on the bridge for mutual comfort. It was his belief that her need of St. John matched his for Regina in hopelessness that had brought him into her arms. She smiled into St. John's troubled face.

"Oh, well," she said, "it wouldn't matter anyway, if he knew the rights of it. I don't mind, if you don't."

"I was going to try to get a letter through to him somehow—just to say that I'm still here and all that."

"Well, I'd rather you didn't say anything to him about this," said Tibby. "It wouldn't do for him to know I'd been to you with his letter."

"He wouldn't have to know. I could just—"

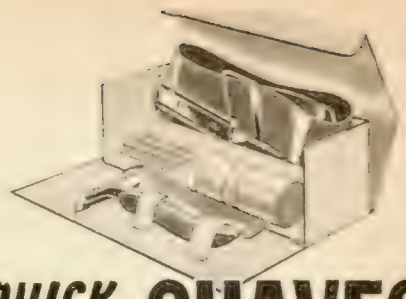
"I'd rather you didn't," she said again, and the door opened before a radiant Dorothea.

Tibby beheld the other girl's translucent happiness with an almost maternal smile, and said yes, it was wonderful news, and she must go now because it was nearly time to get Kit's supper.

THERE was a little silence in the drawing room in Francis Street when Tibby had gone, and then Dorothea said, "Sinjie, has it ever occurred to you that Tibby might be in love with Julian when she grows up?"

"Well, yes, it would be only natural," he admitted doubtfully; but Dorothea never needed to see his face clearly to read his mind.

"It's happened already," she said, and caught her breath. "Why, of course—I might have known—she *is* in love with him!"



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Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose sleep, restful sleep.

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"Well, even if she is, he hasn't an idea."

"How old is Tibby now?" she asked slowly, and he sighed.

"Tibby is sixteen. I seem to be the only one who can see it."

"Yes—sixteen—of course she is," repeated Dorothea, smitten with revelation at last. "And she belongs to him. She always has. She owes everything to him, and he's always been all wrapped up in her. Some day very soon he is going to realize that."

"Dorothea, you're borrowing trouble, child. We don't know yet how things will work out. On the last reports it was Regina he was in love with, don't forget!"

"Yes—but then, everybody is." She smiled bravely. "Sinjie, when are you and Regina going to be married?"

"When the war is over."

"But she's ready now."

"When the war is over, I said," he repeated firmly. "When I'm sure of keeping all my arms and legs. Not before."

She saw that his mind was made up, and not even Regina could change it then. And soon she slipped away to her room upstairs and sat by the window while the sun went down. I must learn to do without Julian, she told herself quite steadily, shedding no more tears. I must begin now—today. I must learn to stop wishing and hoping. I will learn not to think about him.

JULIAN, when he had arrived to join Lafayette's official family, was still wearing the disgraceful remnants of the British coat and breeches in which he had left Snow's Island, and had to be clothed by donation from the staff. Only the marquis himself had legs long enough to provide him with breeches, but a spare coat and waistcoat, linen, boots, and even a queue ribbon that was not all frayed were requisitioned from the family, and Julian stood at last in respectable Continental blue and buff. They even found him a sword, and when his captain's commission came through to match the epaulets on the coat, he felt that now he was really a soldier. The aide's green ribbon slanting across his breast, fastened in place by Lafayette himself, crowned his satisfaction.

"And now," said Lafayette, banging him on the shoulder with affection, "we shall win the war!"

But for a time their concern was to keep out of Cornwallis' reach till Wayne could join them with his Pennsylvanians. With further reinforcements from New York, Cornwallis now had about 7,000 men, outnumbering Lafayette more than three to one.

In order to prevent himself from being cut off from Wayne or from his stores, which he had moved upriver from Richmond to the Point of Fork Camp, Lafayette kept falling back in a more or less parallel line to the north and west of Cornwallis' advance, destroying bridges and felling trees across the roads. The old cat-and-mouse game which Cornwallis had played through the Carolinas had begun again, with Lafayette as the American quarry. And while the marquis maneuvered with great skill from river to river, the British burned warehouses and took prisoners almost at will.

Then, as before, there came a point where Cornwallis must abandon the chase and become the pursued, as he in turn fell back toward his coastal communications and supplies, with an eye on Williamsburg as headquarters. Augmented now by Wayne and the German General Steuben to the total of 2,000 regulars, not including militia and a rather informal cavalry corps of Virginians riding their own blood mounts, Lafayette followed warily across the Chickahominy and down the Neck, never coming near enough for a battle, never quite losing touch.

WILLIAMSBURG sat there in the glory of its June heat and roses, and watched Cornwallis approach, remembering the shelling of Norfolk and the hangings at Charleston, and the fires at Richmond and Manchester. Those who could began to send their womenfolk out of the town.

After some hesitation, Regina's father decided that his wife and daughters would be safer at the Greensleeves plantation than in the British army's path. St. John had gone north again, and Mrs. Greensleeves persuaded Aunt Anabel and Dorothea to come with them.

On the twenty-seventh, with the spectacular scarlet column marching on the town from the north like conquerors, while a fishing boat waited at Yorktown to take the women up the river, Aunt Anabel sent Joshua with the coach to the Landing to collect Tibby and Kit Mawes, declaring she could never look Julian in the face again if she left them behind.

Tibby opened the door to Joshua, and stood silently while he explained that there was no time to lose, and she wasn't to bring any baggage; they were just to come in whatever they stood up in.

"I can't go," she said, when he had finished. "Kit's sick. He can't eat, and it hurts him to move. He couldn't stand a journey."

"Fever? Lemme look." Joshua bent his massive form to pass beneath the cabin lintel and stood

"—so help me God!"

above the bed. He laid a gentle black hand on Kit's head, while Kit looked back at him blankly, without recognition.

"We ate some berries yesterday—maybe they weren't good for us," Tibby said. "I feel kind of queer myself. He can't keep anything down."

"Could be fever," said Joshua. "Don't look like we can move him. Coach awful full. He was supposed to ride up on the box with me."

"You'll have to tell them I can't leave him," said Tibby. "And thank them very much for thinking of us. I was going to ask Dr. Graves to come and see him—"

"Dr. Graves done gone to the army. Don' know who you'd git now to doctor him."

"Then I'll have to pull him through myself," she said resolutely. "We'll be all right here. There's nothing the British want of us."

"Mebbe so," said Joshua unhappily. "Sure is too bad. Here—you take this." He fumbled in a secret pocket and brought out a hoarded piece of hard money and pressed it into her hand. "You take that, case food is hard to git."

"Thank you, Joshua—I'll pay it back sometime."

"Don't need worry about that. I won't never have no call for it, don't suppose." He stooped again under the low lintel and out into the sunshine. "Just you lie low," he said comfortingly. "Lafayette chase 'em out again—you wait. Lafayette at Tyre's Plantation now. Less'n twenty mile up the Neck, that is, beyond Spencer's. You wait."

KIT was calling for water as she turned back from the doorway. She laid the money on the table and went to the well to draw a fresh bucket. He held to her with hot dry hands and begged her not to leave him. She was still sitting beside the bed when Mawes erupted into the cabin, wild-eyed and sweating with terror. He had, as usual, been drinking.

"They're coming!" he cried. "They just keep on coming—bloody thousands of 'em! They'll be in the town tonight, or by morning!" He began bunglingly to gather together a few belongings into a bundle. "You know what Tarleton does? He pins you to your own door with a bayonet and burns the house down over your head! Gimme some food—whatever there is. I'm gettin' out of here!"

"There's cornbread on the dresser," she said tonelessly. "Kit's sick."

"Sick, eh! Been stealin' fruit again, no doubt! What's this?" He snatched up the coin from the table.

"Joshua left it for Kit. You can't take it—it's for Kit!" She flew at him as he pocketed the coin, but he flung her off and dumped the half loaf of cornbread into the bundle on top of a spare shirt and some tools.

"Now, listen, you. I've hid the horse down by the creek, where those willows are—you know the place. I'm goin' by water—three of us got a boat. But I want you to see to the horse, understand? Go down and tie him to a different tree each day, so he can graze. Don't let anybody see you go; leave it till dusk. Then the British won't find him, and when they're gone we'll have a horse but nobody else will. Don't forget him, now. I'll be back when they're gone."

He was off, at a shambling run, with his bundle.

DREARILY she got out the bag of meal and began to make up another loaf of bread. It was all the food there was in the house, and Kit couldn't keep it down. She would try to beg a little milk for him when the cows were driven in.

The British marched in the next morning, past the college, not with fire and sword after all, because Cornwallis needed the town, and there was no resistance. But they took possession very thoroughly and made themselves at home without consideration for the townsfolk.

As evening fell, there was a tramping of feet down the path outside the cabin, and a big sweating man in a red coat with yellow facings stepped without ceremony into the kitchen.

"Hulloa the house!" he bellowed. "Look sharp, now! Who's at home?" Receiving no reply, he stamped into the cabin, and came upon Tibby kneeling beside the bed where Kit tossed and moaned. She looked back at him, rigid with fear, but silent, her chin out. For a moment he stood staring at her, and then said, "Somebody sick, missy?"

"My brother."

"You all alone?"

"Yes, sir. What do you want?"

"Something to drink. Buckets of it."

"There's a well at the back. You can help yourself."

He leaned his bayoneted musket against the doorjamb and came to the bedside. Tibby shrank back protectively, covering Kit as best she could.

"Now, now, I won't hurt him," the soldier said brusquely. "Might be I'd know what to do." He turned back the sheet and felt Kit's body, forced open his black swollen mouth to look at his tongue, and shook his head. "It's bad," he said. "'Tain't

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just the fever. Did he eat rotten food?"

"I don't know. He may have got something."

"Tell you what, missy. I'd ask the apothecary for something if I was you."

"I haven't any money. And the doctor is gone. And I didn't dare go into the town for fear I mightn't get back."

"Because of us?" The soldier seemed hurt. "Bless you, we'd never harm a bit of a girl like you, minding her own business and that. Tell you what, missy. I've just finished me sentry-go and I've got an hour or so. You fetch me a nice drink of cold water, and I'll set here as a kind of hostage, you might say, and cool off, and you run along to the apothecary and tell him about your brother. Here's a penny; it's all I've got left. But he'll give you something for that if you tell him how it is."

Tibby accepted the penny with astonishment.

"You're very kind, sir."

"Oh, we ain't such a bad lot, us Fusiliers. I had a boy of me own once. Get along, now, but fetch me that water before you go. And if you have any trouble, look for these yellow facings, see—and tell 'em you're a friend of Phineas Jones."

"Thank you, sir."

But the apothecary's shop had been stripped of its remedies by the British quartermaster, and the clerk who sat among the ruins was unable to help her, though he was hysterically full of tales of the disasters wrought by the British on the town. The streets were full of sweating, swaggering redcoats, and hardly an inhabitant was in sight. She returned empty-handed, breathless from running, just at dusk, to find Phineas Jones dozing beside the bed and Kit in a stupor.

"HERE'S the penny back, sir." She held it out in a damp palm. "There was nothing left in the shop."

"Tsk-tsk," said the Fusilier, and rose and stretched himself. "Well, that's how it is. No, you keep it, missy. I'll have more coming to me soon. Might come in handy to you."

"That's—good of you, sir," she said forlornly, trying not to cry for sheer weariness and despair.

"Where's all your menfolks, missy? With the army?"

"I have a—a friend with Lafayette," she told him with a certain pride.

"Oh, my, my. That's bad, that is," said the Fusilier sympathetically. "Lafayette don't have a chance. You might as well make up your mind to that."

"Nothing has happened to him so far." Tibby's small chin stuck out.

"Oh, pshaw, missy, I could take him over my knee any day! You wait!"

"W-will there be a battle here?"

"Think likely. Hereabouts. Tell you what, missy. If you want that feller of yours to live to marry you, best you get him away from Lafayette any way you can, and the sooner the better. Just you take that as a friendly warning, so to speak, because I happen to feel kindly towards you. And now, good night, missy, and good luck to you," he added kindly, as he picked up his musket in the doorway.

The cabin was very still when he had left it, except for Kit's breathing, which had become loud and uneven. She sat beside him doggedly in the light of a single candle, bathing his wrists and temples, fighting panic and despair, brushing flies and mosquitoes from his flaming face—with the persistent, piercing sweetness of the tree frogs' song in her ears. She never heard them, now, that she did not remember that evening on the bridge above the Landing, and Julian Day leaning on the rail with his face against her shoulder and her cheek against his hair. It didn't matter any more why he had come to her, or that he believed her to be suffering too—it only mattered that once he had been there, in her arms, and nothing could ever take that away from her in a hundred years. . . .

About midnight Kit died, after a sort of spasm which left her faint and shaking as she tried to hold him. When he was gone, she knelt a long time beside the bed, dry-eyed and exhausted, her forehead against the coverlet. She tried to pray, and found that she was praying less to God, who was nebulous and far, than to Julian Day, who was as near as Lafayette. And then the tears came, and she wept hopelessly, not so much for the loss of her brother as from need of a man who might never love her as a woman, but whose presence in her sight was all that held the sun in the heavens.

AT last she was quiet, and heard the first sleepy bird notes before the summer dawn, while the obsession grew and grew that she must see him somehow—that if only she could tell him—Tell him what? That with her mother dead, and now Kit, she stood alone and in desperate need of his protection? He would take care of her, of course; but he was a man, and unmarried, and how would it look, now that she was almost grown up? If she had been Kit, it would be different. A man could adopt a boy without embarrassment. But it was Kit who had to die.

The candle had guttered down into a pool of wax and was sputtering and smoking feebly. She raised her head, trying to see out of eyes which were puffy from weeping and lack of sleep. Automatically she wet two fingers with her tongue and reached to snuff the candle. Her hand paused there in mid-air, short of its mission. She knelt, giddy and incredulous, staring at the chair beside the bed where Kit's clothes lay folded in a neat pile. . . .

She rose from her knees, and with quick hands, suddenly competent and steady, began to do the things she had to do.

The sun was not yet over the treetops when a figure which might have been Kit rose from kneeling beside a mound of freshly turned earth at the rear of the cabin, shouldered a small bundle, and turned away toward the bank of the creek where Crow's-meat was hidden. Behind her, without a backward look, she left Kit's body in the shallow grave she herself had scratched out with a pickax and fork. It wore a sheet for a shroud, and above it was a makeshift wooden cross into which she had burned her own name with a hot poker: *Tabitha Mawes.*

Can Tibby evade the British sentries and get to Julian? Can she make him believe she is Kit? Read next week's chapter and find out what happens to the daring girl.

WEATHER-STRIP TEASE

The O P A says, "Do not wait
To weather-strip and insulate."
But what they don't explain to me
Is who will do the carpentry.

The dandy handy men I know
Were all inducted long ago,
And now are weather-stripping for
Their fellow men en route to war,

Against whom I would not compete.
So if our house is short of heat,
We'll resurrect the union suit
And shawl and hug-me-tight to boot.

—MARGARET FISHBACK.

DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Speaking of rationing—how about commending the Senate for limiting itself to one Fish?

Fortunately for humanity, war isn't entirely destructive. On the contrary, ultimate proof that "necessity is the mother of invention," it creates technological treasure.

World War I, for example, was the real birthplace and proving ground of the airplane, and in the following two decades a new transportation system came into being. Far from halting development in that field, the present struggle is immeasurably extending it.

Today, cloaked by censorship but the data accumulating for peacetime use, a stream of great bombers wings over routes charted to all corners of the globe. Studding these routes are sea bases and interior airports which were jungles yesterday. The war over, thousands of converted bombers and tens of thousands of superbly trained personnel will comprise a world-wide system which would have caused derision in the blueprint stage five years ago.

The all but indestructible jeep is a mechanical offspring of mechanized warfare that is here to stay. Industry will find a legion of uses for it.

The automobile of tomorrow, streamlined by war techniques, will be built of lighter, stronger alloys, housed in plastics more durable than steel, powered by an airplane motor driven by gas of an octane rating known only to test tubes five years ago. Every short cut used in war production, each giant stride in metallurgy and chemistry and tooling will be clear profit.

History may show this war was won in the field of synthetics alone. We have been able to create substitutes for five critical war products, the source of four of which are now in enemy hands. The five products are nitrates (for explosives and other uses), rubber, dye stuffs, fibers (for parachutes, powder bags, etc.), and camphor (used not only in medicinal form but in many chemical products). Formerly shipped in bulk across thousands of miles, our sources of these products are now at home, and practically inexhaustible. So let us not hold with gloomy philosophers who assert that all progress ceases when the first shot is fired. Out of the technology of terror many blessings emerge.

Our hero had a large basement. Within a week after Pearl Harbor he bought twenty-five new tires and stored them there. Talk of rationing caused him to add two tons of canned goods and 600 pounds of sugar to his store. An oil shortage loomed. Already buried in the lawn was one 1,000-gallon tank. He secured another, buried that in the lawn. Both tanks were filled. Meat rationing impended. Into his frozen-food locker went 600 pounds of beef, veal, pork, and lamb, plus a dozen choice hams "for percentage."

Then the North Africa campaign came along. Our hero, principal speaker at a high-school graduation, said in a shaken voice, "Some of us can't serve in the armed forces. The spirit is willing but this old flesh is weak. All we can do—and we must keep on doing it—is to fight the good fight here at home. We mustn't fail our boys over there. We must make even greater sacrifices."

Everybody cheered except an old man with bony toil-roughened hands. He just sat and thought.

He was our hero's gardener, who stored his tools in that basement.

When Rommel began history's longest and fastest retreat in North Africa, two exceedingly ruffled Italian officers were taken prisoner by the British. They protested: "This is an outrage. We weren't fighting—we just came up to look!" Under somewhat similar circumstances, a far from synthetic Roman observed: "I came. I saw. I conquered."

Our choice of all suggested epitaphs for Hitler: "This is my last territorial demand."

And for Goebbels: "Here I lie—even in death."

MORE WINNERS IN LIBERTY'S $5,000 WAR HEROES CONTEST

(Continued from January 9 issue)

Evelyn Mills, Phoenix, Ariz.; Eleanor Monroe, Vienna, Ga.; Mrs. F. Wiseman Murray, Houston, Tex.; Pearl Myers, Rockville, Md.; Mrs. Hugh A. Neely, Spartanburg, S. C.; Mrs. Charles B. Neikirk, Bluefield, W. Va.; Kathy Newcome, St. Paul, Minn.; Mary Noble, Jacksonville, Fla.; Carl W. Noller, Woodside, Queens, N. Y.; Mrs. E. H. Olson, Omaha, Neb.; Maxine Pardue, Philadelphia, Pa.; Grace E. Parker, Laporte, Ind.; Dr. Julius L. Pearl, Audubon, N. J.; Clarence F. Peterman, Madison, Wis.; Marie Petersen, Dallas, Tex.; Miriam Piper, Paducah, Ky.; Mrs. Don Powers, Kenosha, Wis.; Mrs. W. A. Powers, Almeda, Tex.; Ethel Price, Oskaloosa, Ia.; Helen Urner Price, Frederick, Md.; Willard G. Ralph, Texarkana, Ark.; Georgia Ray, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. George M. Reichard, Nazareth, Pa.; Jessie C. Reid, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ulysses Grant Renfro, Covington, Ky.; Irma Reusch, Burlington, Ia.; Mrs. George K. Reynolds, Lancaster, Pa.; A. Richardson, Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. Marvin G. Richeson, Houston, Tex.; J. Frank Richman, Jr., Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. William E. Riley, Beaumont, Tex.; Mrs. Don Robbins, Joplin, Mo.; Emily Rohde, New York, N. Y.; Eva A. Rossen, Dallas, Tex.; William S. Ryan, Weehawken, N. J.; Martin Rolfe Sathre, Bemidji, Minn.; Corinne Schad, Omaha, Neb.; Henry W. Scherrer, San Diego, Calif.; A. J. Scheuer, Rochester, N. Y.; Lucile M. Schmidt, Corpus Christi, Tex.; A. L. Schoener, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Joseph G. Schraml, Baltimore, Md.; Lenore Frances Schroder, Lakewood, Ohio; Laura M. Schuman, Los Angeles, Calif.; Sally Y. Scott, Denver, Colo.; Ethel D. Sevin, San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. Paul W. Shedd, Keene, N. H.; Mrs. Thomas Sherburne, Lexington, Ky.; E. A. Sherman, Denver, Colo; Mrs. W. A. Simon, Redfield, S. Dak.; William R. Simpson, Mount Airy, N. C.; E. Phillip Sitkin, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. E. Paul Slaymaker, Fremont, Ohio; Mrs. F. LaMotte Smith, Westminster, Md.; Iva D. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. V. M. Smith, Sunset, La.; Julia Snodgrass, Springfield, Ill.; Ethel A. Snyder, Muncy, Pa.; Ava Sonstrud, Bemidji, Minn.; Elida Sonstrud, Bemidji, Minn.; Lisle G. Spaulding, Burlington, Vt.; Robert B. Spratt, Youngstown, Ohio; Eva Stanton, Marion, Ind.; Eleanor Stark, Fort Worth, Tex.; Nell L. Stevenson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. George Stimmel, Lehighton, Pa.; Dorothy A. Stofflet, Montclair, N. J.; Marie Suntrup, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Rosemary Tschumy, Houston, Tex.; John Thompson, Lynchburg, Va.; Ruth Thompson, Detroit, Mich.; A. C. Tipton, Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. F. L. Toney, Greensboro, Ga.; R. S. Trumbull, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Don L. Utt, Houma, La.; Mrs. Lee A. Wallace, Washington, D. C.; Capt. Erwin F. Wann, Jr., U. S. M. C., San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. Alta Warren, Glendale, Calif.; Eleanor P. Webster, Ridgefield Park, N. J.; Mae Martin Weeks, Patchogue, N. Y.; George M. Wisner, Baltimore, Md.; Ann Wood, Medford, Mass.; Mrs. A. H. Wunderli, Corpus Christi, Tex.; Mrs. V. H. Zens, Kenosha, Wis.; Raymond E. Zweily, Fremont, Ohio.

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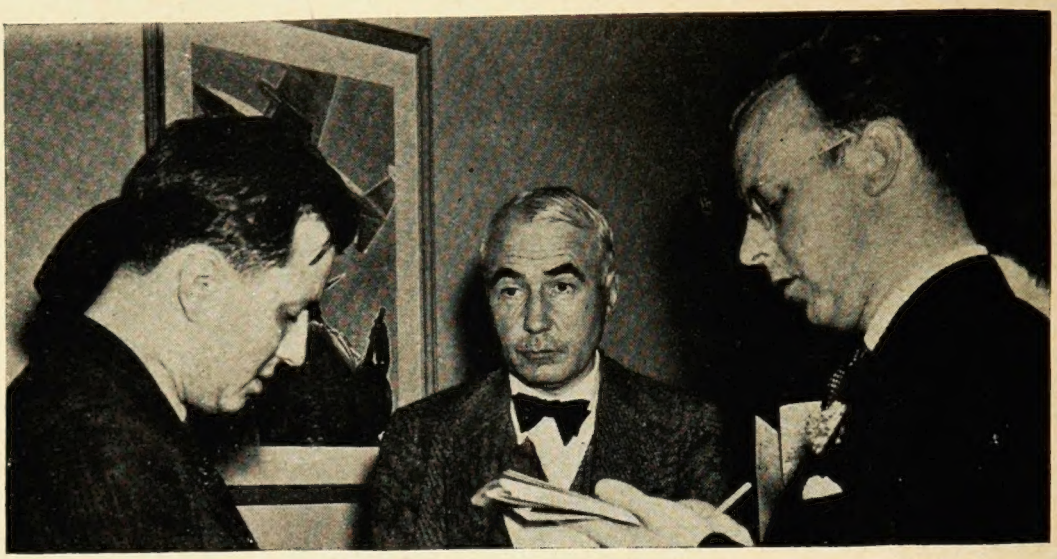
THE WAR IN HEADLINES



Elmer Davis: he can't make news, but he can and does vouch for what he gives out.

THE publishers of the country are not noticeably happier since Elmer Davis was appointed director of the Office of War Information. They complain as much as ever that the Army and Navy do not tell them enough and withhold "legitimate" news from the people.

Mr. Davis was supposed to cure all this, and a chorus of universal praise went up when he was appointed. A working newspaperman himself, he was to have full authority to gather and issue the news.

His prestige has not diminished through his handling of the job. On the contrary, Mr. Davis has become a sort of guardian of truth. When Elmer says it's so, we believe it.

But even though he has done all right in the job, the publishers are far from satisfied. They, of course, would like to have the war planned and fought in the full glory of eight-column headlines. In fact, many newspapers are inclined to amplify the capture of four farmhouses into a decisive defeat for the German Army, or a minor artillery exchange on Guadalcanal into an all-out, showdown fight. Unfortunately from their standpoint, happenings which call for the biggest type in the shop do not occur every day, and the presence of Mr. Davis in Washington cannot make them occur oftener.

On the other hand, officials who run the show are overly cautious in talking to the press. They look upon newspapers with suspicion and issue vague hints or coy evasions instead of forthright statements. Mr. Davis has tried to correct this but has not been entirely successful.

The officials who issue news need to realize that news is the basic raw material of newspapers. It is simply not possible for a paper to publish a headline, "Nothing Important Happened Today." The papers, for their part, need to handle each item of the news with regard to its true importance, and curb the tendency to get on the street with headlines that shout.

A better mutual understanding between the men who know what is happening and those whose job it is to tell the public about it will give us better results.

The newspapers agree that censorship is needed as to military movements and do not object. They do object, however, to being treated as if they were enemy agents, and to having news withheld long after the need for censorship has passed. The papers are co-operative, and in several instances have refrained from publishing headline news of the hottest sort because they were requested not to. They can be trusted to a much greater extent than the army and navy officials think.

Even when the papers do go a little all out in the noon editions, the American people don't get excited. Fortunately, they know from long experience how to read their papers and listen to their commentators. They seldom ring bells for victories or toll them for defeats until all the facts are well established.

Paul Hunter

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

ONE-MAN RECRUITING STATION

BY HELEN FURNAS

BEN LAKOW has been crazy about planes and racing cars since he was just a kid. While he was driving North on business last summer, state troopers pulled him down for heavy-footedness three times. Ben not only talked himself out of all three tickets: he talked all three troopers into the United States Army Air Corps.

That is what usually happens when this genial, blunt-spoken New York dealer in office furniture comes across a husky young man. Army recruiting headquarters in New York call him the One-Man Recruiting Station. To date he has been largely responsible for the enlistment of 389 actual army flyers, 200-odd mechanics, and 150 potential flyers waiting on the reserve list.

Fortunately for the office-furniture business, Ben's two brothers are in the firm to keep an eye on the cash register. Since the war broke out in 1939 Ben has shown little interest in the turnover of knee-hole desks. Some research in his pet field had bothered him: lots of planes, tremendous potential plane production, but very few pilots—and a good pilot takes a year to make. He went round to Air Corps headquarters, laid hands on a batch of recruiting propaganda, and plastered it all over the windows of his store, his home in Brooklyn, his car, and the cars of friends. Daily he parked outside high schools and colleges, buttonholing likely prospects. Wherever he could, he gave pep talks and showed movies borrowed from Air Corps personnel.

Word got round. Pretty soon Ben's post of the American Legion, the Elks, religious organizations of every faith, and later local draft boards began sending interested boys to Ben. When a youngster in a windbreaker turns up at 20 Beaver Street, they shoot him right back to the end of the display room, where Ben keeps open house. The clutter on his desk is composed of letters from the boys—he gets about fifty a day.

The letters fall into two classes: "Dear Mr. Lakow, I want to get into the Air Corps and I heard maybe you can help me," and "Dear Mr. Lakow, Well, here I am down in Texas, and I just got to write and thank you for all you did."

New York's Grand Central Palace recruiting headquarters consider this unpaid talent scout invaluable because he doesn't wear a uniform—

Ben Lakow *(at the left)* looking over a new Army Air Corps application form.

uniforms tend to make kids shy. Because he knows flying—he rose to second lieutenant in Uncle Sam's Air Corps in the first World War. Because he has time and patience to sit down with boys and talk everything out.

Ben can reduce to words of one syllable the army's requirements about age, education, and physical condition, and give the youngsters tips on keeping cool during I.Q. tests and physicals. He is an expert cutter of Gordian knots in relation to birth certificates, college transcripts, citizenship complications. If an air-minded boy has his draft board hot on his heels, Ben has been known to get on the train at his own expense and put applications personally in the hands of the proper higher-ups in Washington. One boy had been turned down for high blood pressure. Ben sent him to his own doctor and collaborated with the doctor to calm the kid down until he took the test for the sixth time—and passed. After that Ben didn't hear from him for some time—not until he won his D. S. O. in the Southwest Pacific.

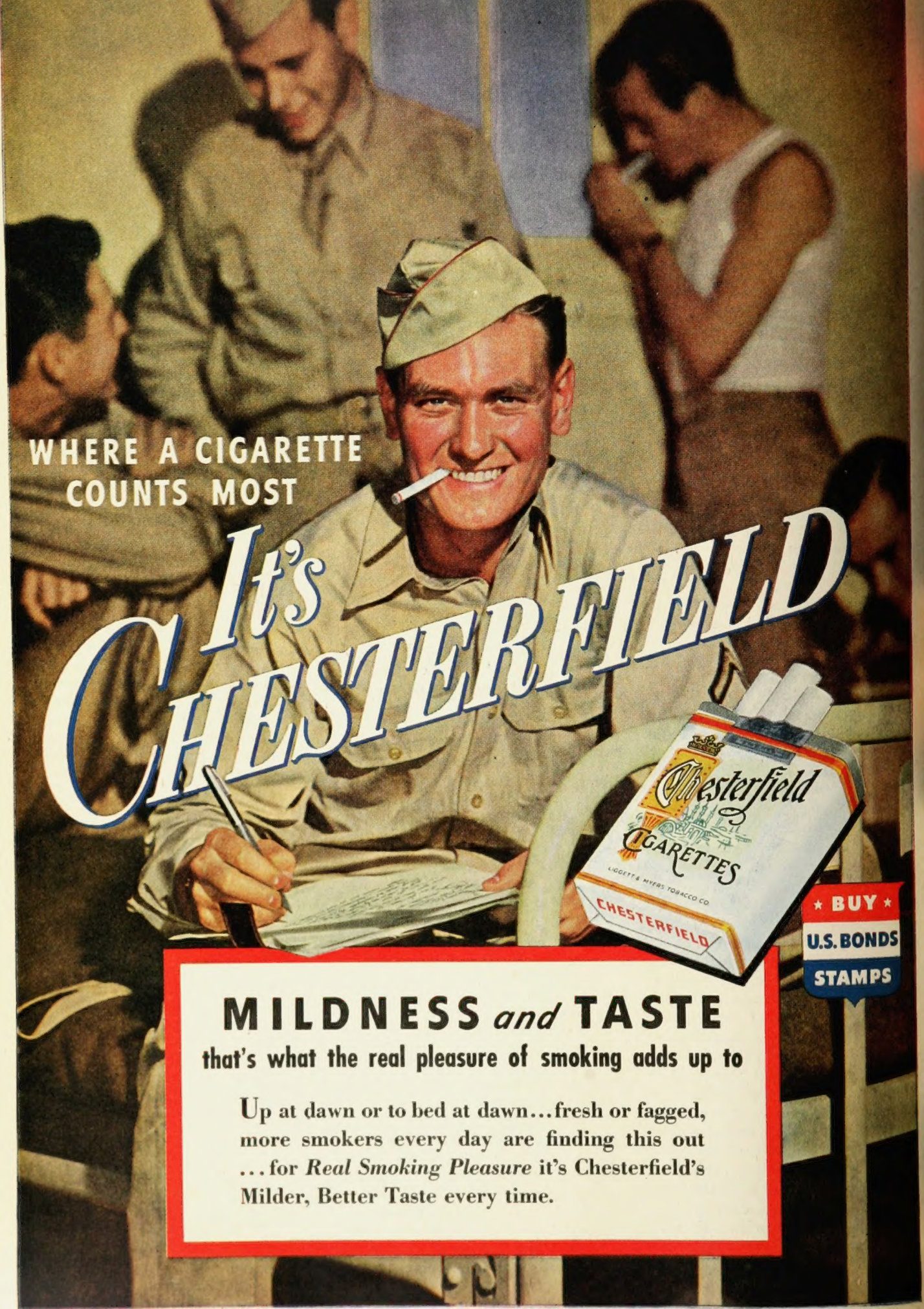
When a remediable defect stands between a boy and his coveted wings, Ben digs into his own far from bottomless pocket for any medical fees the boy can't afford. He hasn't added up what such bills have cost him, and never intends to. It's worth it when he gets a letter like this: "I try to make them understand I can see O. K. Glasses don't stop my trigger finger. . . . I can't stay behind—I *must* fly with the rest of the fellows. I hope and pray you will try to help me." Ben's oculist fixed that boy so he could throw his glasses away. His thumb is now punching the button that pours incendiary bullets into Zero fighters.

When the Air Corps rule was two years of college or stiff exams, Ben used to stump for refresher courses too. One youngster almost broke his heart by taking a fat check for tuition and disappearing. A check-up showed he had never taken the course. But months later in walked the boy wearing an Air Corps uniform. He had brushed up and passed his exams with a 95 on his own hook, using the money to pay his mother's hospital bills. Ben forgave him. Only one out of close to 750 of Ben's boys has ever "moused out."

Ben met his first airplane as an inquisitive kid of twelve hanging round the Brighton Beach race track in Brooklyn. In 1917 he was making sixty dollars a week at the Wright-Martin Company when he joined up as a flying mechanic. After the war he couldn't breathe if he didn't take time off from business to patch up rickety old crates for barnstorming pilots and do some flying himself. At forty-four he is still just as flying-crazy as any of his boys.

Five members of Ben's immediate family are already in the Air Corps. His own son will be joining up as soon as he reaches eighteen. And if the Army Air Corps should stop volunteering—which is most unlikely—Ben would like nothing better than to take a crack at getting back on active duty himself.

THE END



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